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story by Shivon Vanessa photos by Katrina Del Mar

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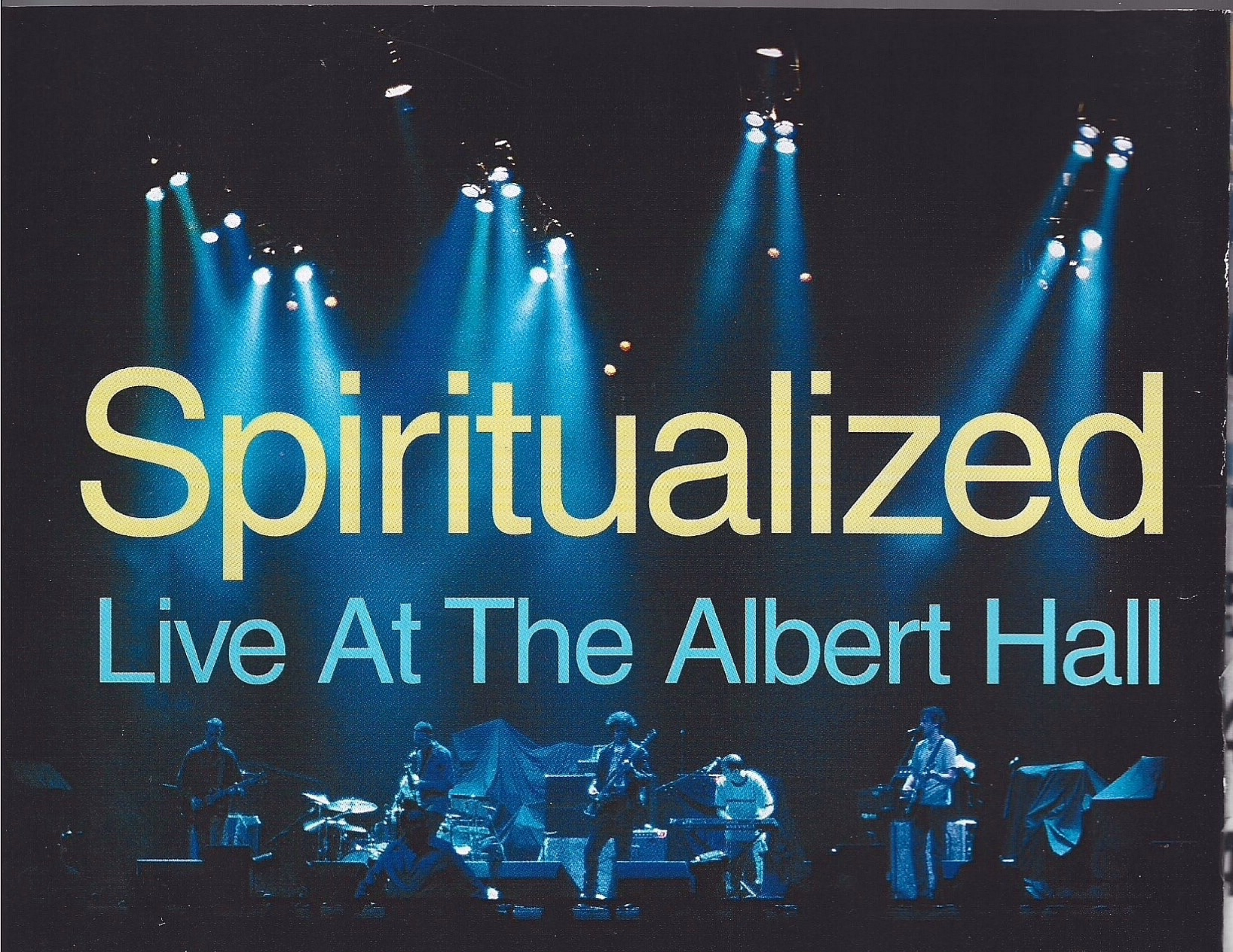

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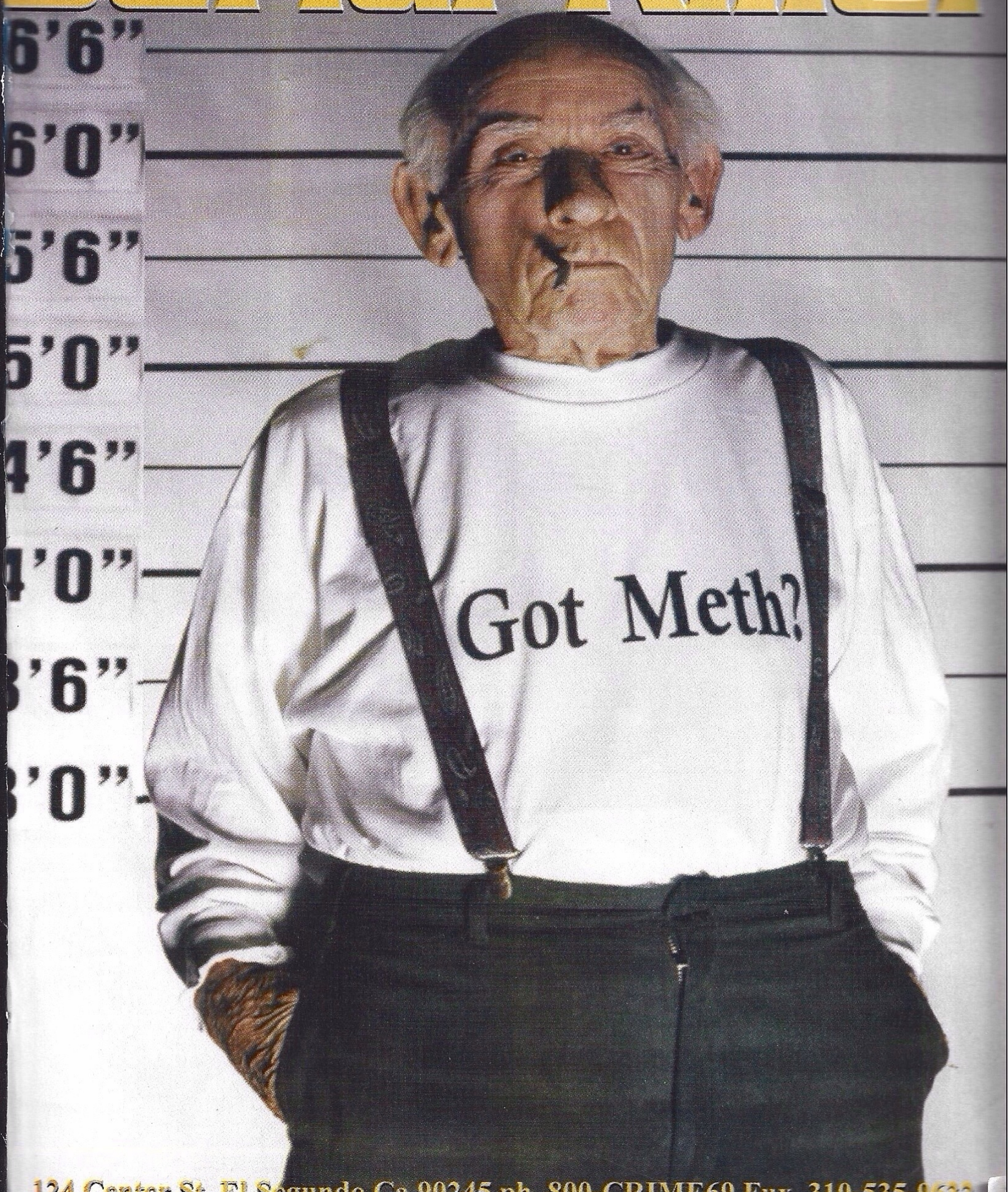
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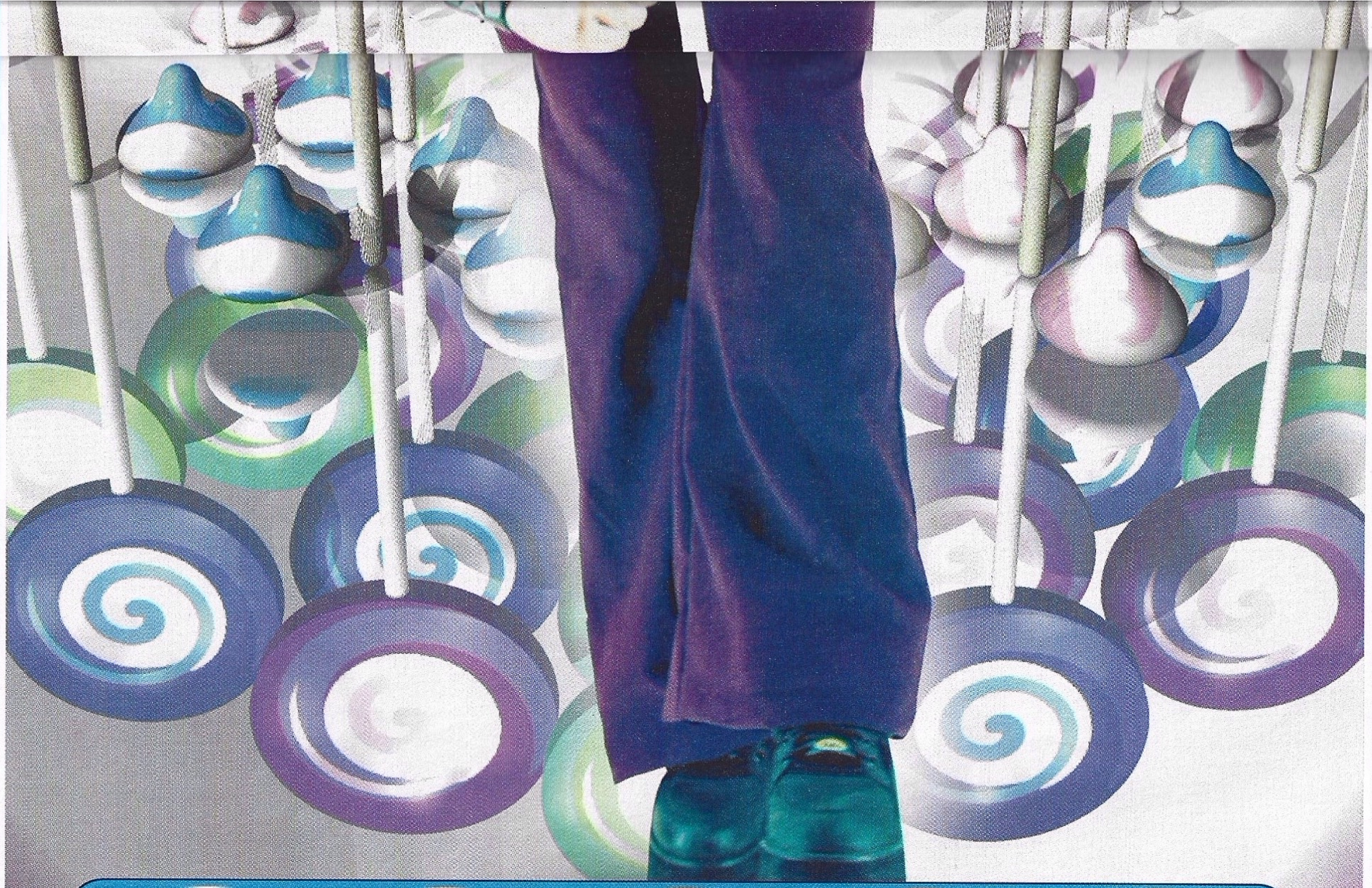

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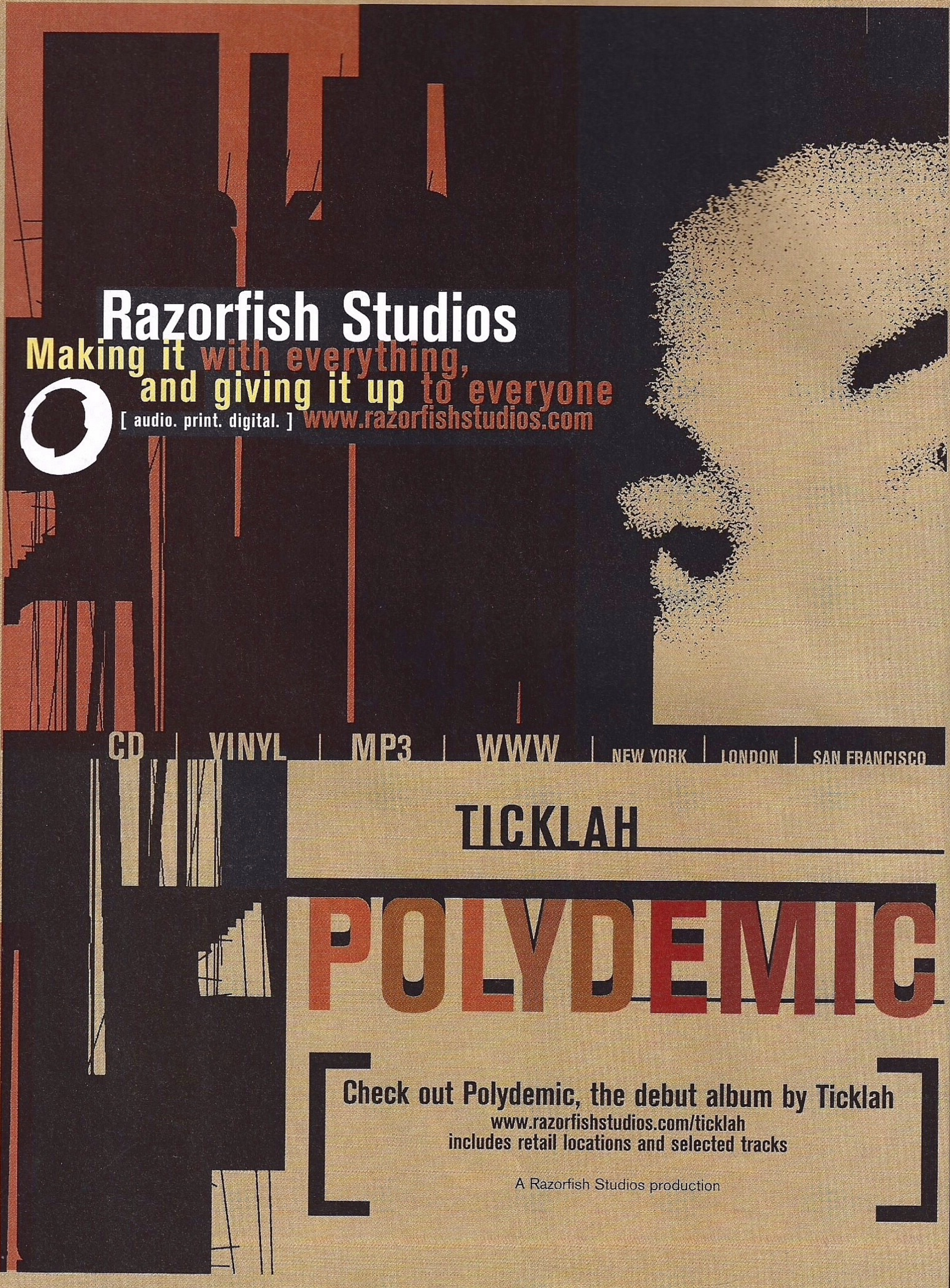

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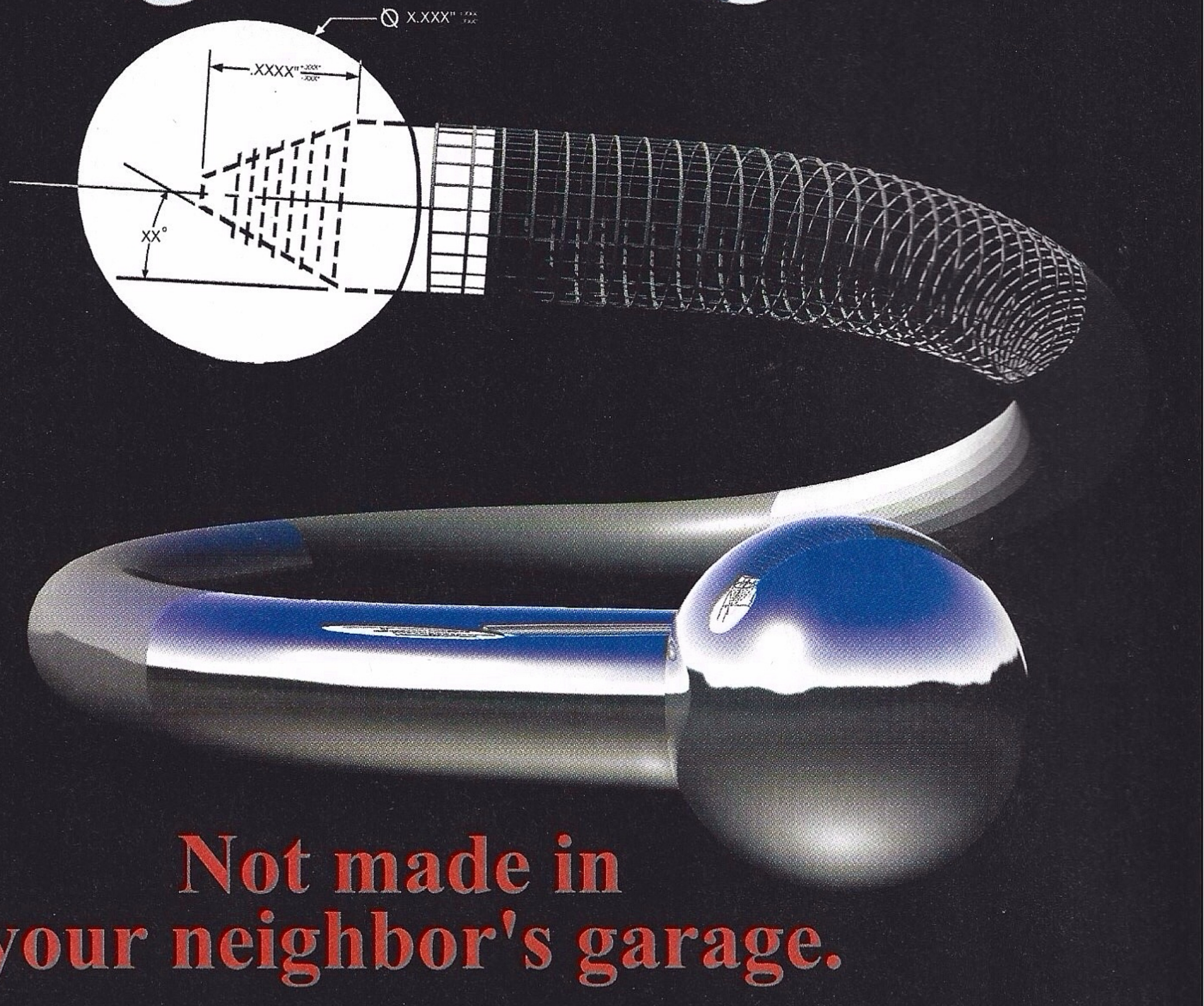

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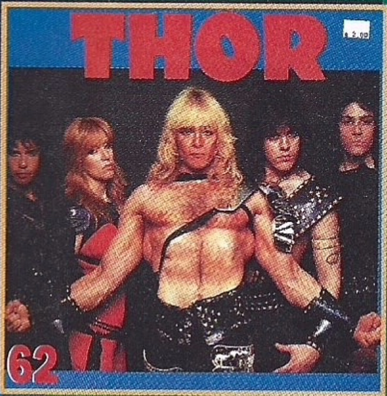

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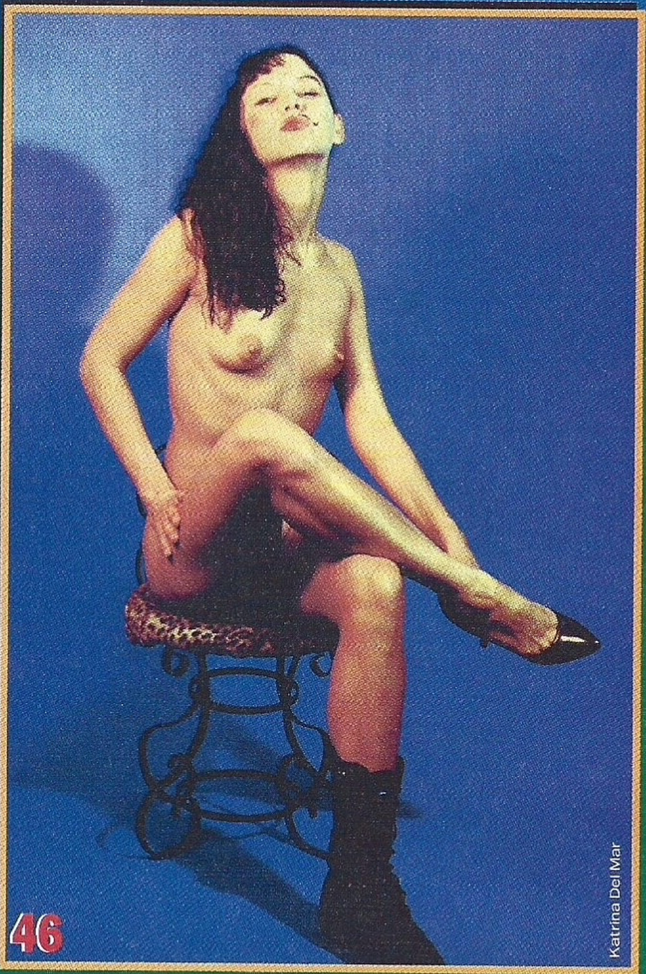
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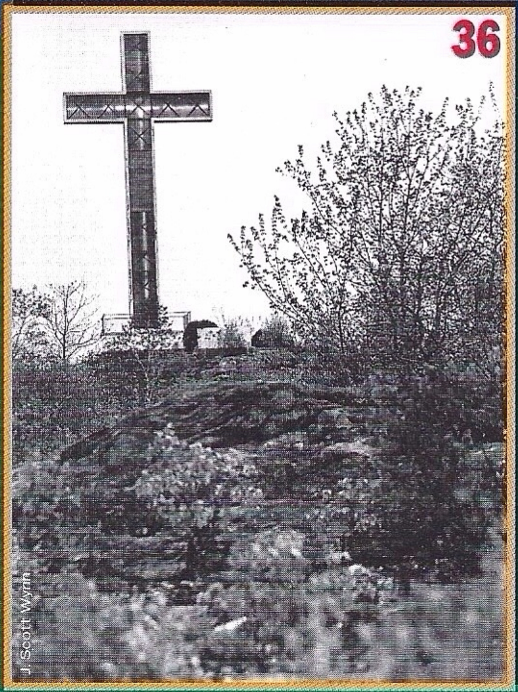
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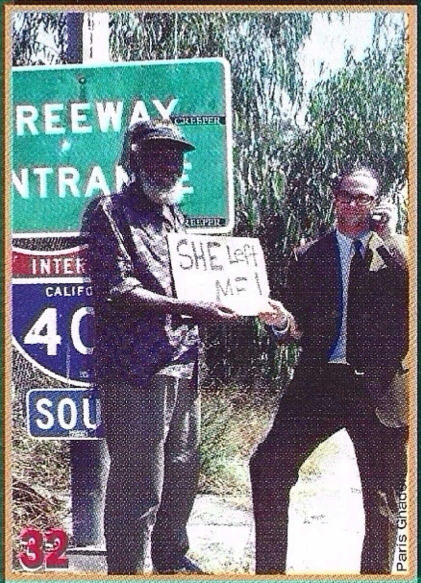

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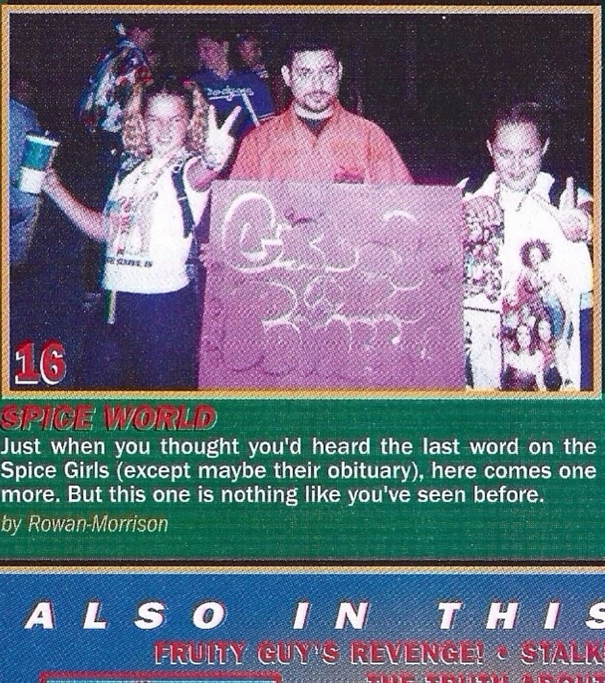

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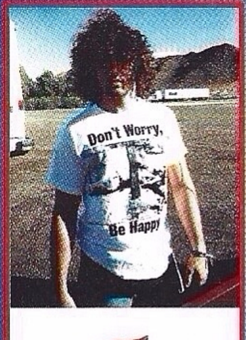

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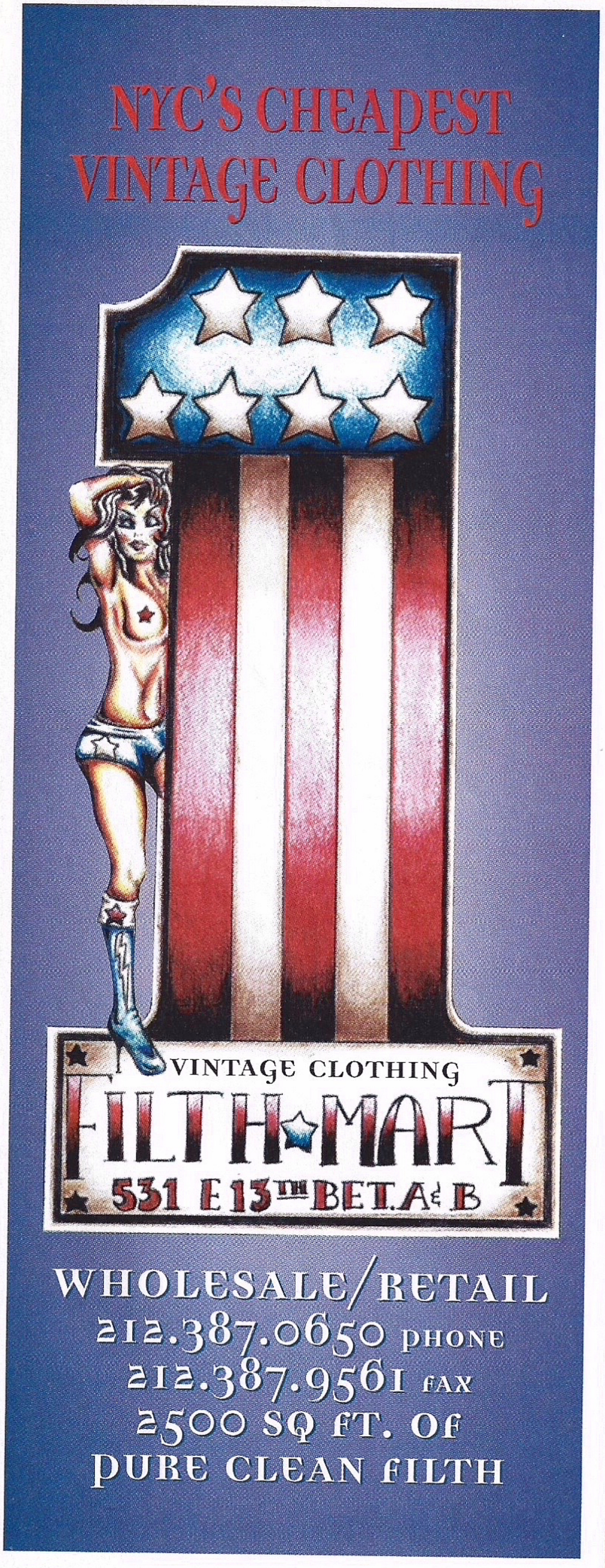

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18.0

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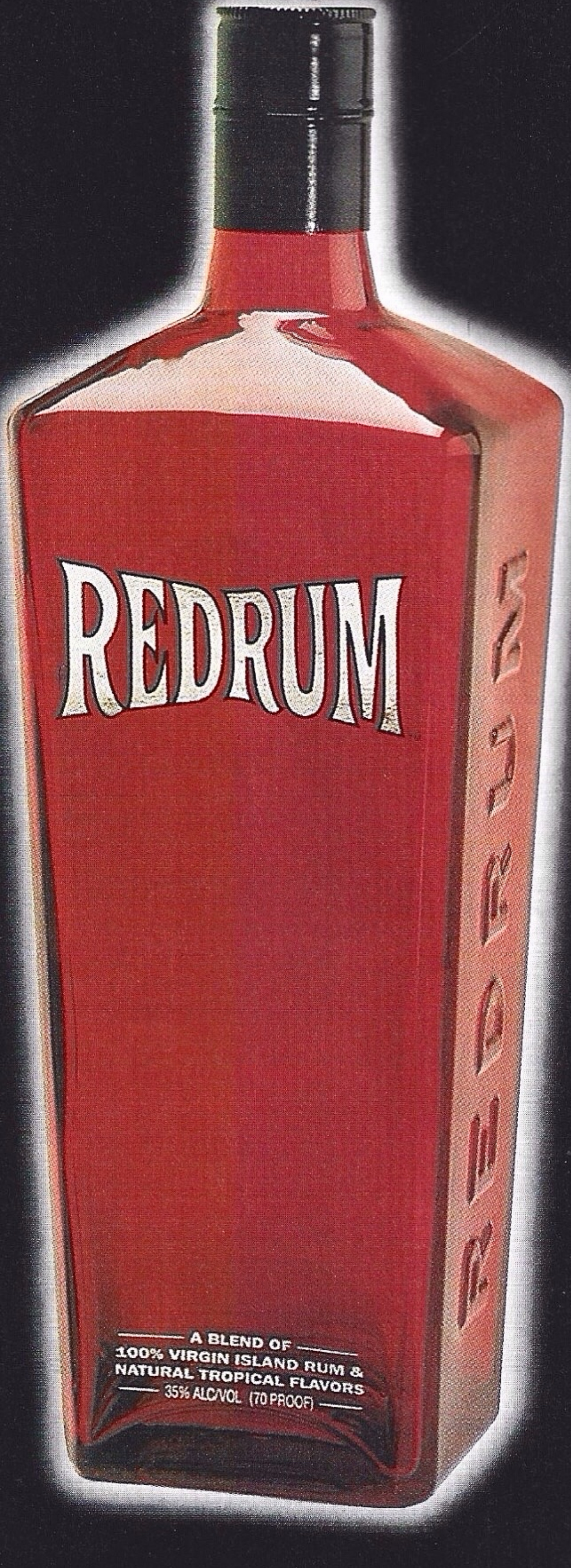
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NOTES⚥NOTES⚥NOTES

18.0

A couple months ago **Kevin Keck** sent me a story about phone sex. In the last year I've probably received 25 similar stories, none of which have appeared in this magazine. And I don't really want to read any more.

I suppose I did read Keck's story, but I don't remember it. They all blend together at this point. But before I could send off a rejection postcard, Keck followed up via email:

> I sent you an article about a month ago on my experiences with phone sex. As I mentioned in my letter, my time in my current domicile is up. I had a horrible incident a week ago when I inadvertently left a video I had made of myself masturbating for one of my phone chicks at my folks house and they watched it by mistake. I'm a little shaken by the whole thing as you can imagine, so I'm headed down to Belmont Abbey in NC for a few weeks to commune with the monks and cut back on my masturbation....

Ah, now we were getting somewhere. I emailed back. I told him to forget the phone sex piece, I wanted the real story, the story about the video.

I didn't hear anything from Keck for a few weeks, and eventually I just forgot about it. Most writers who come to me with story ideas never turn in anything, so typically I have low or no expectations. So when Keck's story came in a couple months later, I was surprised. I was even more surprised when I read it—it was good. And it only got better.

I figured Eileen would pass it along to an artist and we would get a cool illustration and everyone would be happy. Then Keck emailed me again:

> ....Also, did you guys actually want a copy of the tape? Maybe some stills would go well with the article if you use it. Just a thought....

Sure, it had crossed my mind, but I never imagined he would hand it over, so I wasn't even going to ask. But he sent it. Now I just have to find out if he'll let us put a couple clips on the web page.

photo: Katrina Del Mar

Katrina Del Mar

* * *

Another near-miss was **Rowan-Morrison**'s Spice Girls piece. We didn't start off on a good note, because he emailed the story with the photos attached. This tied up my computer for 45 minutes, which meant I couldn't do anything but clean my office and read the paper the entire time. While necessary tasks, I prefer doing them on my own time. I would have just cancelled the email, but I couldn't get the rest of my email until I got past the downloads. I was waiting for someone else's story at the time, so I had little choice. I was not happy.

I *really* wanted to email him back to tell him he was a jackass for tying up my computer for so long. I didn't figure it would be a problem since his story was about the Spice Girls and I knew it wouldn't be something we'd want to run. I mean, other than my eight year old daughter—who does not read *POPsmear*—who wants to read another Spice Girls article? I did not want to like this story.

Wanting my reaction to be swift, I immediately typed up the following email—without reading the story—to this pesky Rowan-Morrison:

> Rowan-Morrison,
> We're not looking for any more Spice Girls features. Besides, by the time our next issue comes out (November), it'd be long out of date. Also, please refrain from emailing me large, unsolicited picture files in the future. You tied up my computer for 45 minutes and I have shit to do....

Then something told me I should check out the pictures first. They were so funny that I ran out of my office to grab whoever was closest so I could show them. Of course, everyone had long since gone home.

I read the story and knew it was perfect for the magazine. It's precisely the kind of angle we're always looking for. I still can't believe those guys got into the Spice Girls show dressed like that.

* * *

Sadie had been working at 1-800 POSTCARDS for a couple months before I found out she was a hermaphrodite. I'm not even sure who told me, but I didn't think I should be talking about it around the office. If she wanted people to know, she would tell them.

Eventually people started bringing it up, so I figured she was out of the closet. I was in James' office one night and Sadie's name came up and, assuming he knew, I said, "I still can't believe she's a hermaphrodite." James' eyes popped open. "What?!?" Shit! Was he not supposed to know? If that was the case, I didn't want to be the one to tell him. "You're kidding, right?" he asked. "Well," I said, "I don't know. She *could* be!" He thought I was just being stupid and it didn't come up again.

photo: Mark Lacy

Shivon Vanessa

A couple months later **Shivon** stormed into my office with the news. Sadie had just told her. "Well," I told Shivon, "if you want to do the story, it's yours. Otherwise I'm going to do it."

Shivon wasn't sure how Sadie would react, so she kept putting it off. Finally I told her that if she didn't get on it quick that I was going to. She made the call.

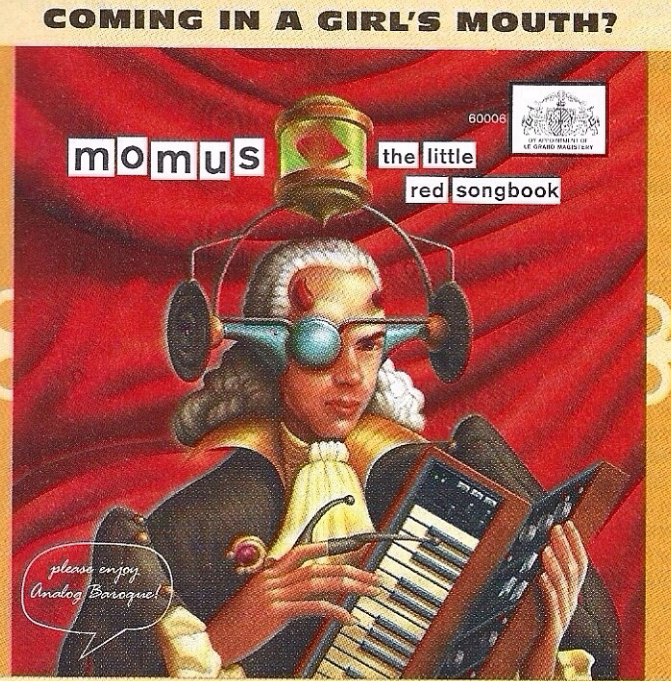
Sadie was into it and she had plenty to tell. With the story in motion, we set her up with photographer **Katrina Del Mar**. Katrina had taken the pics for Christine James' suckers story in 17.0 and was looking for more work. It was a perfect match. The pictures are absolutely phenomenal. The only problem was that Sadie had just had her period. Apparently that's the time of the month when her male-ish member is at its smallest, so the pictures don't reflect the full potential of her dual gender. Regardless, Katrina's photos are beautiful and Sadie's story is extremely interesting.

Now comes the fun part—seeing how many distributors and retailers freak out. For some reason many of them are scared of this magazine, and when we do something even a little risky or racy, they go nuts. We were even dropped by one retailer recently for beating up on Molly Hatchet!

I guess we could avoid all that. We could fill the magazine with glowing reviews of shitty product and kiss-ass stories about mediocre bands. We'd probably even turn a profit.

But what the hell. This is what we do. If we have to become another boring mag to get on the newsstands, forget it. We'd rather have day jobs.—**Fuss**

What is the cultural meaning of COMING IN A GIRL'S MOUTH?



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From the Publisher

Recently a few of us escaped New York to check out some fashion and porn trade shows on the Left Coast, where we were immersed in Southern California's laid back lifestyle. Among the cookie-cutter blonde cuties (boys *and* girls), I discovered many of the Cali clichés to be true; I also found that I wasn't half as offended as I had expected. As shallow and silly as many of the folks we ran into were, there was also a great deal of vision and drive—it's just manifested in an entirely different manner than the confrontational and hurried attitude of the Right Coast. I think we were all somewhat intrigued by, if not attracted to, this completely foreign approach to life.

A classic weird coincidence centered around porn legend Ron Jeremy. We caught a photo op with him at the Porn Star Clothing booth in Vegas and slipped him a copy of the magazine. After a weekend in LA, we returned to Vegas to see him again at the Gentlemen's Club (yes, as in strip club) Convention. While staring at Shivon's rack, he told us that *POPsmear* is "not a bad read." Cut to San Diego two days later at the premiere of his (initially) hilarious film *Fresno Smooth*, which is an education in SoCal culture rivaling any episode of CHiPs, and Ron, of course, was in attendance. Three days later, seemingly safe back in NYC, I bumped into him at *Screw* magazine's 30th anniversary party. It's a wonder he hasn't filed a restraining order against me.

As attractive as that whole SoCal lifestyle seems to be, there are reasons that NYC is the force that it is. Can a hermaphrodite be comfortable in a sunlit world that worships silicone? Can beaches and New Age therapy serve as a substitute for the 4 a.m. East Village street confrontation? Can character be built by kissing a million asses to get a bit part in the new Johnny Depp film, or does it come from getting jumped on Lafayette Street by six kids from the Bronx (see issue 2.0)? New York teaches hard lessons of struggle and survival to those of us who fight to maintain its integrity under the regime of a Nazi mayor who targets the creative forces that made this city what it is. What strength does a sun-drenched la la land develop in its shiny happy people?

As *POPsmear* starts to make more inroads in the City of Angels, it will be interesting to watch the cultural clashes and meldings. After the initial buzz wears off, I am curious to see where it takes us. And yes, you will be forced to come along for the ride. So hold on tight.—**James**

photo: Andy Warhol

Triple play: Shivon, Ron and James in Vegas

POP SMEAR MAGAZINE letters

**You send. We print.
They read. It fun.**

In this issue, our friend Jeff Gilbert, publisher/editor/writer/secretary of ManSplat answers your letters. He's written hundreds of articles for POPsmear in the past, so we just figured, what the flip?, we'll have him answer our mail. Besides, Chris Rock was busy. So here you go. Letters. Answered by Jeff Gilbert. Fun. Read.

PIC ME! PIC ME!

I sent you a very muted resume via email (to Jenny Meyer's attention), and I feel it is my civic duty to clue you in to the true individual applying for a position on staff at the most bizarre, terrific mag out there. I am sending a picture [below left] and the resume that I have saved for "special" projects. You, I feel, are truly a "special" group and belong categorized in my "special" projects brain file. More stuff will follow... writing samples, I also have lots more go-go and private show pics that I can send, but only if you promise to publish them w/ my name in big letters close by—EVA (my stage name) at BILLY'S PLACE (BILLY'S BEEF N GO-GO). Feel free to call me or write in regards to this letter, picture... especially if you want more pix.

It's a real div
huh...?

Jessica Delfino
Philadelphia
Spanking69@hotmail.com

We've been to Billy's Beef N Go-Go; Fuss ordered the Butt Tar Tar and a Zima and got us kicked out. Philadelphians just don't get New York humor.

PHONIC YOUTH

Fr: angelo_malixi@denso-diam.com
To: rambo@popsmear.com
Subject: I love yer werk

I just wanna start off by saying that I love reading yer movie reviews. They're soooo damn accurate that I basically use them as my movie guide to films. The first thing I do whenever I pick up a new issue of *POPsmear* is flip ta yer reviews, that and Seven Inches of Pleasure.

Anyway, my question is this: how does one gain employment in a profession such as yers? I mean, from what I know colleges don't offer a degree in movie reviewing. What are the prerequisites fer becoming a guru in yer line of werk? Finally, how can I gain access to free movies so that I don't hafta run ta the video store and worry about who sees me cum in and out? Do Vivid, Shane, etc. have some kinda customer survey that lets their viewers see their movies at no cost?

Please, oh wize one, instruct me on my quest in broadening my movie knowledge horizon.

No, my spell checker is not broken. It's just that I'm still hooked on phonics.

Respectfully yers,
Angelo Malixi
ANGELO_MALIXI@denso-diam.com

Sorry Angelo, it takes years to be able to understand the nuances of fuck films. For instance, did you know that most female adult video thespians enact orgasms during key scenes? And that "money shot" is so named for its financial payoff, which can be traded for goods and/or services? Now you know why we're pros at this game.

QUICKIE

Fr: pgauss@ltsg.com
To: shivon@popsmear.com

Your articles and pictures give me an erection.

pgauss@ltsg.com

Did you read last month's malesack? Shivon's mother is a fine Catholic woman and will not stand for unsolicited erections.

NO REFUNDS

Don't be fooled. You *have* put out a dud. The first issue of *PS* I ever read was 14.0, with DLR. Very impressed; funny, wacked out, all-over-the-place shit. A little heavy on the (undeserved) attitude, but it was backed up by some solid stuff.

This issue is pure fluff. All attitude, piss poor writing. *Zero* ideas.

I have enclosed all the stuff in 16.0 that sucks. You owe me $3.

Chris
NYC

So judgmental. Is your name short for "Christian"? And next time you want your money back, include your address, dummy.

NO CONTEST

Fr: pssc@hotmail.com
To: james@popsmear.com
Subject: Your contests

I was visiting your site today and I was imagining myself on the set of Shane's World, coyly accepting offers to play the role of "plumber #1," when my mind spoke to me: "Shut up, you fool. Do you think they really follow through on these contests?? You got scammed on the NeoPrint thing and now you think they're going to give you free flesh? You foooool." And I listened attentively, remembering the two lonely days that I spent wandering the streets of Tokyo looking for the ultimate sticker machine. Perhaps I overlooked the results in the subsequent issue, but my mind has told me otherwise. ("No results in the subsequent issue you fool," it said.) Are my fears true??? Will I submit a video only to one day discover an archived photo of James, with the Rosie Head in one hand, snowboard firmly affixed to feet, rolling in the California grass with porn stars? Sounds like a nice life, you prize-hoarding freaks!!!! "Yes, that's right. That's exactly what you'll find, you prize whipped pansy." Shut up mind, shut up mind, uh, I've got to go, my friend is calling me.

Peter Wilson
NYC
pssc@hotmail.com

Hey, it's either that or the Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes. You may already be a winner.

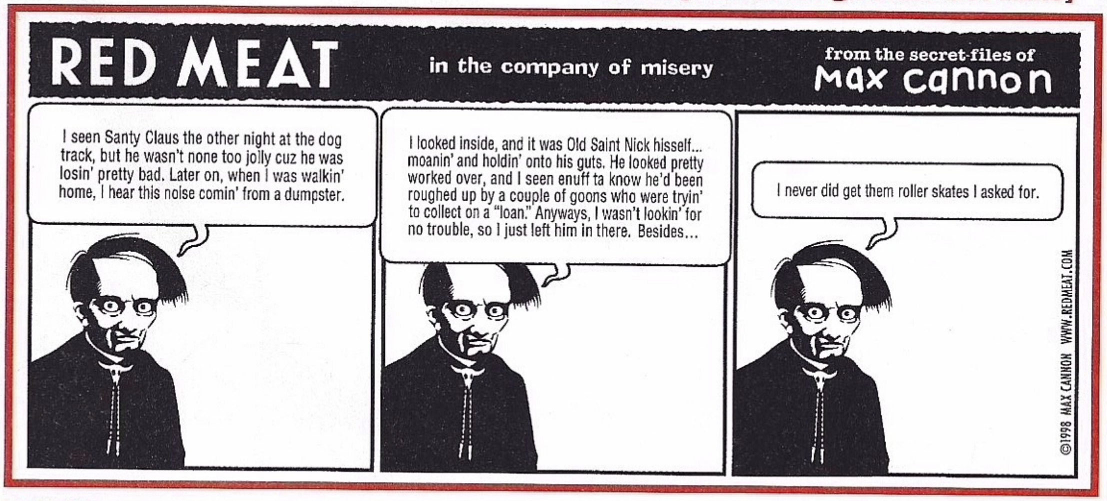
WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE?

Fr: andyslut@hotmail.com
To: popsmearwest@popsmear.com
Subject: to Frank
re: Big Dave

Congrats on the latest greatest Dave Lee Roth interview. It sure is a shame that the guy's public life was ruled by such a spoiled brat as Eddie all those years. I mean, Eddie was the wizard, but Dave was the SPELL. And, of course, did you notice the shelf-life of the new VH effort? I think I counted three appearances on MTV [one special live concert (chuckle)] and two weeks of airplay. Normally I wouldn't judge an act's worth by their proliferance on MTV, but the way they were posturing this time out, you know that they put all their effort into video exposure. End of an era, as the saying goes.

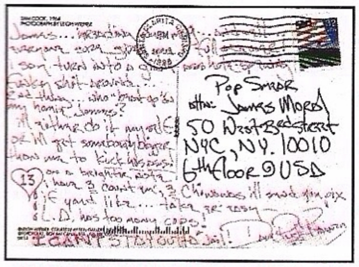
It's good to know Dave isn't holed up somewhere in a cheap motel room with a $50 hooker with the shakes

"I have enclosed all the stuff in 16.0 that sucks. You owe me $3."
—Chris [chicken to give his last name]


RED MEAT
in the company of misery
from the secret-files of
Max Cannon
I seen Santy Claus the other night at the dog track, but he wasn't none too jolly cuz he was losin' pretty bad. Later on, when I was walkin' home, I hear this noise comin' from a dumpster.
I looked inside, and it was Old Saint Nick hisself... moanin' and holdin' onto his guts. He looked pretty worked over, and I seen enuff ta know he'd been roughed up by a couple of goons who were tryin' to collect on a "loan." Anyways, I wasn't lookin' for no trouble, so I just left him in there. Besides...
I never did get them roller skates I asked for.
©1998 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMEAT.COM

whining about the game back in the day. He's a real warrior. He's shaking it up in expensive hotel rooms, by god!
Andy Schiller
andyslut@hotmail.com

Whattaya expect from a dink like Eddie Van Halen? Hell, the guy sits down to pee. David Lee's the king, baby—he's the Captain Kirk of rock 'n' roll.


James... [illegible]
I CAN'T STAY OUTTA Jail!

Pop Smear
Attn: James Morel
50 West 23rd street
NYC, NY. 10010
6th floor USA

It's his Real World after all. You all remember Puck....

SEE YO EVEL

Fr: cj@tripod.com
To: whatever@popsmear.com
Subject: Evel

My name is Chris Johnson and I was the guy who brought Evel Knievel to Tripod (the website). Someone made me aware that your publication had put together a comprehensive piece. I quickly found it on the web, and the next time I was at Kim's Video I found the issue. Wow. Y'all really have your act together: be it the masterful, in-depth writing or the brilliant, colorful layout. In thinking of a possible celebrity to bring to our company, it was my thought that Evel would be a perfect fit: style and a certain amount of outlaw, which makes him one of the greatest entrepreneurs in sports history. You guys nailed it.

I talk to him pretty regularly. A lot of the mystery and outlaw mystique has kind of worn away, but he's still a total badass. (Just ask our PR director, he yelled at her for 10 minutes about how "I ain't gonna do no PR for no Tripod. You don't pay me enough! The money I get from Tripod I bet on the golf course every day!") With a piece like this his status as a national icon is unquestionable. Oh yeah, speaking of *Icon*, you guys brought him to life much better than that rag. Nice job.

Chris Johnson
New York City
Quality Assurance Management
Tripod, Inc.
cj@tripod.com
www.tripod.com

We saw Evel jump over 13 buses at the Kingdome in Seattle back in the turbulent '70s. It was clearly a metaphor for unsafe sex. Wanna have fun with "Air" Knievel? When he gets on a motorcycle, run up and say, "I've got two words for you: Caesar's Palace." He'll start shaking like a busted washing machine.

> ***"You can see that fight with the Hells Angels and that jump where I got hit in the balls. You can make up your own mind about who's telling you the truth, pal."—Evel Knievel***

EVEL'S SPIRIT

I'd like to go over a couple of things. On page 44 (*POPsmear* 17.0) it says, "Thus he's been characterized as a card-carrying asshole, an inveterate bullshitter, insufferably full of himself, a phony, a hypocrite...a real jerk by racers and outlaw bikers for about as long as he's been in the public eye."

First of all, I raced the AMA circuit for years. I raced with Eddie Mulder, Skip Van Leeuwen, Gene Romero, Jack Simmons, Sammy Tanner, Al Gunter. These guys were heroes to me. There's nobody in the world who wanted to be a great racer like I did because of those guys. Roger Reiman was Grand National champion, number one AMA rider. He worked for me for nine years and was one of my most beloved, dearest pals and friends. He got killed at Daytona in 1997.

There's no motorcycle racer in this country who doesn't respect or like me. In 1974, I paid more prize money to the motorcycle racers that raced in the Snake River Canyon motocross than anybody in the world has yet today to match. I paid them $125,000. Nobody's ever matched that to this day—ever.

I don't like to have that said about me, because it's not the truth. Incidentally, I thought your article was a great article, and so did my fiancée. I had some people from the BBC over and they thought it was a wonderful article.

Any of these bike riders or racers that say they don't like me, they've only got one problem—they're fuckin' jealous. I make more money in one day than they'll ever make in their lifetimes.

The AMA issued me a lifetime membership, I'm number 711. So if that makes me a card-carrying asshole—that's the only card I got, besides a California motorcycle license.

I think this stuff you did about Joe Eszterhas hit it right on the nose. I've had about six or seven calls from people who read your magazine in the New York area. They told me that nobody could have said anything better about fucking Joe Eszterhas than me.

This other thing about Telly Savalas, we weren't roommates. We lived next door to each other for three or four years. We weren't roommates, we were great pals, great friends. He and Jill St. John hosted my television show when I jumped the sharks in Chicago. Telly was a dear friend of mine, he helped a lot of people. We lived right next door to each other for three or four years.

This other guy, Roy Williams; Roy Williams was the president of the Teamsters union. And the other Williams was the guy who killed Sal Mineo. His name is either Ray or Roy, I don't know, but there is no relation.

Allen Dorfman was the president of Amalgamated Insurance, and he was also the head of the Teamster Union's pension fund for the whole Midwest. He's the one who got shot to death in the parking lot. He was a dear friend of mine.

Anyway, this Williams is the guy who killed Sal Mineo. He was in a cell in the Los Angeles County Jail next to me. And he told me he didn't kill Sal. He was probably afraid they were taping him, but he was convicted for it.

I tell you what, I get so goddamn mad when things aren't said truthfully—it pisses me off. I did everything I could to help the sport of motorcycling and the racers and every motorcycle dealer in the country, I mean I know most of them personally. I've never had a bad word with any of them, believe me.

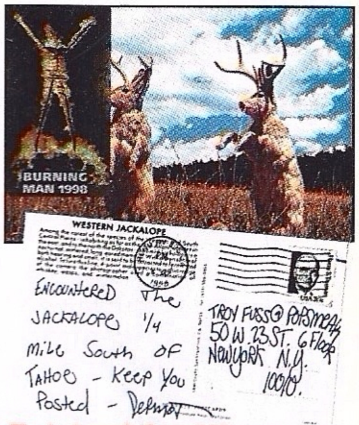
The only reason in the later days some of the motocross racers started getting on my case was about my falling off. I never had the suspension they had. I had three inches of suspension on my motorcycle, they had a foot. I had shock absorbers on mine that didn't even work. That bike of mine came without shock absorbers. I had to put them on. It was a flat tracker, a rigid frame XR. And I had to put on a different frame, forks and shocks and, Christ, the shocks wouldn't move two inches.

Another guy I had work for me was Jumping Jack Stroh. This guy used to stand right in front of a motorcycle or a race car, and you could run it at him at 80 mph. He'd jump in the air, spread his legs, and it would go right underneath him. I taught him how to do that stunt. I tried to do it in Barstow and the motorcycle hit me right in the balls. That's on that film, *Last of the Gladiators*. You can grab it on the website, and then you can see that fight with the Hells Angels. And you can see that motorcycle jump where I got hit in the balls. You can make up your own mind about who's telling you the truth, pal.

Evel Knievel
Butte MT
www.evelknievel.com

Hey Evel—Caesar's Palace.

Postcard of the month:

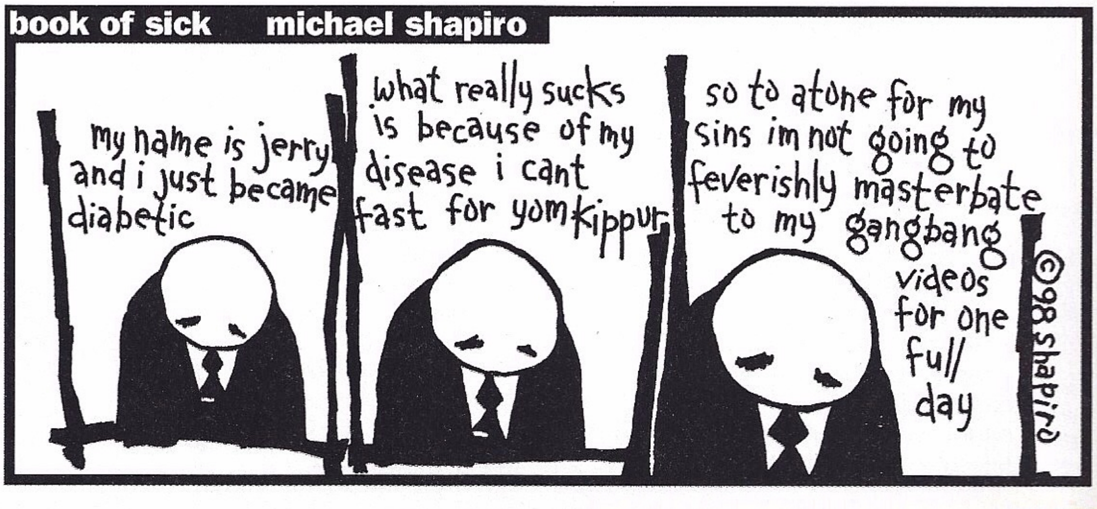


Encountered The Jackalope 1/4 Mile South of Tahoe - Keep You Posted - Dermot

Troy Fuss @ Popsmear
50 W. 23 St. 6 Floor
NewYork N.Y.
10010.

The last words from *POPsmear* Classifieds Director Dermot Walsh? He went to Burning Man and has not been seen since. Beware the mighty jackalope!

ABUSE US!
POPsmear letters
50 W 23rd St, 6th fl
New York NY 10010
212.328.2212 x699
212.328.2213 fax
cartwheel@popsmear.com
www.popsmear.com


book of sick michael shapiro
my name is jerry and i just became diabetic
what really sucks is because of my disease i cant fast for yom kippur
so to atone for my sins im not going to feverishly masterbate to my gangbang videos for one full day
©98 shapiro

We tried to start a pit, but after Moose slammed the kids their crumpled bodies would land too many aisles away for them to reciprocate.

DOING HARD TIME AT SPICE WORLD

text and photos by **Rowan-Morrison**

Ever since I bought Vanilla Ice's *Mind Blowin'* CD, I've had this obsession with music that will most likely be playing in the Devil's dentist office. Given this personal insight, it should be no surprise that I decided to endure the Spice Girls concert. As you would expect, the divorce papers were quickly filed, the eviction notice posted, and my driver's license revoked. A small price to pay for the pop experience of a lifetime.

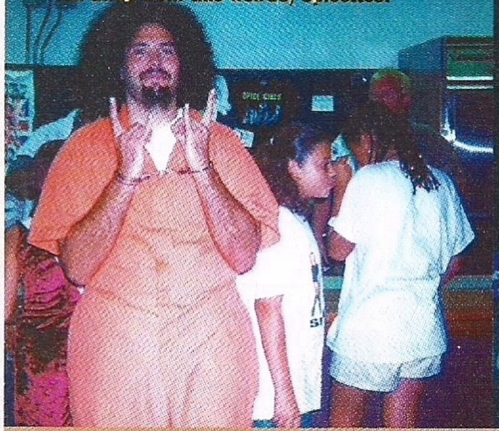
In order to get free access, I contacted the Spice Girls' personal PR guru a week before the show. After sending him a fax, an email and leaving a few phone messages--all of which contained allusions to the major publications I write for--I was instructed to call back a couple days before the show. When I did, I was told there were no more passes and that I should have gotten in touch sooner. Thanks a lot, fuckface. Fortunately my 6'2", Afro-sporting, Jewish co-worker Moose had scored a pair of tickets, one of which had my name on it.

Because this was a special occasion, we had Moose wear handcuffs and his county jail-stenciled orange jumpsuit while I escorted him in a similarly-colored work shirt. I know what you're thinking, "Aren't those the same outfits you wore to Grandma's funeral?" Needless to say, nearby parents were clutching their purses and attempting to shield their children as we waited in line for an hour.

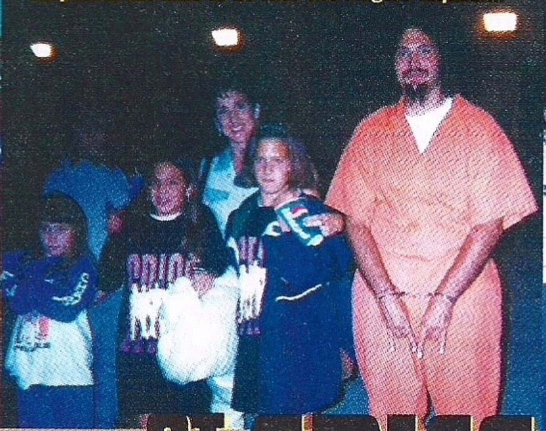
Eventually, the flock of sheep was herded through the gates. As entire families charged through the entrance carrying suitcases, tents and bodybags, only Moose and I were halted and frisked. We were given questionable looks by the security staff, but they knew we would be easy to find if something went down. The upside to sticking out like shit on a rainbow was that after we went through the 13 checkpoints to get to our seats we never had to show our tickets again.

Although this was a pedophile's paradise, we leaned more toward the M.I.L.F. (Mothers I'd Like to Falafel) side of the fence. Since I'm married, I generally make it a point to not overtly objectify roaming rumpshakers, but there were more body-hugging mini-dresses on hand than in Carmen Elektra's suitcase. While most of the kids were attired like Sporty Spice, their mom's were prone to emulating Melrose Place Pork Me Spice.

Moose gives the STOP sign: STOP, drop and roll away from this weirdo, Spicettes!



Here Mom seems to be giving a sign of her own, and we suspect it has little to do with Two Fingers Tequila....



Moose and Sign Girl check out the rack on an 11 year old Spicer.

Had I asked any of the loitering Lolitas what the Spice Girls represent, most would have shouted back "Girl Power!". But "Consumer Power!" was more like it. About an hour before the concert began, the big screens adjacent to the stage were pumping out advertisements for razors, pore cleansing strips and several other products these girls shouldn't need for another decade. The most out of place ad was for Domino Sugar. It featured the slogan "sugar & spice," and every time the word "spice" appeared, the crowd went into a screaming frenzy. This marketing ploy was so effective that I expect to make a killing with my meat company's new slogan: "Spice up your life with caramel-coated entrails on a stick."

Ad placement was not only evident prior to the show and throughout the half hour intermission, but during the Spice Girls' performance of "Generation Next." As they performed this Pepsi-penned song, the soft drink's logo and name were integrated into the accompanying video. The only thing missing was a guy handing out Pepsi syringes to ensure the kids' allegiance. Conversely, the syringes we were distributing were adorned with Hello Kitty pictures.

Every time the foursome took the stage, the screaming was louder than when my cousin discovered the dead manatees in my trunk. Unfortunately, since Geri "Ginger Spice" Halliwell wasn't there, it seemed pointless to try and rally the surrounding kids into a chanting frenzy of, "Take it off." Ok, ok, so we redirected the chant toward their mothers. Talk about a touchy audience.

The show itself was what you'd expect--mediocre music and boreography, both of which wowed thousands of soon-to-be-consuming-Domino Sugar kids. We tried to start a pit, but after Moose slammed the kids their crumpled bodies would land too many aisles away for them to reciprocate.

Since we were obstructing the view of the tots behind us, we politely told their parents that if the kids couldn't see over Moose, he'd be more than happy to hold them. No takers. We got the impression they would rather French kiss a decapitated yak's head with an onion in its mouth than have him touch their runts. Oh well, they missed a great show. (Trust me, we made sure of it.)

Now that the Spice Girls have sailed away to join the ranks of Ace of Bass and All Saints, we believe that 10 years from now their fans will more likely remember the guy in the prison outfit than the disposable dames on stage. ⊙

When **Rowan-Morrison** isn't writing for *Bikini*, *Gear*, *Smug* and *Soma*, he spends his time sculpting Facts of Life figurines out of discarded organs and chunky spoiled milk. Email him at chase@ttlnet.com.

Fruit Loop

The "fruity guy with orange hair" saga reaches a new level

A fruit-covered package arrived at our office recently and it was not alone. It was delivered by a friend of "fruity guy with orange hair."

Fruity made his *POPsmear* debut in 13.0's ~~Lost &~~ Found. Then in 17.0 you watched in horror as some fans of the magazine chased him down and threw eggs at him. But they had the wrong guy. So Fruity 13.0 and Fruity 17.0 are two totally—well, at least somewhat—different people.

Fruity 17.0, who prefers to be called Fresh n' Fruity, hid downstairs while his friend brought up the colorful present he had prepared. Of course, we wanted to see this ripe specimen, if only to confirm his identity. We knew if things went any further we wouldn't be able to write about it. It would be too confusing.

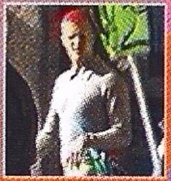
But it wasn't easy to get him up, since Fresh had a long, neatly-written list of beefs:

1) being mistaken for another fruity guy with orange hair (he was so upset that he changed his hair color)
2) having an egg thrown at him
3) having an egg thrown at him while being videotaped
4) having an egg thrown at him while being videotaped and having stills from said video show up in a national magazine
5) national magazine not using his full and proper name.

To get him upstairs we had to promise two things: we would not throw eggs at him and we would properly identify him. We agreed, and he came up for pictures and punch.

After Fresh left, it was time to check out his package. Fuss tried opening it, but was so overwhelmed by the smell that he started gagging and had to leave the room. We called in Pete the Ad Guy, who's more of a tough guy. Well, he has tattoos anyway. He survived the smell of egg, garlic, fruit and god knows what else, and even dove in there to pull out Fresh n' Fruity's note.

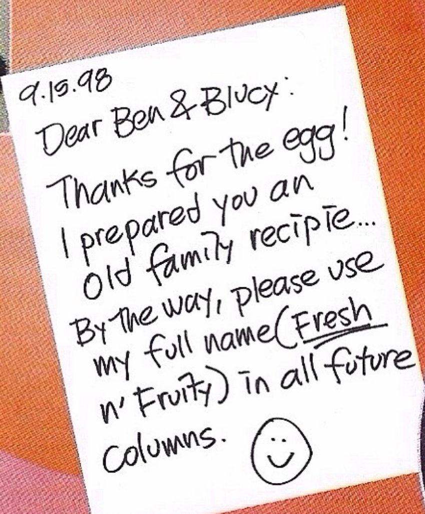
The lesson here is simple. If you're going to throw eggs at people you see in *POPsmear*—not that we condone such behavior—try to get the right guy.—**Shivon**



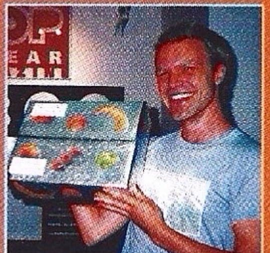
13.0

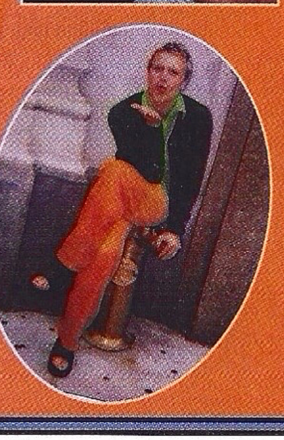
17.0

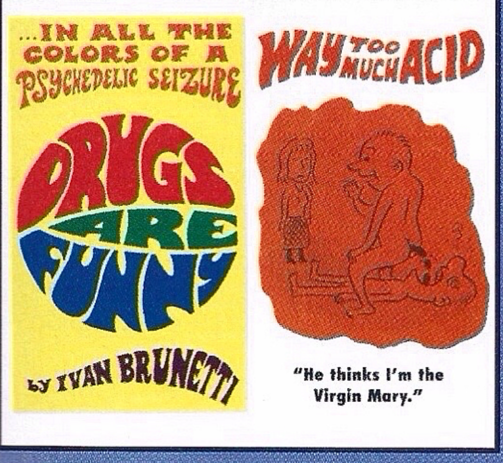
18.0



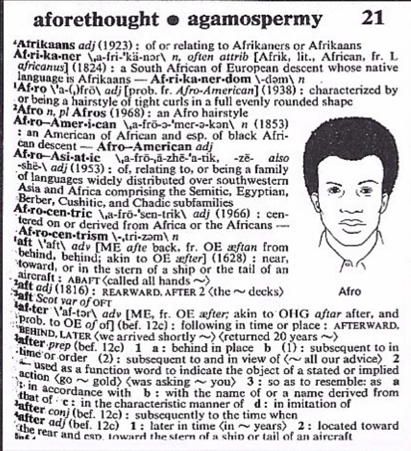
9.15.98
Dear Ben & Blucy:
Thanks for the egg!
I prepared you an
Old family recipie...
By the way, please use
my full name (Fresh
n' Fruity) in all future
columns.
☺







...IN ALL THE COLORS OF A PSYCHEDELIC SEIZURE
DRUGS ARE FUNNY
by IVAN BRUNETTI
WAY TOO MUCH ACID
"He thinks I'm the Virgin Mary."



aforethought ● agamospermy 21

¹**Afrikaans** *adj* (1923) : of or relating to Afrikaners or Afrikaans
Af·ri·ka·ner \ˌa-fri-ˈkä-nər\ *n, often attrib* [Afrik, lit., African, fr. L *africanus*] (1824) : a South African of European descent whose native language is Afrikaans — **Af·ri·ka·ner·dom** \-dəm\ *n*
¹**Af·ro** \ˈa-(ˌ)frō\ *adj* [prob. fr. *Afro-American*] (1938) : characterized by or being a hairstyle of tight curls in a full evenly rounded shape
²**Afro** *n, pl* **Afros** (1968) : an Afro hairstyle
Af·ro–Amer·i·can \ˌa-frō-ə-ˈmer-ə-kən\ *n* (1853) : an American of African and esp. of black African descent — **Afro–American** *adj*
Af·ro–Asi·at·ic \ˌa-frō-ˌā-zhē-ˈa-tik, -zē- *also* -shē-\ *adj* (1953) : of, relating to, or being a family of languages widely distributed over southwestern Asia and Africa comprising the Semitic, Egyptian, Berber, Cushitic, and Chadic subfamilies
Af·ro·cen·tric \ˌa-frō-ˈsen-trik\ *adj* (1966) : centered on or derived from Africa or the Africans — **Af·ro·cen·trism** \-ˌtri-zəm\ *n*
¹**aft** \ˈaft\ *adv* [ME *afte* back, fr. OE *æftan* from behind, behind; akin to OE *æfter*] (1628) : near, toward, or in the stern of a ship or the tail of an aircraft : ABAFT ⟨called all hands ~⟩
²**aft** *adj* (1816) : REARWARD, AFTER 2 ⟨the ~ decks⟩
³**aft** *Scot var of* OFT
¹**af·ter** \ˈaf-tər\ *adv* [ME, fr. OE *æfter;* akin to OHG *aftar* after, and prob. to OE *of* of] (bef. 12c) : following in time or place : AFTERWARD, BEHIND, LATER ⟨we arrived shortly ~⟩ ⟨returned 20 years ~⟩
²**after** *prep* (bef. 12c) **1 a :** behind in place **b (1) :** subsequent to in time or order **(2) :** subsequent to and in view of ⟨~ all our advice⟩ **2** — used as a function word to indicate the object of a stated or implied action ⟨go ~ gold⟩ ⟨was asking ~ you⟩ **3 :** so as to resemble: as **a :** in accordance with **b :** with the name of or a name derived from that of **c :** in the characteristic manner of **d :** in imitation of
³**after** *conj* (bef. 12c) : subsequently to the time when
⁴**after** *adj* (bef. 12c) **1 :** later in time ⟨in ~ years⟩ **2 :** located toward the rear and esp. toward the stern of a ship or tail of an aircraft

Afro

Piss Thoughts...

On East 9th Street here in NYC a store has opened—actually re-opened, after an eight year break—Menuditis, a store dedicated to nothing but Menudo supplies. That's right, Menudo the band. None too surprisingly, I've been by a couple times and they've been closed each time. Too bad, I heard they're stocking those vintage Menudo notepads.

* * *

My friend Charlie books monthly Camel-sponsored shows in Phoenix. Camel pays for the advertising, the venue and the band. This keeps the ticket price between three and five dollars (as opposed to the typical $10+), meaning more people can afford to come see the bands, thus giving them a bigger crowd, exposing more people to their music. Everyone's happy, right? Not exactly. There's a little problem. Apparently the vast majority of the bands (and/or their agents) are declining because they don't want to be associated with a cigarette company. (Apparently they don't mind playing bars that have liquor sponsors or venues with corporate sponsorship and monikers.)

After Charlie told me this I asked, "What the fuck is wrong with these guys? What ever happened to the rock 'n' roll lifestyle? What ever happened to fun?"

"There is no rock 'n' roll," he said. "That's why you're sitting here listening to the *Superfly* soundtrack. There's nothing left."

I guess that's what happens in a time where record companies want to drug test their bands. Shit, when Prodigy opened up for the Beastie Boys, the Beasties told them they couldn't play "Smack My Bitch Up." Apparently since the Boys have let their *Licensed to Ill* expire, no one else is allowed to have one. But where would they be today had it not been for that first album?

* * *

Even if you've never lived in New York you've likely heard horror stories about the big rent we pay for tiny apartments, and it's all true. In fact, unless you've actually lived here, you probably underestimate the severity of the situation.

When I moved in with Beth she had a small (even by New York standards) studio apartment in Alphabet City, a real dump of a place that she had fixed up so that it was livable, and it was not an easy task. When she moved in the landlord made her co-sign a lease with her neighbor, calling their apartments, 4A and 4B, 4AB. He said it was for insurance reasons or some such thing. Last year several of the tenants banded together, went on a rent strike and sued the landlord over a plethora of things. Beth, with nowhere to go and little cash, wasn't involved. Due mostly to a lack of organization and research, the tenants lost most of their case and were ordered to pay a percentage of their back rent. (It was reduced because the judge found that the landlord had been overcharging.) Beth's neighbor, the one she shared the lease with, had failed to put her rent money into escrow and fled the scene before he could demand payment. The landlord then decided that he wanted to combine both apartments and rent them out as one. We talked to him a few times about it, we could have used the space and avoiding a broker's fee (typically 15% of your first year's rent) was enticing. But I didn't like the guy; every time I tried to talk about renovations—which were very necessary—he would change the subject. He just wanted to know when he would be getting his money.

On the 15th of the month he called Beth and told her we owed him $700 in additional rent for that month, even though we hadn't even agreed to take the place, let alone signed a lease. She told him he was crazy and he hung up on her. When I was leaving for work a couple days later I found an eviction notice on the door.

Of course, she fought it. They went to court a couple times, but before anything was settled he dropped the eviction proceedings. A few weeks later I rented a one bedroom apartment (remember the 15%? move-in on this $1200 apartment was $4680) and Beth moved most of her stuff into the new place.

Weird things started happening at her place. The mailbox was broken into. Someone pissed on the door. The locks to the main entrance were changed and the super wouldn't issue her a new key (why do you think he was changing it in the first place?). Her lock was jammed twice.

Piss Thoughts...

The first time she was able to pull out the piece of metal that was jammed inside. The second time wasn't so easy. A few days later, she brought a locksmith over to fix it. Guess what? The door was open, everything was gone, and the super was inside with one of his goons renovating. Seems the landlord had rented the apartment to someone else, and they were moving in the next day.

She called her attorney and he immediately served the landlord with papers. They went to court a couple weeks later. The first question the judge asked was if the owner had a court order saying Beth was no longer entitled to the apartment, if he had anything signed by Beth saying she was vacating the apartment, or if she had turned in her keys. His attorney said they did. The attorney started going off on some tangent, and the judge stopped him. He asked exactly the same question, though in a slightly less patient tone. This time the answer was a very meek "no."

The judge sent everyone outside to try to work out a deal, but the landlord, a smug little Irishman with a huge, couch-cushion ass and vitamin-piss yellow streaks in his hair, said he wanted to go on with the proceedings. So they went back in, then they tried to negotiate again. This happened about a dozen times. Beth said she wanted $10,000. The landlord offered "a studio apartment free for a year." Later, he offered her a studio in the same building she'd been living in at $650 a month for one year. (If you're thinking he was going backwards, you're right.)

Finally he came to his senses. He got his apartment and she went home with $6000. It's not the easiest way to get your old landlord to pay for move-in costs on a new apartment, but I must say it was fun seeing that son of a bitch squirm.

* * *

At what point did television go from catering to idiots to spotlighting them?

* * *

Speaking of idiots and tv, how is it that I'm the only person I know who watched Clinton's grand jury testimony? Well, you all missed out. It was beautiful. Television at its best. I'm amazed at how every time I bring it up to someone they go on about how the attorneys were badgering him. Well, yeah! Did you not notice that the guy refused to give a straight answer about anything?? And the look on his face when he was asked about Monica using a cigar as a sexual aid in the Oval Office area–that was worth every minute.

On one hand I really want this jerk out of office, I don't care if he resigns or is impeached (though the latter would be much more fun). Then again, I think the American people should get what they deserve. It was obvious that he was an ass during the '92 campaign. We're talking about a guy who said he didn't inhale! What the hell is that? If you're not going to inhale, don't take the joint. If he did inhale, which would make more sense, just come clean about it. Gore fessed up and did anyone really care? Are we that puritanical that we can't elect a president that has hit on a joint? Perhaps we are. But if no one will own up to anything, nothing will change. We're a society in denial that thrives on scare tactics, repression of truth and a disturbing lack of personal responsibility. If these puritans knew what the hell politicians and the rest of us were really up to, things would be a lot easier.

* * *

Frank was calling retail outlets to get their orders for this issue and there was one store in South Carolina that told him they will not be carrying the magazine ever again. It seems the proprietor was very angry about Dr. Cynic's column in 17.0. He couldn't believe the things Cynic said about the Molly Hatchet album, that the band never gets the respect they deserve and obviously *POPsmear* "does not reflect the values of [his] community." One more reason to visit South Carolina, where the state bird is the Troglodytidae.—**Fuss**

Freshness Not Guaranteed

POPsmear's kitchy new feature

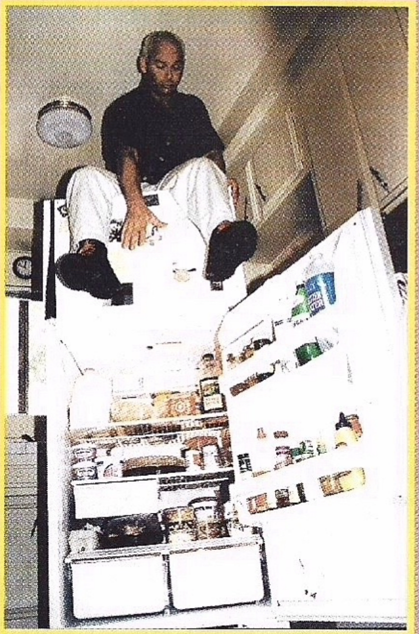


photo: Margaret Saadi/Muscle Music

POPsmear Rock 'n' Roll Refrigerator #2: Wayne Kramer, Los Angeles 1998

Someone's refrigerator can tell you a lot about that person. There's the inside–whether filled with cheap beer, condiments and ancient Chinese secret takeout containers, or carefully-placed beverages and appropriate amounts of all four food groups–which offers one curious view into the personality of its owner.

The outside can be just as telling. Some use it as a magnetic bulletin board, sticking up anything from phone numbers to coupons to words of encouragement (or discouragement). Others are meticulously clean, with maybe a strategically-placed fruit magnet or two, which are only to be used in case of emergency. And then there are the more interesting refrigerators, where the best snapshots, magazine clippings and randomly-acquired items are carefully selected for optimum effect. These refrigerators are typically built up slowly; a place open to change, where new, more interesting items vie for space in pursuit of the perfect refrigerator door collage.

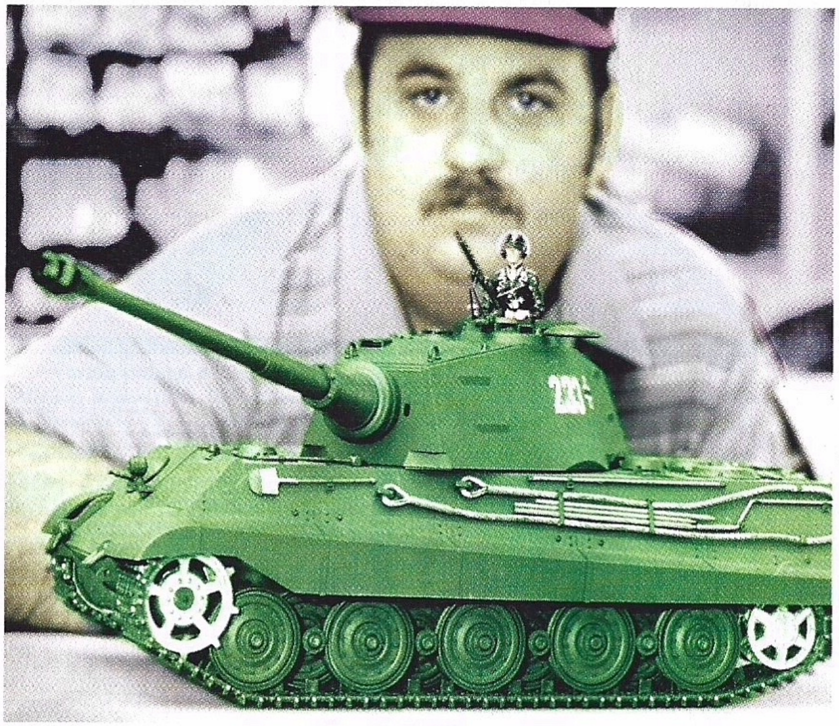
We spent nearly a year talking about running refrigerators as a regular feature. As is all too often the case, even with something as seemingly simple as this, it took us a while to get our shit together. Well, the days of all refrigerator talk and no photos are over. This month we debut a new back page feature: Rock 'n' Roll Refrigerators.

Each issue will feature a different refrigerator, the inside and/or outside, whichever we find the most interesting, giving you an unusual insight into various personalities that could only be rivaled by, perhaps, the bathroom. (Look for that in '99.)

In the meantime, we'll be searching the country for the most fascinating refrigerators. We've hired a team of six experts–one dentist, two photographers armed with digital cameras, two former record store clerks, and a semi-retired refrigerator repairman–who will zigzag across the country following leads and fast-talking their way into America's kitchens. Of course, their direction of travel will be kept secret. We're not looking for freshly-cleaned out Frigidaires, we want the real thing. If we wanted the perfect fridge, we'd can the experts and head over to Sears ourselves.—**Fuss**

disassociated press®

by chaz flannel



There are very few obstacles in life that can't be overcome with a hammer

Commander Ross won the battle, but unfortunately never saw the giant hillbilly coming.

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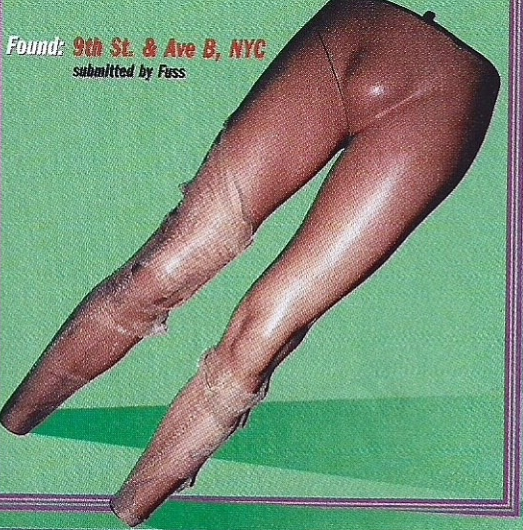

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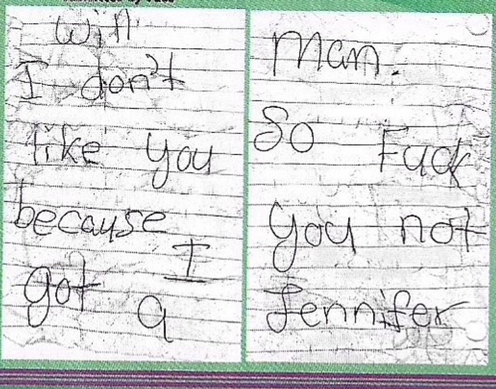

Will
I don't
like you
because I
got a

man.
So Fuck
You not
Jennifer

Found: Broad St., L.A.
submitted by Jeff Porterfield

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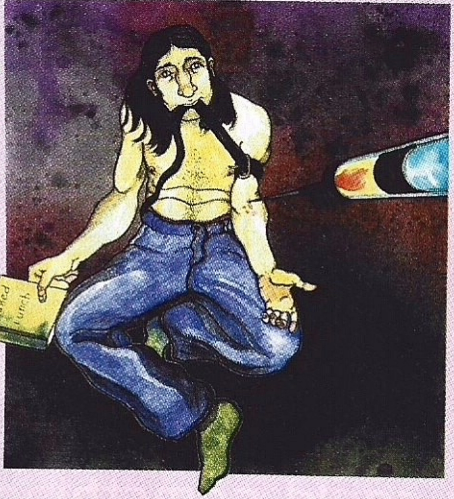
19 Fun Things to Do to an Overdosed Junkie

by John Ennis



art: Michael Slatky

Take the opportunity to give him or her a real stern lecture on the dangers of their lifestyle. Hey, they're not going anywhere. Adding "I told you so" in such life or death circumstances can only ensure you get your point across.

Call the paramedics. As they race inside to check his vitals and give him an adrenaline shot, you should take the opportunity to drive away in the ambulance. You'll never know such power as to see cars everywhere pull over to let you run red lights. See how many funny noises you can get the sirens to make.

Be sure to inspect the junkie's apartment. Don't count on any drugs being left around--how do you think your friend got to Never-Never Land in the first place? But this could be your chance to score a VCR, if they haven't pawned it already.

Take him or her to a bar and rest them in the corner. This is a golden opportunity to mingle: you're not showing up at a bar alone, but you're not tied down, either. You can keep gesturing back to them: "Yeah, I'm with George over there, he's obviously had a few. So you're a masseuse? That's soooo interesting!"

Take the opportunity to reenact every classic drug overdose movie scene: from jump-starting the heart in *Pulp Fiction* (it's ok if you miss the first few times) to sending your friend to the ER in the back of a cab like in *Trainspotting*.

Play a practical joke and dress the person up in embarrassing clothes, like shaved-head Junkie Joe in a nun's habit with lacy garters underneath. Then call all his friends over and tell them what's happened. "I know," you say as they look on in horror, "I'm just as shocked as you."

Put shackles over your friend and sell him into slavery. The joke's on the unwitting buyer–this guy's not about to do a lick of work!

Dress your friend up as McGruff the Crime Dog and take him to junior high school assemblies. "This is what drugs do, children," you say, dropping his limp paw onto the stage. "Drugs have killed poor McGruff."

Contact the media and leak the story that the lead singer and guitarist of "Pigeon Shit" has overdosed as the result of his tortured genius. Watch the music mag vultures descend in a flurry surrounding a band that doesn't actually exist.

Leave him outside Tower Records overnight to save you a place in line for Stones tickets.

Rent him/her to barber schools.

Strap the unconscious chap to a chair, paint him wild colors, then go down to SoHo and sell him as mixed-media art. Explain to the chi-chi buyer that it's titled "Oil on Chump." Buyer: "Why's it keep spitting up that bubbly stuff?" You: "Alka Seltzer tablets, timed to erupt periodically. It expresses my contempt for the art world."

Register your friend with the Republican Party.

Get a big cardboard box from Mailboxes, Etc., and lots of those Styrofoam popcorn thingies. Mail him to the Betty Ford Center.

Take him to a hardcore show and open a betting pool for how long his body can float on top of the crowd before hitting the floor.

Use your friend as a skeleton for a snowman. (Also handy for preserving the body!)

Two more words: Play Doctor (and not the rehab kinda doctor, either).

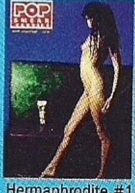
Take him to a stand-up club and sit him in the front row. Watch the comedian's insecurities explode as he fails to get a reaction or even respond to being cruelly singled out. Enjoy the comics bombing like scuds.

"You buy cadavers, right? Do you pay more if they're slightly breathing?"

John Ennis produces Toolz of the New School, a riotous prank comedy tv show in New York. Find out more at www.toolz.net.

18.0 Collector's Cards

In each issue we insert a set of postcards for your mailing and collecting pleasure. Here are the cards in 18.0. Collect them all!



Hermaphrodite #1

Hermaphrodite #2

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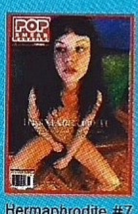

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In God We Trust, Inc.

by Troy Fuss

In the parking lot with TBN's Paul and Jan

I've always had a bit of an obsession with tv ministries, and for a long time I was hooked on Trinity Broadcasting Network. At the peak of my interest I was working as a valet at the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, and one day I was pulling a Lexus around to the parking lot when I saw this couple standing next to a Winnebago...they looked really familiar, but I couldn't quite place them. I drove by slowly, looking closely...then it hit me: It was Paul and Jan Crouch, the founders of TBN.

I stepped on the gas, tore into the parking lot and slipped the Lexus into a tight slot at about 70 mph as only a valet can. I ran for the front entrance just in time to greet the Crouches and welcome them to the hotel. After they checked in I looked them up on the computer. If I recall correctly, they were in a luxurious Terrace Court room that went for somewhere around $600 a night.

They had rented a Lincoln Towncar and apparently Paul wasn't used to driving himself, because he was having a helluva time with the sentinel timer. This is the control that allows you to leave your lights on up to a minute or so, I guess so you can park in the driveway and have some light when you're walking up to your front door at three in the morning. Paul and Jan went to a restaurant that night and couldn't figure it out. By his own account, Paul pushed the knob in and out and turned the timer around and around for quite some time and could not get the lights to turn off. He ended up leaving them on as they ate, killing the battery. When he came out, the car wouldn't start. He called the hotel and someone drove over and gave him a jump.

Jan and Paul Crouch

They valeted their car and the next morning it wouldn't start. One of the valets pulled around a hotel Towncar and jumped it again. My shift began during this episode, and seeing the situation I immediately ran out to assist my coworker, but I was too late. They were getting in their car as I approached and I didn't even get a chance to say hello.

> **Already a dead ringer for Tammy Faye, seeing the thickness up close...my god, what could Jan possibly be thinking? She looked horrible.**

I didn't see them again until the next day. They were wandering around the parking lot trying to figure out which Towncar was theirs. I headed their way. "Good morning Mr. and Mrs. Crouch," I said in my friendliest Arizona Biltmore valet fashion. "How has your stay been so far?"

Remember, I knew who they were, but they had no way of knowing. That I greeted them by name wasn't the least bit suspicious, because that was part of my job. All of the front door staff knew their names. When they put together the Mobil Five-Star rating system, they based it on the service at two hotels: the Biltmore, and the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Being friendly only helped me to blend in.

Paul bitched about the valet who had parked his car the night before, said the valet didn't know how to work the lights and had left them on all night, killing the battery. We were not to be trusted and he would be parking his own car. Too bad, he wouldn't have had to wander the parking lot for 20 minutes looking for his car had we been in charge. I apologized for the irresponsible valet's actions, assuring him that we would give his car extra special care if only he would give us another chance. "Oh no, I don't think we could do that."

Jan's makeup was unbelievable. Already a dead ringer for Tammy Faye, seeing the thickness up close...my god, what could she possibly be thinking? She looked horrible. I wondered if there was a way I could see her without her makeup. I tried to think of something I could deliver to their room early in the morning, before the reconstruction began.

Paul had steely, beady eyes unlike any I've seen before or since. Very, very cold, and very, very evil. He did not come off as the friendliest of men.

I wanted to keep them talking. I loved looking at Jan, her hair so big and purple. I wanted to tell them how much I loved their station, but I also thought that if they found out I knew what they really did that their demeanors would change. They were, of course, God's people. Then, off in the distance, two voices came calling: "Oh my...I can't believe it! Paul and Jan! We love you!"

It was a youngish couple, both of them around 30, both of them dedicated TBN fans. Paul and Jan were suddenly all smiles. They stuck out their hands as the couple stumbled over their words, unable to tell them enough how much they loved them. "Well, God bless you," Paul said. "That's wonderful. God bless you. God bless." Jan squealed a couple times, just like she does on tv several hours daily; Paul just kept saying "God bless you" in the most insincere tone you could possibly imagine.

The woman fumbled through her purse. "Can we please take a picture of you?" she asked.

"Yes," Paul said, "but we're in a bit of hurry, it'll have to be quick."

The woman handed the camera to her husband and went and stood next to Jan. I stepped up and reached for the camera. "Certainly you should all be in the picture," I told the guest. "Let me take the picture for you." The man stood next to Paul. I began to count, "One, two..."

"Hold on one second," the woman pleaded. She pulled a mirror out of her purse and began to fix her lipstick.

"We really must be going," Paul said, trying to get her to hurry it up.

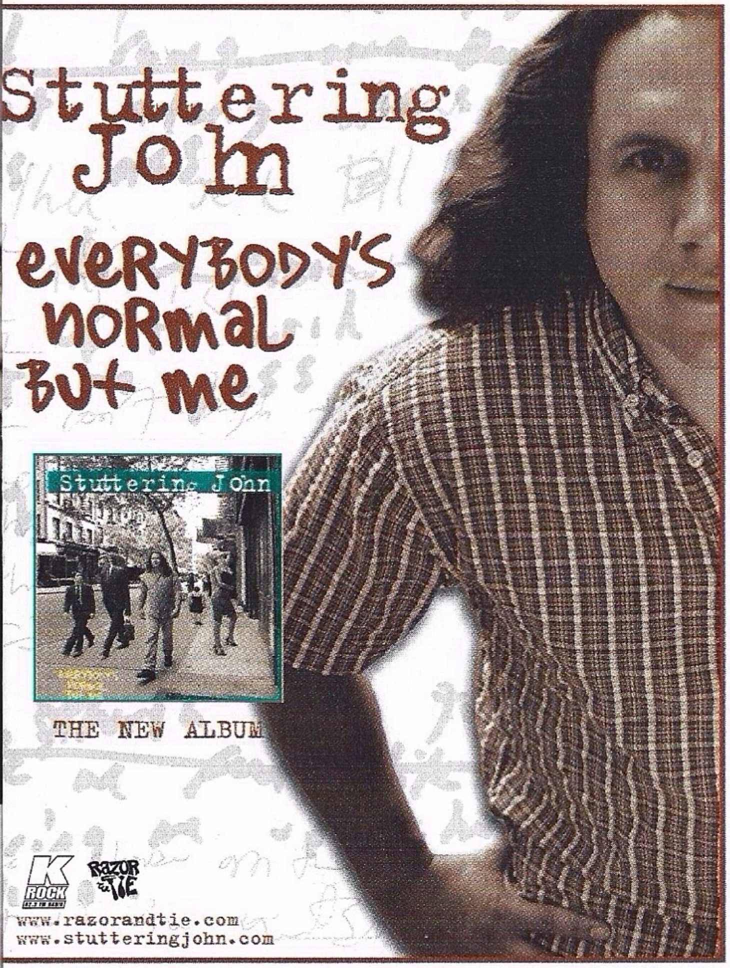
She shoved her lipstick back in her purse and began teasing her hair. Paul snarled and began fidgeting uncomfortably. He muttered something else about being busy or having to go. Finally everyone was ready. I pushed the button. Before they could get away, I insisted on taking another, just to be sure. Paul didn't like that idea one bit, but there wasn't much he could do. The couple moved in closer and their smiles grew wider. Snap.

As soon as I pushed the button, Paul and Jan backed away. The couple thanked them several times, told them they loved TBN a few more times. Jan nodded a lot, causing her purple hair to bounce. Paul said, "Yes, yes, thank you, God bless you, God bless you, God bless," as he unlocked the door on the driver's side and jumped in (apparently Men of God don't get the doors for Women of God). The couple walked away, arms around each other, turning around twice for fading glimpses of their brush with Godliness.

Valet Troy Fuss (l) takes a break from stalking tv preachers to pose with doorman Scott Kohotek

I walked back to the front door with a satisfied smile. Paul and Jan checked out the next day and I never saw them again. Which was fine with me. I saw as much as I needed to see. ◉

TBN is now on daily in NYC, WMBC-TV 63, Monday through Saturday, 5 am to 7 am. Despite their minimal presence and crappy time slot in NYC, TBN can be seen 24 hours a day nearly everywhere else. They have 536 broadcasting stations throughout the world. They also have a very interesting website at http://www.tbn.org/home.htm. God bless.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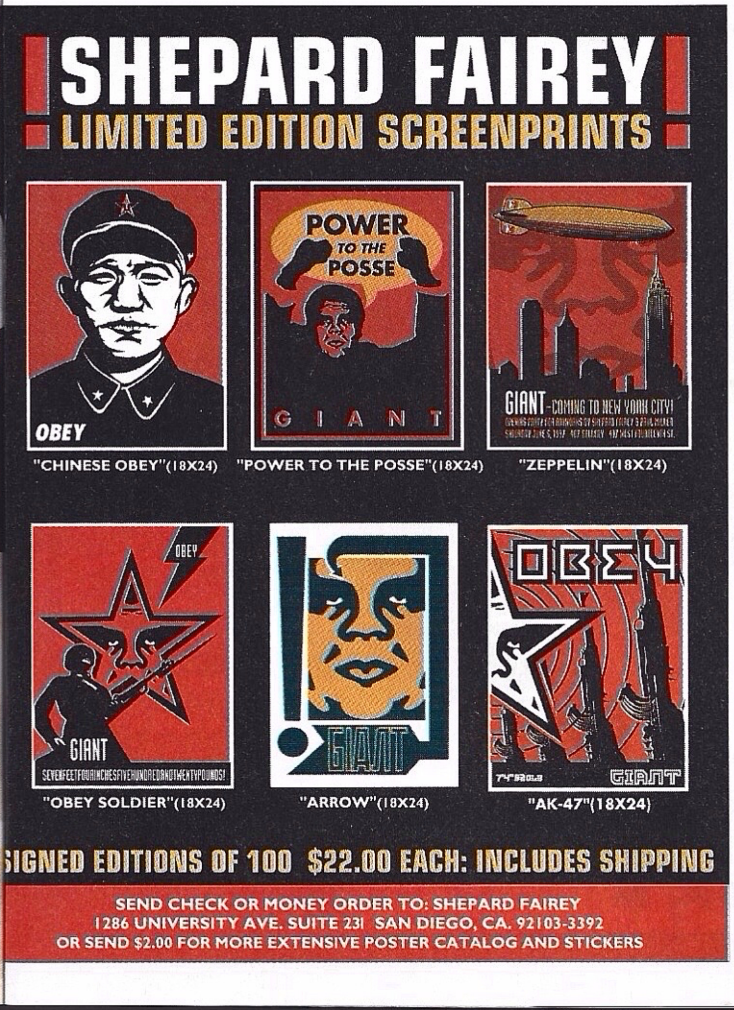
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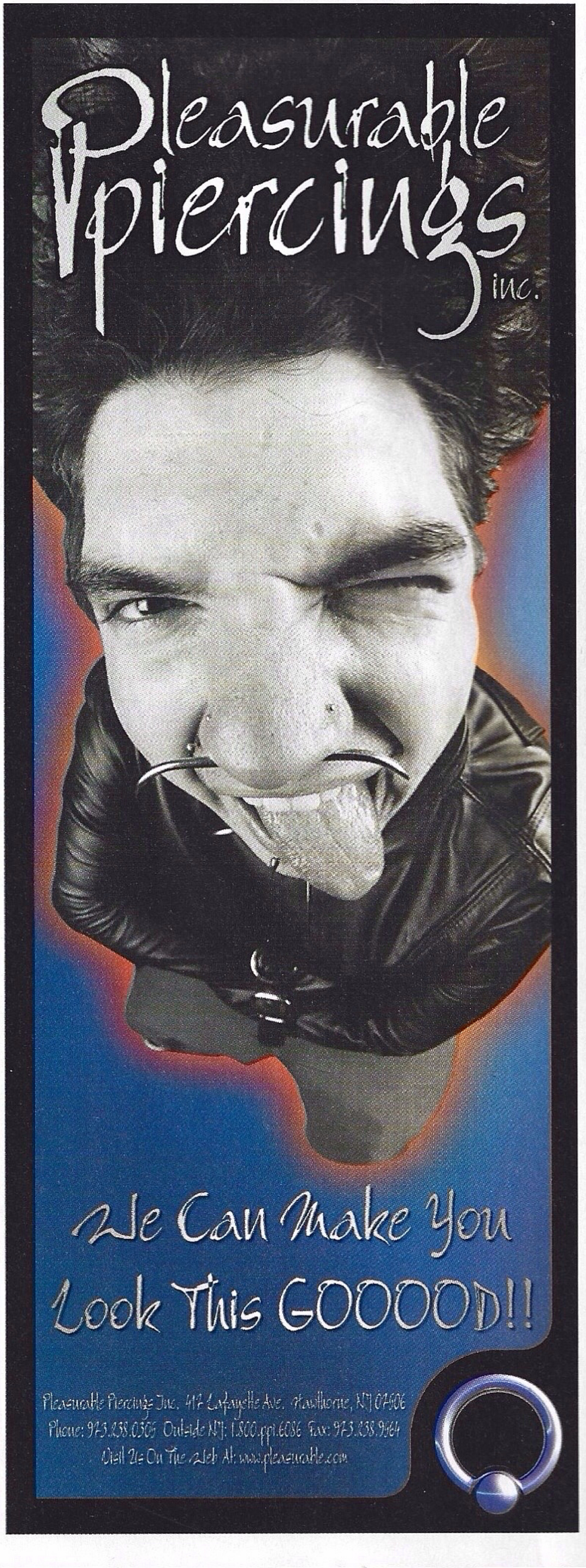
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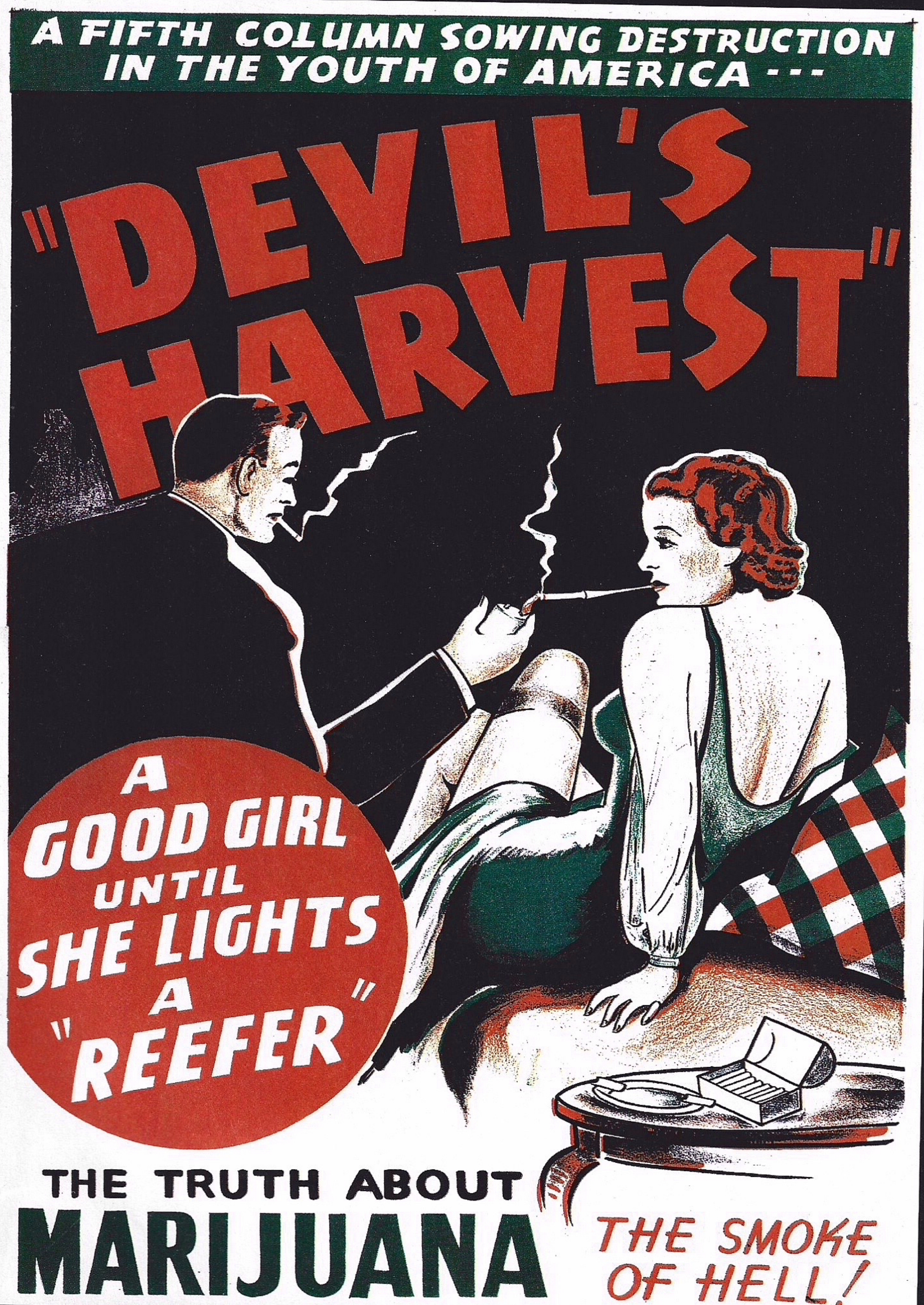
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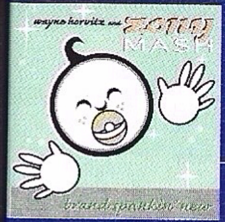
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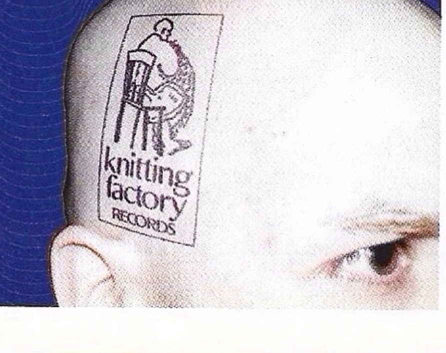

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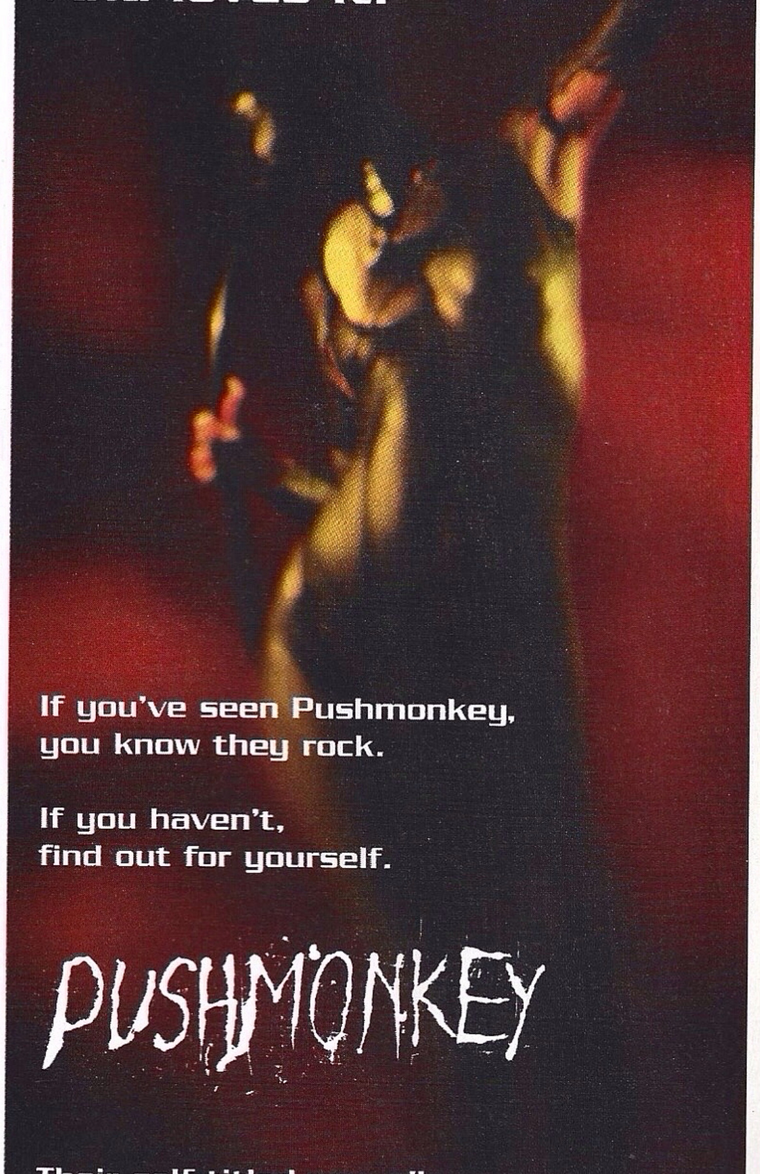

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Sign Your Life Away

A beginner's guide to sign language

In case you haven't heard, signing is all the rage these days. Go to the hippest hot spots in Manhattan and you'll find everyone from Puff Daddy to Neve Campbell to Donald Trump signing the night away. And why not? Not only is signing fun, there are many obvious benefits.

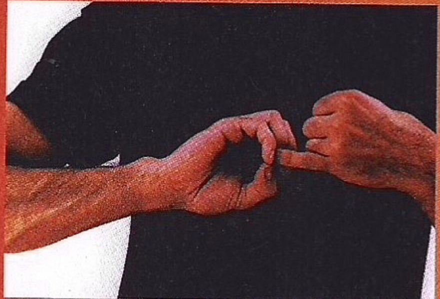
Ladies, learn how to sign and you won't need to head to the bathroom in herds to gossip about your dates. Hey guys, can't wait to tell the fellows about what you'll be doing later, but the girlfriend is sitting nearby? That's right, sign it.

Ever date a deaf girl? Probably not. Passing notes can be so tedious, not to mention you probably don't want to put all of your bad jokes in writing. Mom and Dad keep yelling at you to keep it down? This way, they won't even know you're home!

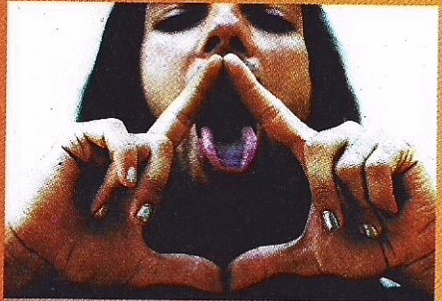
Of course, learning a second language is not easy. Take a class in any foreign language and they'll inevitably start you off with dull vocabulary words and those trying verb tenses. Everyone knows that learning must be made fun, and that's where we come in. We are here to help.

Below you'll find a beginner's guide to sign language. Sure, it's incomplete, but you have to start somewhere. Learn these terms and you'll be well on your way to bilinguality, which is almost as fun as bisexuality--and just as hip.

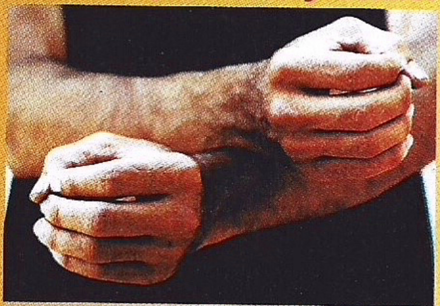
photos: Abby Gennet



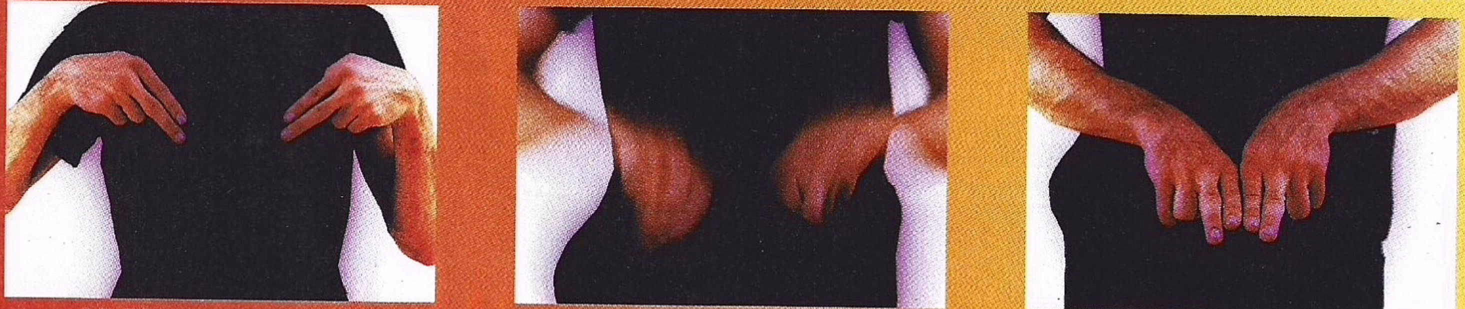
VIRGIN



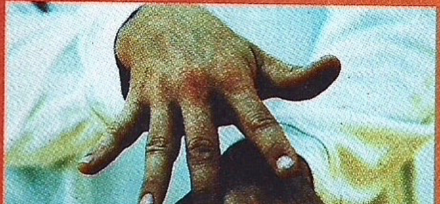
CUNNILINGUS



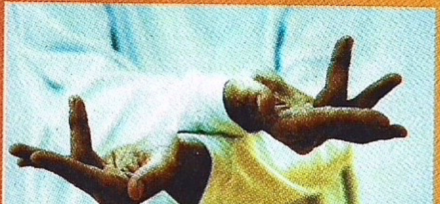
MALE MUTUAL MASTURBATION



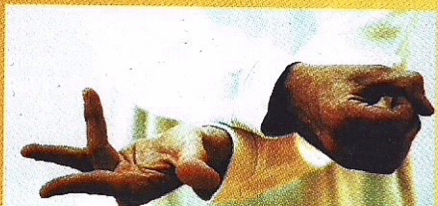
GO TO BED TOGETHER



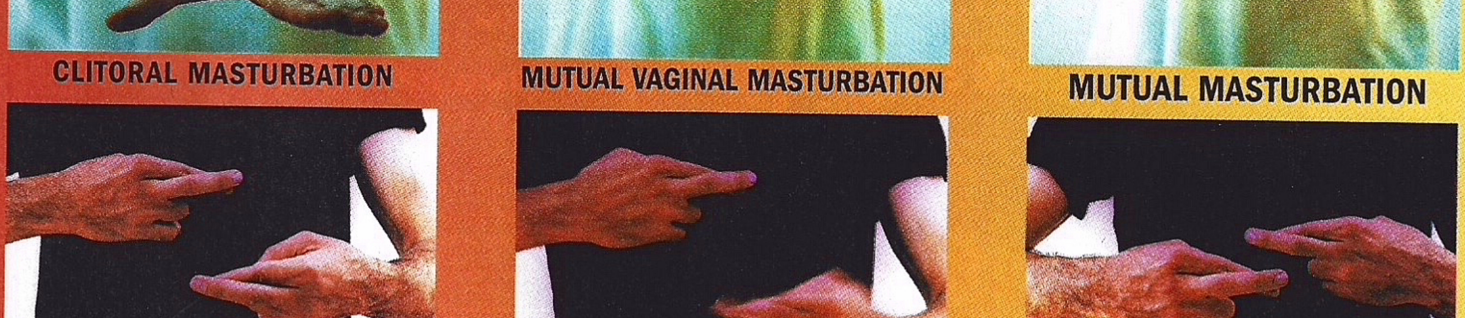
CLITORAL MASTURBATION



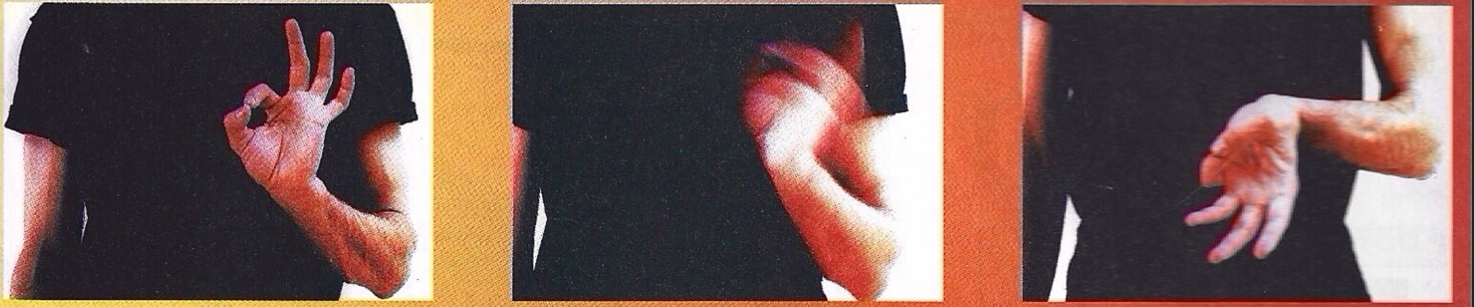
MUTUAL VAGINAL MASTURBATION



MUTUAL MASTURBATION



MATE SWAPPING



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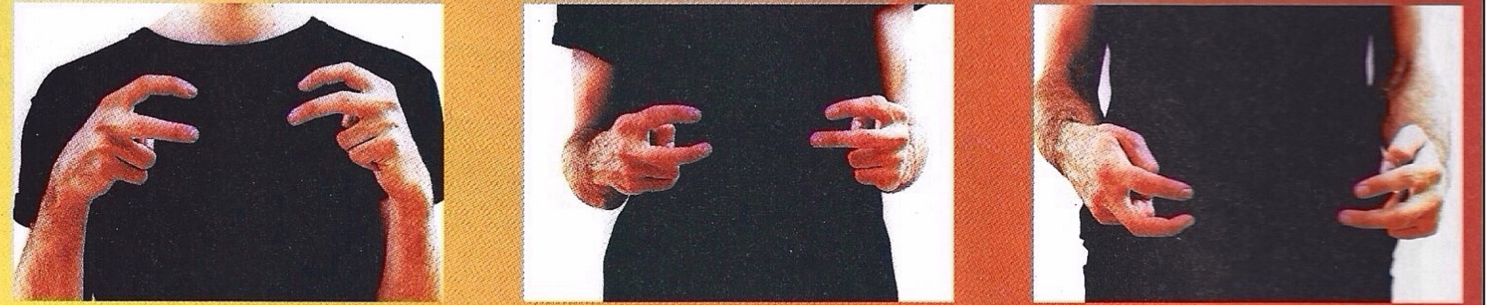
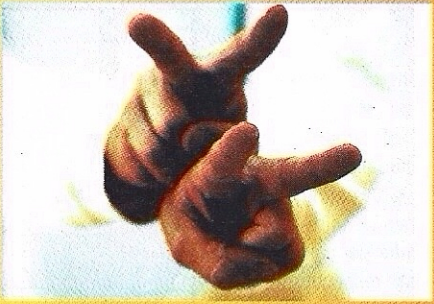
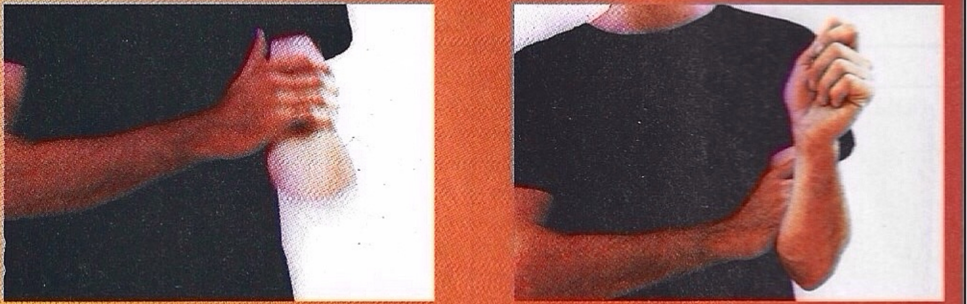


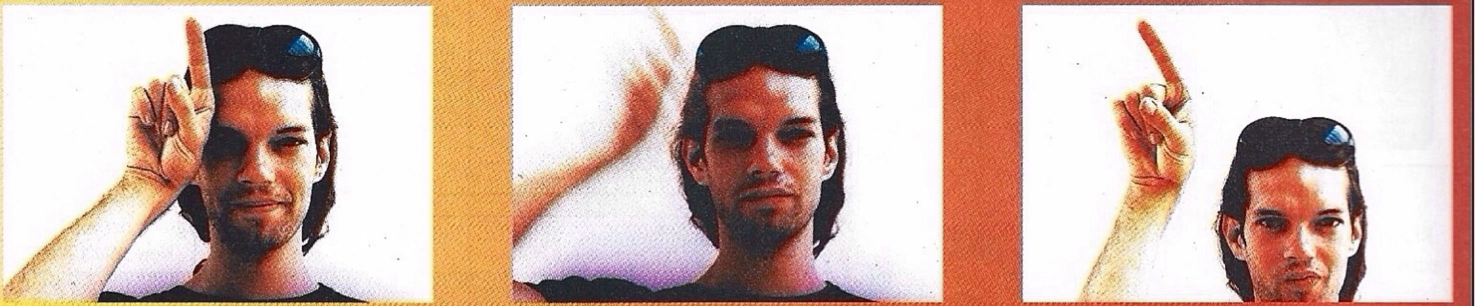
FEMALE ORGASM



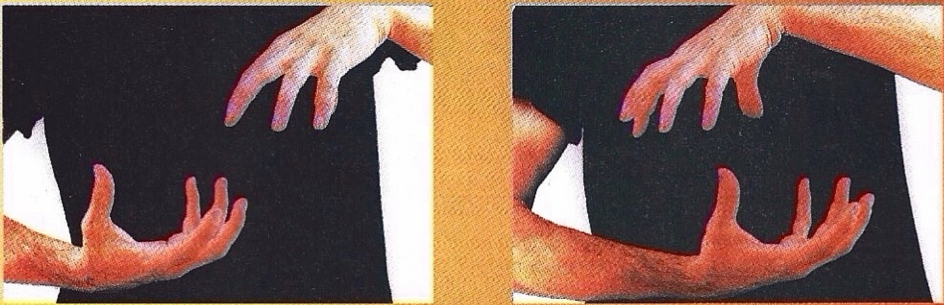
GAY SEX



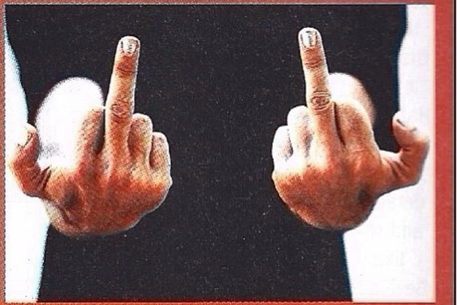
ERECTION OF PENIS



HORNY



GROUP SEX



I LOVE YOU

text: Fuss research: Dina Coughlan

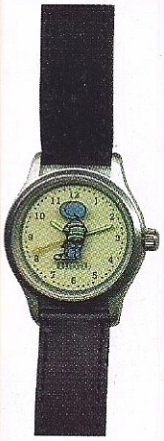
ebeling hughes

When **Rob Ebeling** and **Chuck Hughes** aren't modeling for *POPsmear*, which is quite often, they play in a band called **Ebeling Hughes**. (We'll give you a *POPsmear* sticker if you can guess where the name came from!) Their new CD, *Transfigured Night*, is out now on Zero Hour Records. For more info check out http://www.zerohour.com/ebeling/.

If you're interested in learning more signs, pick up *Signs of Sexual Behavior* by James Woodward (T.J. Publishers).

Xmas gift

P-BOY WATCH



What time is it? Time for you to get a watch. And what better watch for the smart ass, class clown, and/or pee obsessed? None! The blue man's pee is the (functioning) second hand! Think you have a bladder problem, this cat never stops! *$50-60*

Blunt Watches, www.bluntclothing.com

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BASIC FUN

LUNCH BOX KEYCHAIN

Running out of cash earlier than expected? Didn't have any cash to begin with? For about five bucks, you can get your Pollyanna the coolest keychain in town. Think of it this way: Not only is it something they will use every day, they'll think it cost a lot more than it did. The Happy Days chain (pictured) comes complete with banana and thermos, and the thermos lid is detachable (for very light drinkers) and snaps into the lunch box, just like in real life! Also comes in Beverly Hillbillies, Get Smart (99!), Gunsmoke, and the Wild Wild West. *$5*

Basic Fun, www.basicfun.com

LUCKY SHIVA SHOULDER BAG

Looking to get lucky with that lucky lady? Well, this shoulder bag is handpainted with a lucky girl wearing a lucky number 7 t-shirt—how much luckier can you get? Any self-respecting hipster girl will want one of these. And if it's not quite your thing, other styles are available. (Duh!) *$68*

Lucky Girl, East Northport NY, 516.266.3362

POCKET WATCH

All right, so you don't think the pee watch is right for pa. Sure, he might think it's funny, but chances are it won't grace his wrist after New Year's. Well, how about getting Mr. Sophisticated a fly pocket watch? It may not be the retirement token he's worked his entire life for, but he's still gotta foot the bill for the stepkids anyway, so he's still got a few years to go. The perfect warmup timepiece! *$50-60*

Blunt Watches, www.bluntclothing.com

REPTILICA
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CIRCUS FREAK SNACKBOX

Say you've made it through another summer without making it to Coney Island? Well the next best thing to being there (or being a real freak) just might be these classic metal snackboxes. (They call them snackboxes because they're just not as big as the typical lunch box.) With superfreaks galore, these are definitely the hippest snackboxes on the market. Everything from Rubber Man to Lizard Boy to the Hermaphrodite is represented beautifully on these metal wonders. This is geek love at its snackiest! *$7.95*

send $2 for a catalog to Archie McPhee & Co., POB 30852, Seattle WA 98103, www.mcphee.com

BUTTERFLY HEAD HANDBAG

Shivon's mom says if you don't like butterflies you must be a nasty pigdog. Well, we don't want to be pigdogs, and neither do you. The best way to show the world you aren't a nasty pigdog may be the Lucky Girl Butterfly Handbag. With a beautiful, colorful butterfly complete with pretty girl face, you simply can't go wrong. Unless, of course, your loved one doesn't like butterflies. In which case you'd best get the Lucky Shiva Shoulder Bag or dump the lousy pigdog and buy it for yourself. *$48*

Lucky Girl, East Northport NY, 516.266.3362

Guide

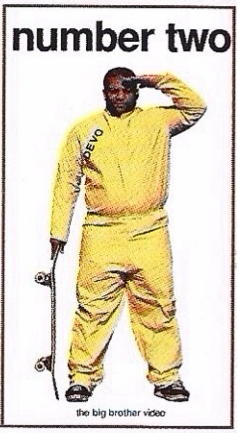
text: Fuss/Shivon
design: damien Dominguez

CRICKET LICK-IT

Got a bug problem? Want to, if only for a moment, feel like you are in control? This should do it. It's a cricket-in-a-sucker. Ha! Who's the sucker now! For those of you sadistic types, or perhaps those of you who didn't get the bug-eating thing out of your system on the playground, chomp on this. And don't forget, bug-eating can be a great money-making opportunity. *3 for $5.95*

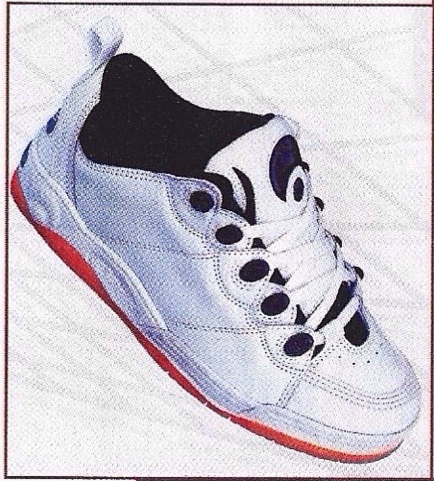
send $2 for a catalog to
Archie McPhee & Co.,
POB 30852, Seattle WA 98103, www.mcphee.com

BIG BROTHER VIDEO #2



Trying to buy for a skater? Let's face it, if you don't skate, you have no clue what to get and will probably—no matter how hip you think your choice is—fuck it up. Play it safe with the *Big Brother* video. These cats *are* skating, and your loved one, however confused you might be about them, will be shocked with your selection. In case you're wondering what's on it, it's skating, diarrhea, puke and gas—you know, skater shit. Hey, who said *you* have to like it. *$19.95 +$3.50 p&h*

Big Brother Video Number Two, POB 15627B,
Beverly Hills CA 90209; for credit card orders call
888.357.6313



GORGON

Shivon got a pair of these a couple weeks ago and has worn them every day since. So what if she lives in Manhattan and white sneakers are sooooo Long Island, comfort is king in this town and, well, we suppose that makes her queen. Except for when we went to Stuttering John's CD release party at Scores, where sneakers of any kind are as out as fake tits are in. What the hell, slip 'em on and skate on over to Billy's. We'll meet you there. *$60-80*

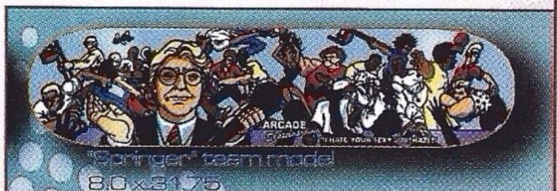
Osiris, www.osirisshoes.com

Andy Gerner
u4eä

LIQUID U4EÄ

It comes in a paint bucket and you put it on your lips, eyes, hair and nails. No, it's not paint, it's stuff you put on your lips, eyes, hair and nails. Like lipstick, mascara, tons of hair stuff, nail polish, eye shadow—this is the best bucket for your buck! Of course you don't have to buy everything, these items are also sold individually. Let's face it guys, if you're buying for the lady, you don't know what the hell she wants anyway, so just fuck it and buy the bucket. *$80-100/bucket (jackalope not included), various individual prices*

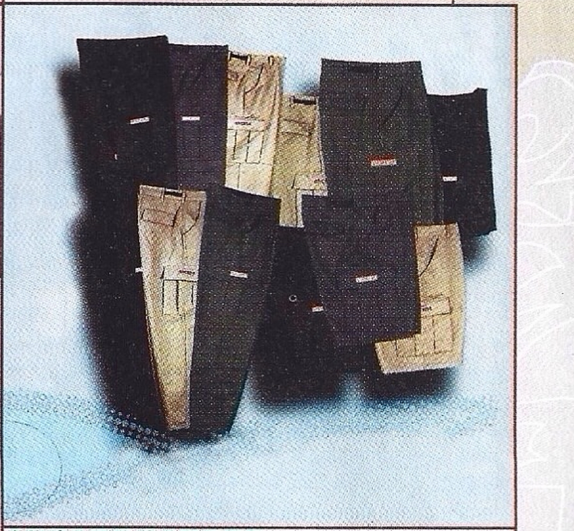
Virtual Effects Hairware, Chatsworth CA,
818.678.2630,
www.liquidu4ea.com



ARCADE SKATEBOARDS

What the hell could be cooler than a Jerry Springer skateboard? Not much, tell you us. Arcade decks are all made with wood pressed by Watson Laminates for their decks, which won't mean a damn thing if you don't skate, but hey, you buying for yourself? And if Springer isn't your thing, how about hot dolls, machine guns, and wizards, designs by Tyrone Olson and Jason Rogers, and Rolling Stones/Warhol tongue wheels even! If this can't rock you, go on back to bed. *$50-60*

Arcade, call 619.874.4970 for a complete catalog and stickers



ARCADE CARGOS

The one you love already got a kick-ass board? Well, they're probably already properly outfitted as well, but you know you can never have too much gear. Besides, these skaters are always falling down and ripping their shirts and shorts, and you know what that means: those cute little skater hanger-on chicks are gonna run off and fetch a boy without holes in his apparel. We ain't talkin' grunge here, daddy-o! This shit so fly, Fuss ditched the one pair of shorts he's been wearing for four years for a pair of Cargos, and he don't look half bad for an untrustworthy cat over 30. *Shorts $45-60*

Arcade, call 619.874.4970 for a complete catalog and stickers

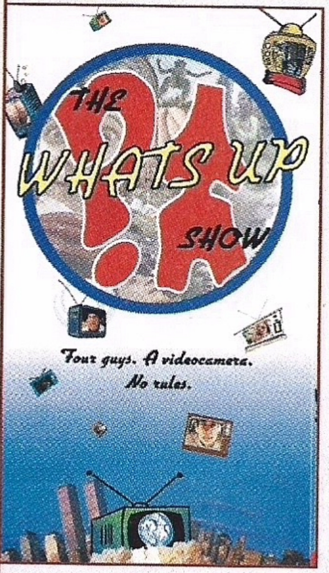
"America is better for her efforts."
– Frank Zappa
POST-PORN MODERNIST
Annie Sprinkle
My 25 Years as a Multimedia Whore

ANNIE SPRINKLE'S POST-PORN MODERNIST

If ever there was a *POPsmear* poster girl, Annie Sprinkle would have to be her. Annie has spent her life doing all the cool and weird shit that we only wish we had thought of, and a couple we're glad we didn't. What the hell, someone's gotta do it, and you won't hear Annie complaining. Fully and beautifully illustrated, *Post-Porn Modernist* is one of those books you leave lying around not only to make sure the conversation never gets dull, but to check the limits of those new friends who "stop by" after hours. A convenient way to get to know a new friend and a fun book for those who have none. *$24.95*

Cleis Press (800.780.2279)

WHAT'S UP TV SHOW, VOLUME 1



The Saturday night wars between Mad TV, SNL and Stern got you so confused you've actually decided to go out on weekends? Fear not, because NYC cable access has bred four cats funnier than Joey Adams on mescaline who are putting together some of the best skits tv has ever seen. This here is their best of tape, which includes "Pull the Finger," "Captain Overreactor" and "The Policemen's Workout"—as seen in *POPsmear* 16.0! If you can find a better endorsement than that, you probably already own this video.

$20 (payable to Ben Warren)

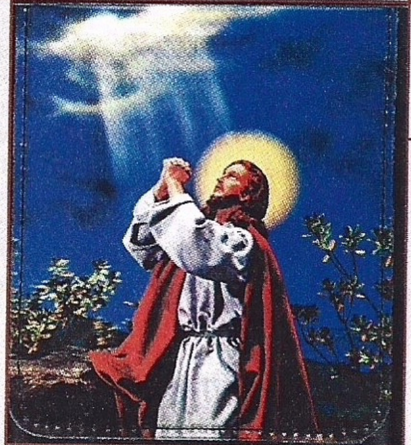
What's Up TV,
632 E 11th St #26, NYC 10009,
www.whatsupinc.com, hotline 212.502.7976

photo: Abby Gennet

SPACE LAMP

Sick of reading with those fluorescent ceiling lights stinging your eyes every time you hold your *POPsmear* the wrong way? Looking to spruce up the place or maybe just need something to set on the end table? How about a lamp with space guys, rockets, and other weird spacey shit? We're not sure what the real point is, but there is a cool looking spaceship that looks like a space age hot dog. It ain't your mama's lamp, so there's 10 points right there. *$140*

Winky & Dutch
Available at the following stores:
Alphaville, 226 W Houston St, NYC, 212.675.6850
Nana 1245 3rd St, Santa Monica, 310.393.1813



JESUS WALLET

Jesus Christ, it's Christmas! What better way to celebrate The Jesus than a 3-D wallet? If you can think of one, better keep it to yourself, buddy. This is the kind of thing that makes your parents happy (if not suspicious), your friends giddy with envy, and pickpockets feel guilty. Enough space for credit cards, your fake and real driver's licenses, a couple photos of lovers or the kids, and even, well, maybe a couple hundred bucks. Not to mention it fits right in your back pocket. *$30*

Winky & Dutch
Available at the following stores:
Little Rickie, 49 1/2 1st Ave, NYC, 212.505.6467
Red Balls on Fire, 7365 Melrose Ave, LA, 323.655.3409

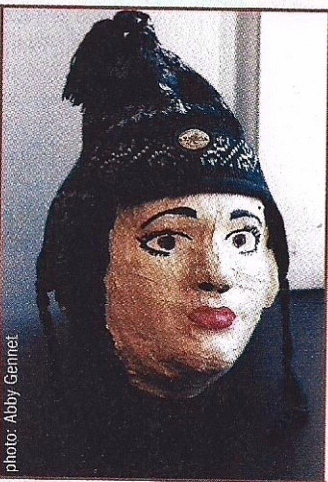


photo: Abby Gennet

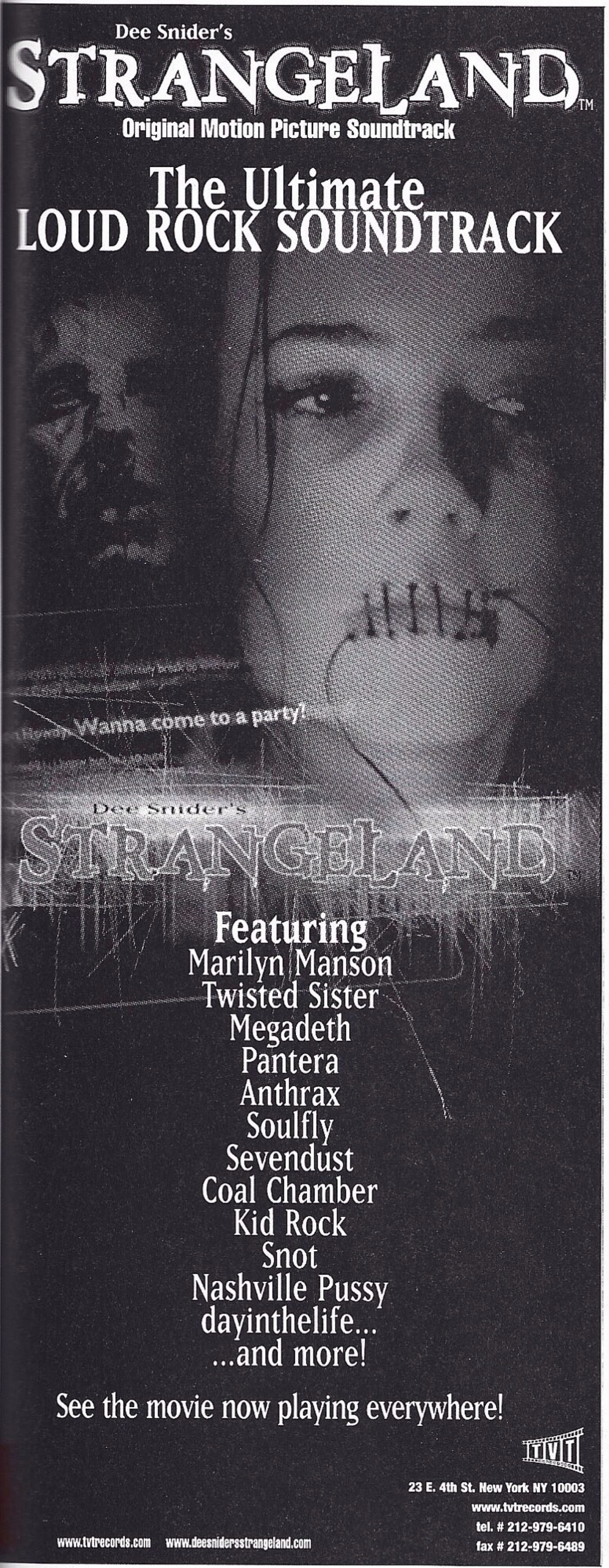
JACQUARD EAR-FLAPS

It's Xmas time and your friend's ears will soon be cold if they're not already, unless they live somewhere like Phoenix, in which case you buy them a one-way ticket to wherever you live. (If you live in Phoenix, too, buy two to New York. Fuck the weather, go somewhere interesting!) A cute little tassel on top (just like graduation!) and darling little flaps to cover the ears, you will be remembered on many a warm night, hopefully in more ways than one. *$36 (Rosie head not included)*

Kangols, www.kangol.com

POPsmear 19.0: VALENTINE'S DAY GIFT GUIDE

If you have something you'd like featured, send the product and info to:
POPsmear REViews, 50 W 23rd St, 6th fl, NYC 10010
No guarantees. Items will not be returned.



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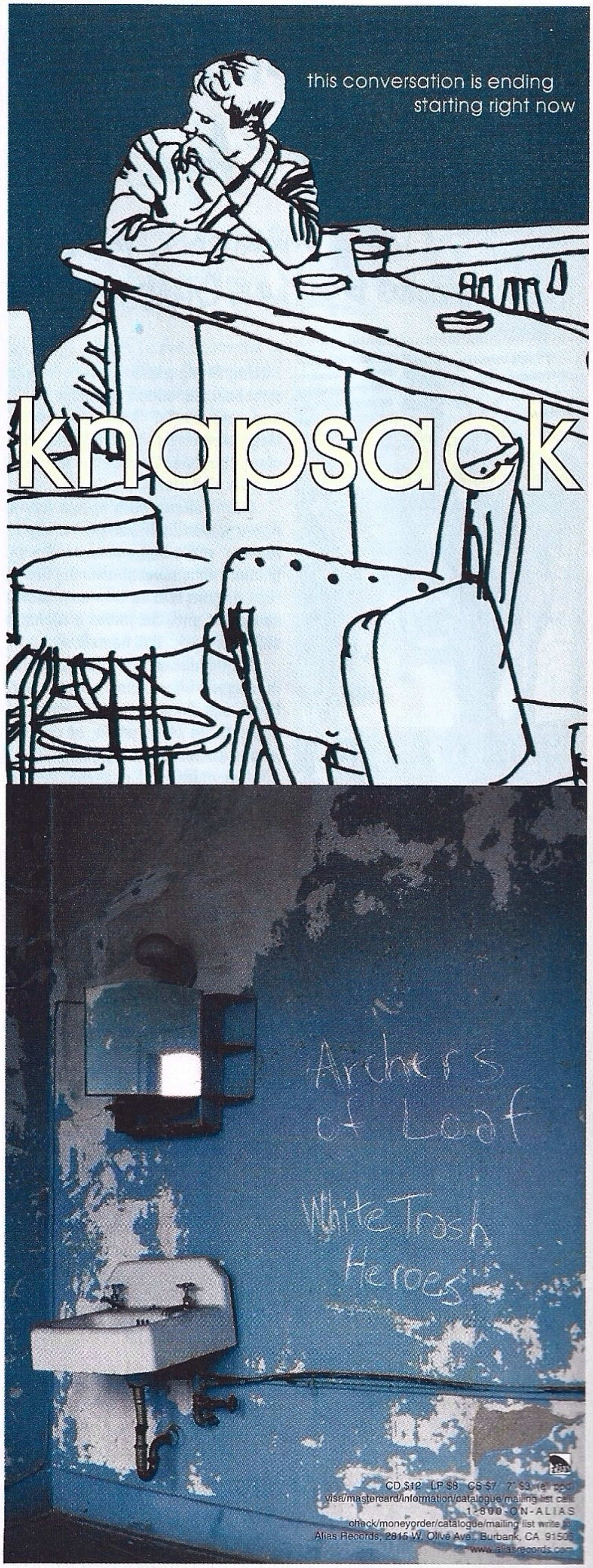

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starting right now
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of Loaf
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Heroes

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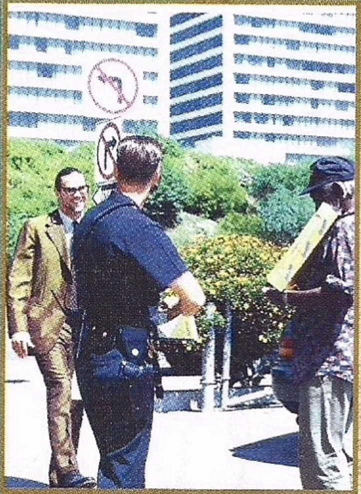
www.aliasrecords.com

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES

Homeless Agent BARRY DANDORFF Talks Business

by DAVE SHERIDAN, MARC PRICE and MATTHEW WORKMAN
photos by PARIS GHADERI

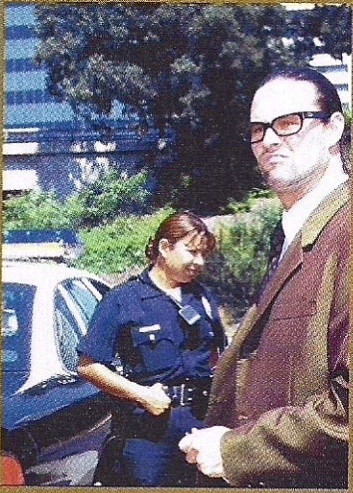


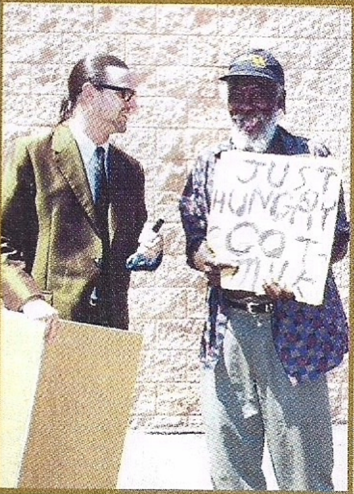
Sitting in his plush Beverly Hills office, Barry Dandorff is the picture of success. His couch is cushy and comfortable. His suit is tailored, sharp, and says loudly, "I am somebody." The sun's rays flowing through the large windows reflect brightly off his mahogany desk. With his high class lifestyle, Dandorff has proven that success can be found in the depths of failure.

After quickly working his way up the ranks at the William Morris Agency, Dandorff became a super-agent, guiding the careers of some of rock 'n' roll's biggest superstars. After "creative differences" caused friction with several clients, the agency hastily fired Dandorff, an event that angers him to this day. Instead of wallowing in self-pity, Dandorff searched until he found a niche market where he could put his managerial skills to work: the homeless.

With thousands of clients on his roster, Dandorff is the nation's leading manager of homeless people. His intricate, multi-tiered plan finds him planting his homeless showpersons in calculated locations throughout the country, turning their special talents into marketable skills while, of course, reaping the financial rewards. Dandorff is a man with a plan: to turn human suffering and poverty into a solid, money-making cash cow.

After months of chasing down this elusive entrepreneur, following any and every bad lead and red herring that was hurled in our path, we finally caught up with this busy man-about-town and spoke with him about his unusual endeavor.





POPsmear: So how did you hook up with the homeless?
Barry Dandorff: Everyone needs guidance. I'm sort of what you would call a career guidance counselor for people without careers.

POP: So being homeless is a career?
BD: Yes, it's a career to them, it's a career to me. Of course, the outside world doesn't see it that way.

POP: Most people see it as a lack of a career, or at least as a lack of a home.
BD: That's an example of not having knowledge of my specialty and my client's careers. A lot of people look at me like, 'How can you do this to homeless people?' I relate to these guys on a level most people will never experience. I was homeless once.

MP: How long were you on the streets?
BD: When I said 'homeless,' I just meant I wasn't living at home. It was rough. I didn't shave for, like, a week. I brushed my teeth, of course, but I didn't shave. So I know what it's like.

POP: Right.
BD: I've been to the top and I've been to the bottom. I may not be living up in a Bel Air mansion, but my Van Nuys apartment isn't too shabby. I have a pool. It's not a private pool, but I've been known to kick a few people out from time to time.

POP: So you separate the business from the personal with your clients?
BD: I have to. I'm a human being just like you. Sure, I take 50 percent; but think about how much I'm making for them. I *make* them. I give them attitude. I give them persona. I give them pizzazz!

> ***"If they want a transfer they can just say, 'Hey Barry, I want to go to San Diego.' Boom, I send them to San Diego. I hook them up."***

POP: Isn't 50 percent pretty high?
BD: I know that in the entertainment business a lot of managers get 15 percent. Agents get 10 percent. People say that's not fair, why not make it 60/40? But when you're dealing with these people—and I'm not trying to pigeonhole them, because they're my friends—but most of them are retarded, ok? Now I'm not saying that in a bad way. You see, 50 percent is just easier, you split it in half. Not 15 percent. I don't want them getting mad at me and saying, 'Hey, you're ripping me off, that's not 15 percent, that was 10 percent.' They can't do this complicated math and to be honest, neither can I. I'm not a genius. Fifty percent is easier, you just chop it in half.

POP: Did you take 50 percent from the rock bands?
BD: Yes, but only because they're retarded, too. That's why they're rock stars. That's what makes it rock 'n' roll, baby.

POP: What skills did you learn over the years as a rock 'n' roll agent that come in handy when dealing with the homeless?
BD: Well, I'll tell you. I handled Poison—they were just starting out on their first tour. I decided not to advertise, instead I took the money for myself. I wanted to make a bundle on this tour. I said, 'We're not going to advertise. We're just going to go, we're going to do it, and we're going to let the Catholic high schools do the word of mouth advertising for us.' It didn't pan out. So I learned you've got to advertise, and you've got to play where the audience is. Up until a couple of years ago, you didn't see homeless people on highway exit ramps. Now you see them at all the backed-up overpasses across the country. Those are my guys.

POP: That was your idea?
BD: Yep, years ago the homeless used to hang outside of restaurants and go, 'Hey mista, hey mista.' Now they'll come running up to you in a restaurant while you're eating. They know you have money at that point. Who came up with that one? Me. Now I'm not going to take credit for inventing the cardboard sign, but many of my clients will tell you I've perfected its use. I was going to print up t-shirts at one point, but it wasn't cost effective. Cardboard, you can get that stuff for free. [My clients] don't know that. I charge them for supplies.

POP: You charge them for cardboard?
BD: Sure, and for the marker to make the sign up.

"When I said 'homeless,' I just meant I wasn't living at home. It was rough."

POP: You supply them with markers?
BD: Oh no. I don't give them the marker. I write the signs myself. You ever see a homeless guy with a marker?

POP: Not that I've noticed, but you actually write the signs?
BD: Most of these guys can't write. If they could write, they'd have jobs, because then they could fill out a McDonald's application.

POP: Some people look at what you do and accuse you of taking advantage of the homeless.
BD: Who are these accusers? Bring them to me. Would you say that? I want to know about you.

POP: I can't be biased here. I'm a journalist.
BD: I'm talking about the 'Man In the Mirror.' Did you know I once managed Jermaine Jackson? We were doing well until he got a gig working as a Jermaine Jackson look-a-like.

POP: What's next for your clients? When do they get real jobs, homes and families? Some people say that you just put them into a rat trap. A never-ending cycle.
BD: That's just nitpicking. That is a lack of knowledge of what I'm really doing here. Are these people eventually going to buy homes? No. Friends of mine who work 'real jobs,' have kids and car payments, they can't afford a home, they rent. Are these homeless guys going to rent? Why should they? They're quite happy with what they've got. If they start paying rent it's going to eat into their income.

POP: So what you're saying is that if someone rents an apartment, they're homeless.
BD: Yeah! Who's really caught in the cycle? My guys who can go anywhere and do anything they want? If they want a transfer they can just say, 'Hey Barry, I want to go to San Diego.' Boom—I send them to San Diego. I hook them up.

POP: So you've got a network.
BD: I've got clients all over the country. I employ more people than Microsoft.

POP: So you can send them wherever they want.
BD: Yeah! Go with the weather. What do you like? Snow? I'll send you to South Dakota. There are some fine intersections in South Dakota.

POP: I wouldn't think there would be many homeless people in South Dakota?
BD: No, that's what makes it big. They're a novelty. They'll pay more up there for a homeless guy. Ever been to Rapid City? They love homeless people up there. But it's a tough sell. They've got that deer problem going on.

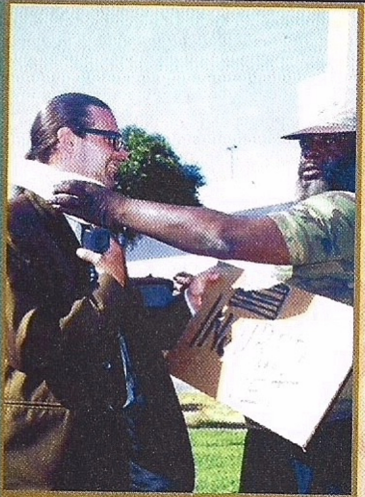
POP: Deer problem?
BD: Yeah, well, they have to have *some* problem. They think they have too many deer, so they hand out licenses to anyone with a shotgun and they have them out hunting deer on the golf courses. One of my clients was on the public course there and they took out a six-point buck just off the 14th tee, right in the middle of his swing. Sliced his Titleist right into the creek. He asked for a transfer that day, said it was too dangerous, and I had him back on a 405 overpass 24 hours later.

JUST HUNGRY GOT MILK

SHE
JUST HUNGRY GOT MILK

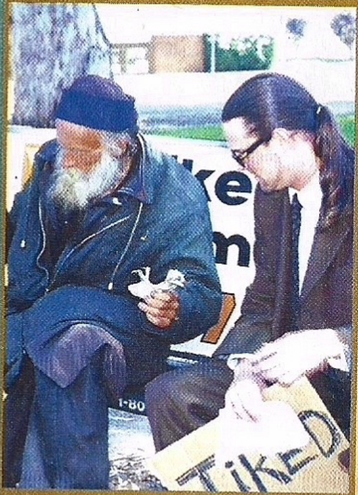
SHE LEFT ME!
JUST HUNGRY GOT MILK

FREEWAY ENTRANCE
INTERSTATE
CALIFORNIA
405
SOUTH



"But when you're dealing with these people—and I'm not trying to pigeon hole them, because they're my friends—but most of them are retarded, ok?"

CITY OF LOS ANGELES
DEPARTMENT OF RECREATION AND PARKS



POP: That's odd. What do you look for in a client?
BD: It takes time to build a career as a homeless person. I can only have so many 'I wear a radio on my head' guys. They're all crazy. Their stories are all over the place. So I try to streamline them into things you want to hear. People love to hear about another homeless vet. Or, 'She left me again.' You can relate to that. You can't relate to, 'I killed my parents and my sister, served 10 years in jail and now I can't get a job because I never learned to read. I'm homeless.' It scares people, so I look for someone I can build a persona around, and that takes time.

POP: How do you find your clients?
BD: I'm always out there scouting. Mostly it's word of mouth. One of my clients will say, 'Yo Barry, have you heard about Jimbo? He's the guy with the dog and the big beard.' Sometimes I'll send some of my guys over there to 'talk' to an unsigned, you know, rough him up. Or maybe I'll just manage the dog. It all depends. There are no small people, only small change.

POP: Would you call that your mission statement?
BD: Mission statement? Where'd you get that? Who told you that? We are not affiliated with the missions in any way.

POP: Who's the craziest person you've ever represented?
BD: That would be Bull Dog Danny Smith. He was an ex-con, he had all of his teeth knocked out and his tongue cut off in prison. He was the main reason I started using cardboard signs.

POP: What advice would you give to people who want to break into the homeless business?
BD: It's not easy. To get to the level of homelessness that my clients have takes a lot of time. You've got to lose a lot of hope. Forget your relatives. If you have any, cut them off right now. You've got to burn some brain cells, so start drinking. Smoking crack works quite well. You've got to lose that wire of sensibility. Most people think the homeless are lazy, but they're not. These are dedicated people, it's not easy to sit out there day after day.

POP: Are you facing competition from other agents?
BD: No, but the Catholics are killing me. They give them a free meal every day, and a cot and a blanket. That's not incentive to go out there and get another buck. I want these guys to be miserable. I want their bones to ache. When your bones ache, what do you want? Money—so you can get liquor and numb those aches.

POP: Did you ever give money to homeless people before you started representing them?
BD: Want something to drink? Bottled water? Orangina? They don't make that stuff anymore, so I bought a case.

This article was written and produced by **Dave Sheridan**, creator and star of MTV's Buzzkill, **Marc Price**, "Skippy" from Family Ties and **Matthew Workman**, whose mother loves him very much.

Photographer **Paris Ghaderi** studied photography and fine arts at California State University at Long Beach. Her love of photography has led her to work as a freelance photographer for the last six years, shooting everything from product to fashion, music and the homeless. She currently resides in Los Angeles.

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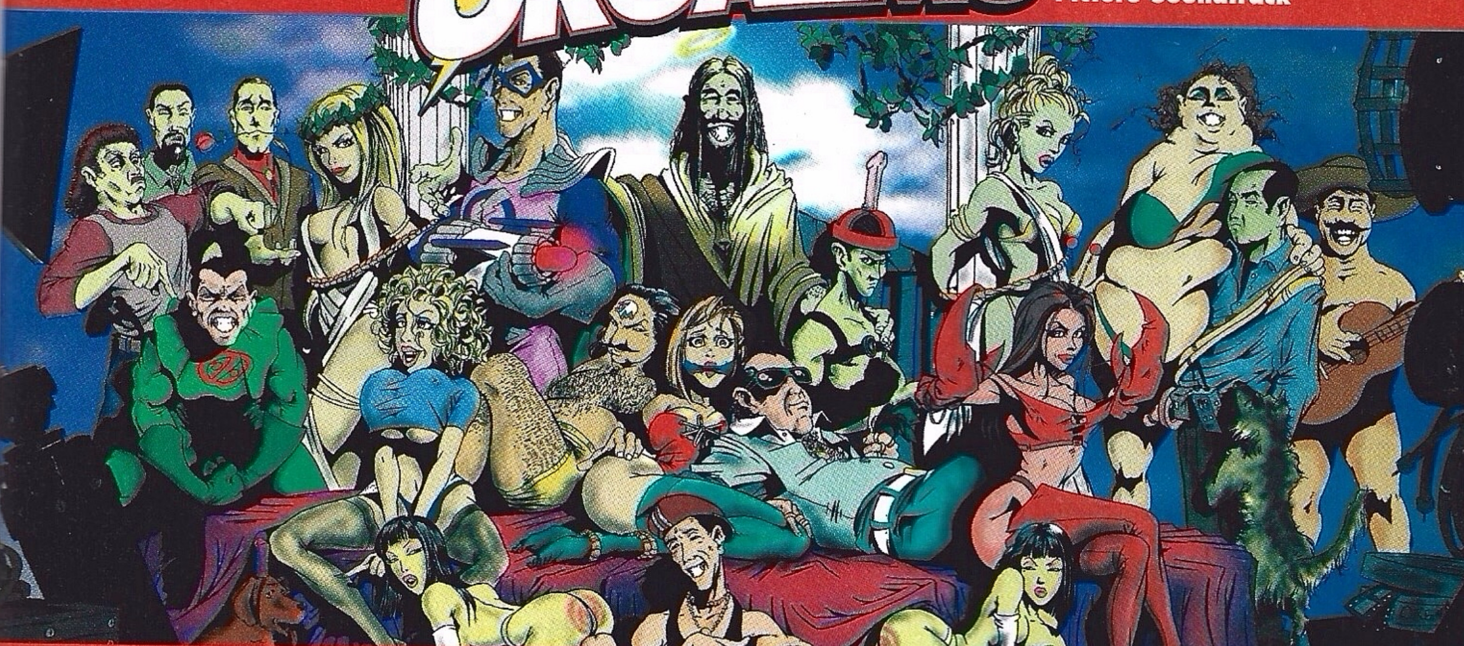

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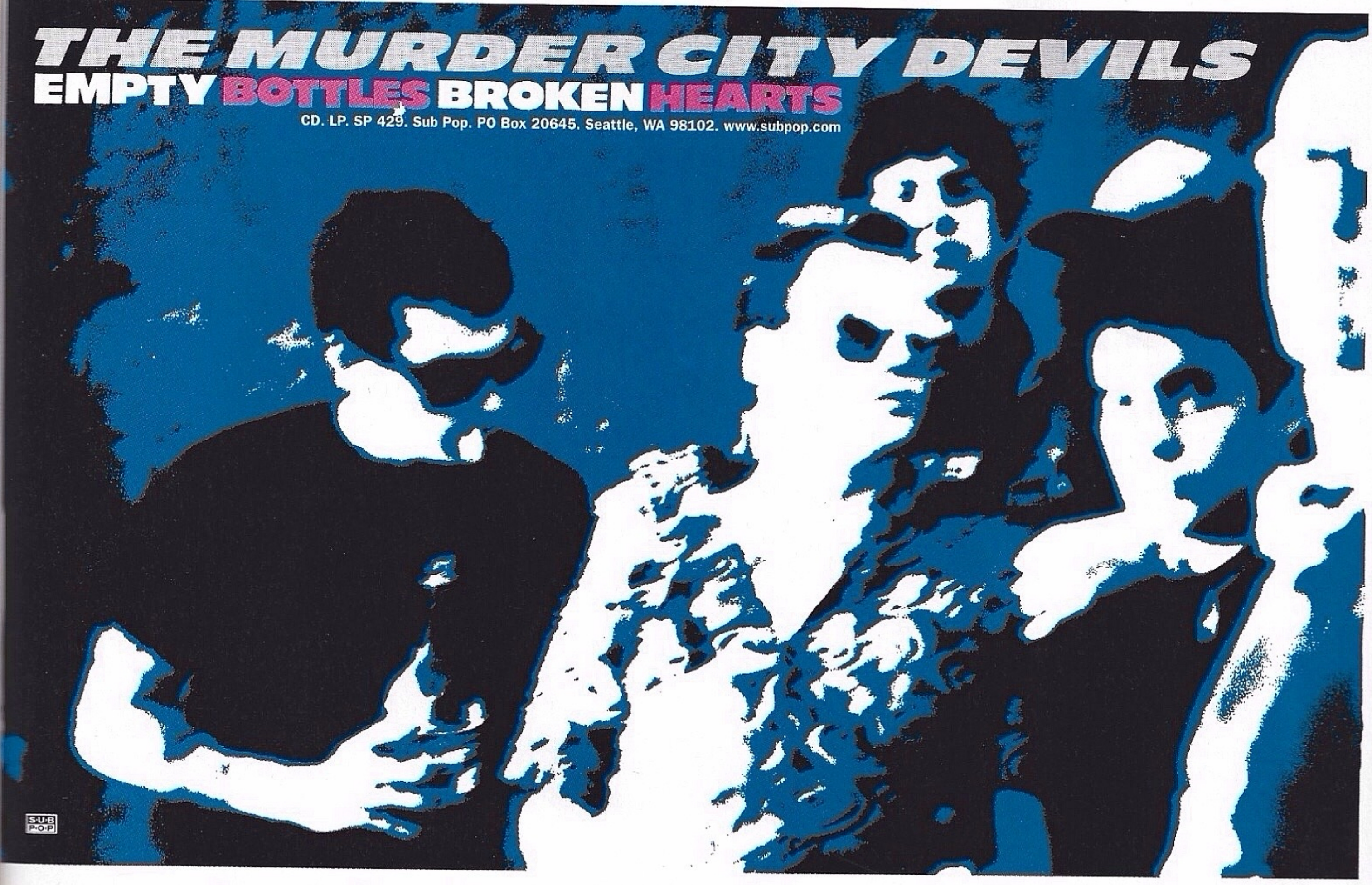

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Chronicles of Decrepitana:

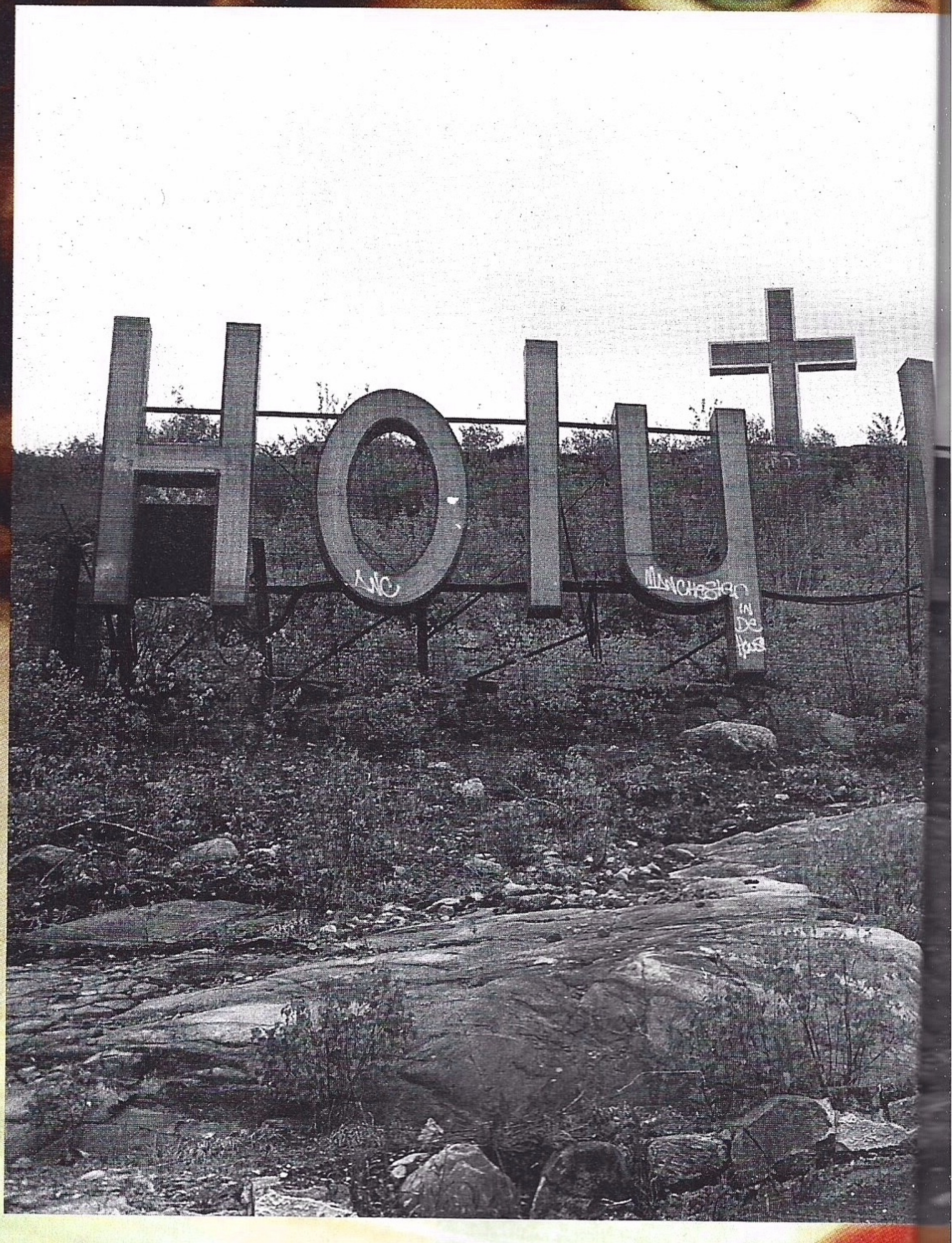
The Jesus,

I first saw Holy Land USA when I was seven or eight years old. This was back in the mid-'70s, when I would go on the road with my dad while he worked a delivery route for his cousin's music supply company. As we made our way north on Interstate 84 I could see colorful miniature structures and a large cross sitting atop a hill in the distance. I remember my Dad telling me that it was a "plastic Jerusalem." He wasn't too crazy about the idea of pulling over to check it out, so I never actually got to visit, but I always wondered what it could be.

Located on 17 acres of land called Pine Hill in Waterbury, Connecticut, Holy Land was and still is a familiar sight to the residents of this town long known as the Brass City. Created by an eccentric local attorney named John Baptist Greco and a handful of volunteers associated with his organization, the Catholic Campaigners for Christ of Connecticut, Holy Land opened in late 1956 and attracted over 40,000 visitors a year in its most successful period. The main focus of Holy Land, according to a weather-beaten sign, was to give visitors a "view of the area where Jesus lived and died." Keeping with the biblical theme, exhibits also included the Garden of Eden, Noah's Ark, a replica of the Roman catacombs, and miniature versions of Jerusalem and Bethlehem constructed by using postcards and photographs as guides.

Holy Land can be defined several ways: religious theme park, dashboard Mary meets miniature golf course, life-sized biblical doll house. Overall, this curious vision of one man's shrine to his God could be looked upon as one of the largest examples of folk art in America. The odd qualities of it lie not only in the scale and subject, but in the material used in its construction. Greco turned found objects such as discarded oil drums into round towers in the Jerusalem and Bethlehem replicas, and used pipes as handrails on paths leading up to a reproduction of Calvary. Cement, stucco, plywood, and chicken wire served as the main components in most other structures. Department store mannequins played the roles of priests and saints in some of the other exhibits.

Born in Waterbury in 1895, Greco was the son of a shoemaker who as a young child spent his time in Italy apprenticing in his father's craft. At the age of 13 he returned to the U.S. where he would later seek the priesthood, but because of poor health he was denied the chance of becoming 'Father Greco.' Instead he entered law school at Yale, and in 1926 passed the Connecticut bar exam. In the mid-1930s he founded the Catholic Campaigners for Christ as a lay group to preach the Bible at a grass roots level. In 1943 he organized the construction of a nativity



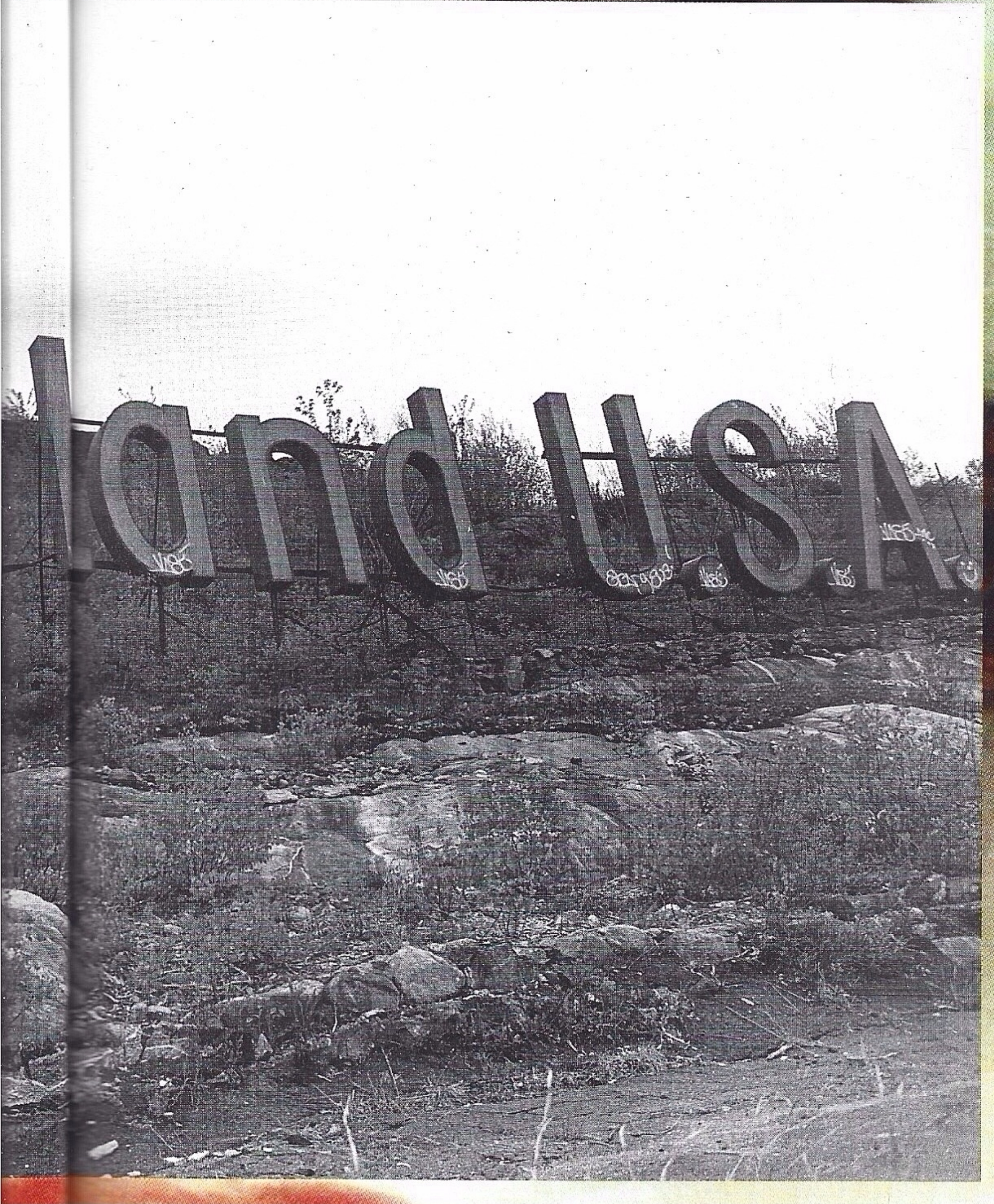
American Style

text and photos by J. Scott Wynn

scene on the Green in Waterbury, which ultimately gave way to the plans for Holy Land.

By most accounts, Greco was a small, fragile man less than five feet tall with a scant Italian accent, and like men of the priesthood, he never married. Greco is also remembered as a humble citizen of the community who dedicated his law practice to needy clients. For his efforts, he was honored by Presidents Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, and was made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Pius XII. He was also made an honorary citizen of the real Bethlehem in Israel the year after Holy Land opened.

In Greco's mind, Holy Land wasn't actually finished until the mid-1970s. After completing a day of work at his law office, he would labor at the site until sundown, maintaining it and adding new exhibits. But due to the improvisational nature of the construction and occasional vandalism, the site gradually fell into disrepair and officially closed in 1984.

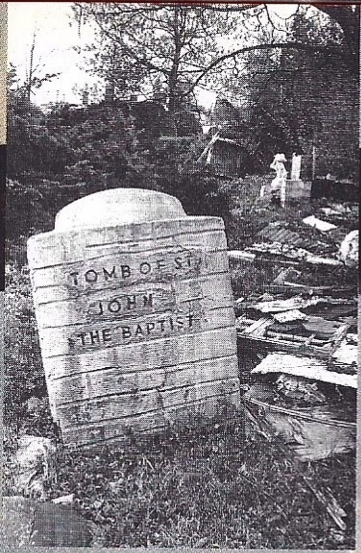


Toward the end of his life, Greco was cared for by an order of nuns who lived with him in a small convent located on the grounds of the park. After dealing with complications brought on by a stroke, he died at the age of 90 in 1986, entrusting Holy Land to the nuns.

Shortly before Greco's death, plans were underway to renovate the park, but because of a reported lack of interest on behalf of city residents, the estimated five million dollar renovation has never been completed. Bulldozers then began to occupy the grounds in preparation to destroy the already decaying shrines and monuments. Folk art enthusiasts petitioned the destruction of Holy Land by holding sit-down demonstrations and sabotaging where necessary to keep the bulldozers from doing their job.

Currently, Holy Land lies in a state of desperate decay, looming above the defunct brass factories that once employed the people of Waterbury. Walking through its winding paths, I was overwhelmed and fascinated by the spooky emptiness that now seems to be the main attraction, along with the crumbling religious imagery that is perhaps a testament to the way we live and think today. Visitors, though few, periodically enter at their own risk. On Good Fridays members of the mostly Hispanic community that surrounds Holy Land hold services at the foot of Calvary. Meanwhile, the nuns still reside at the convent, but flatly refuse to give any information about the current affairs of the park. One positive sign, however, is the 52-foot cross that sits at the summit of Pine Hill. At night it lights up a bright yellow and can be seen for miles, reminding those who pass of one man's dedicated vision to bring us his own unique form of religious worship. ⊙

More photos on pages 38 & 39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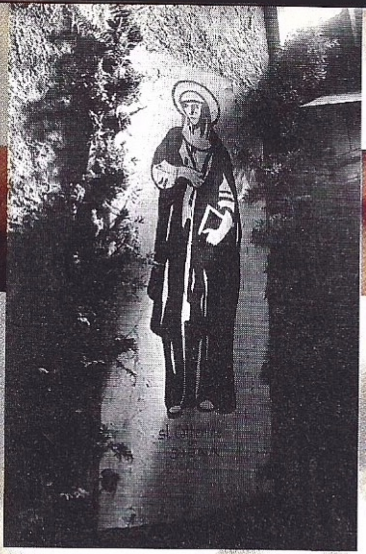
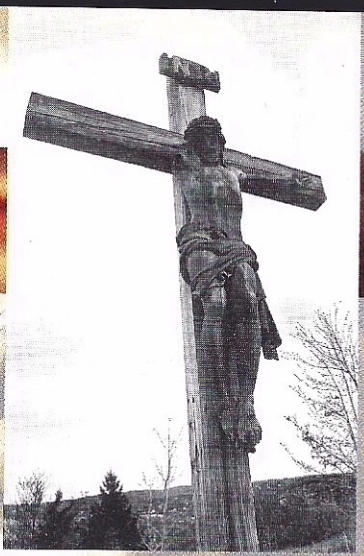
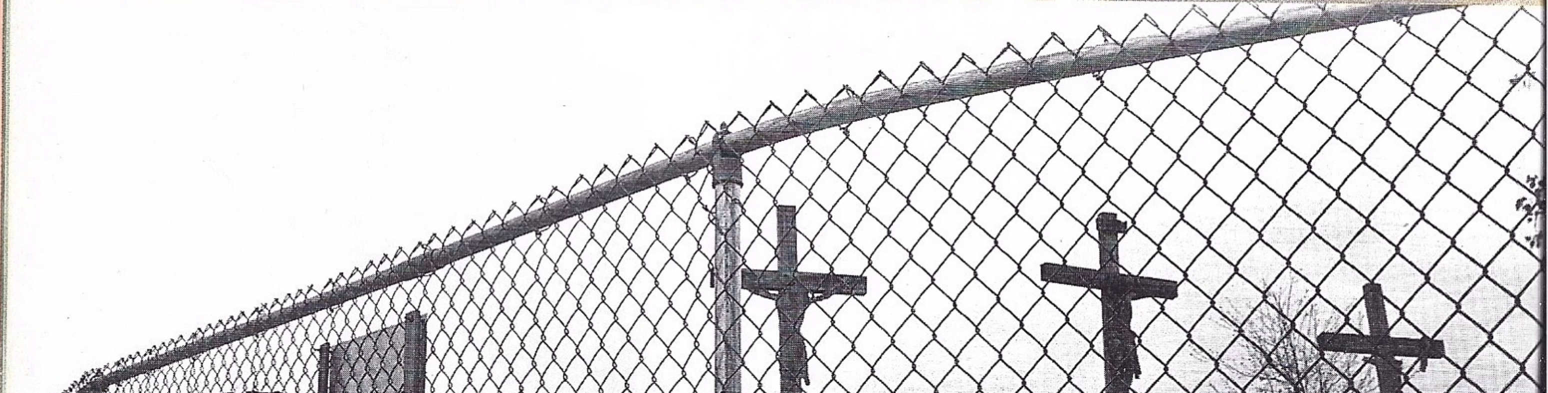




The main focus of Holy Land, according to a weather-beaten sign, was to give visitors a "view of the area where Jesus lived and died."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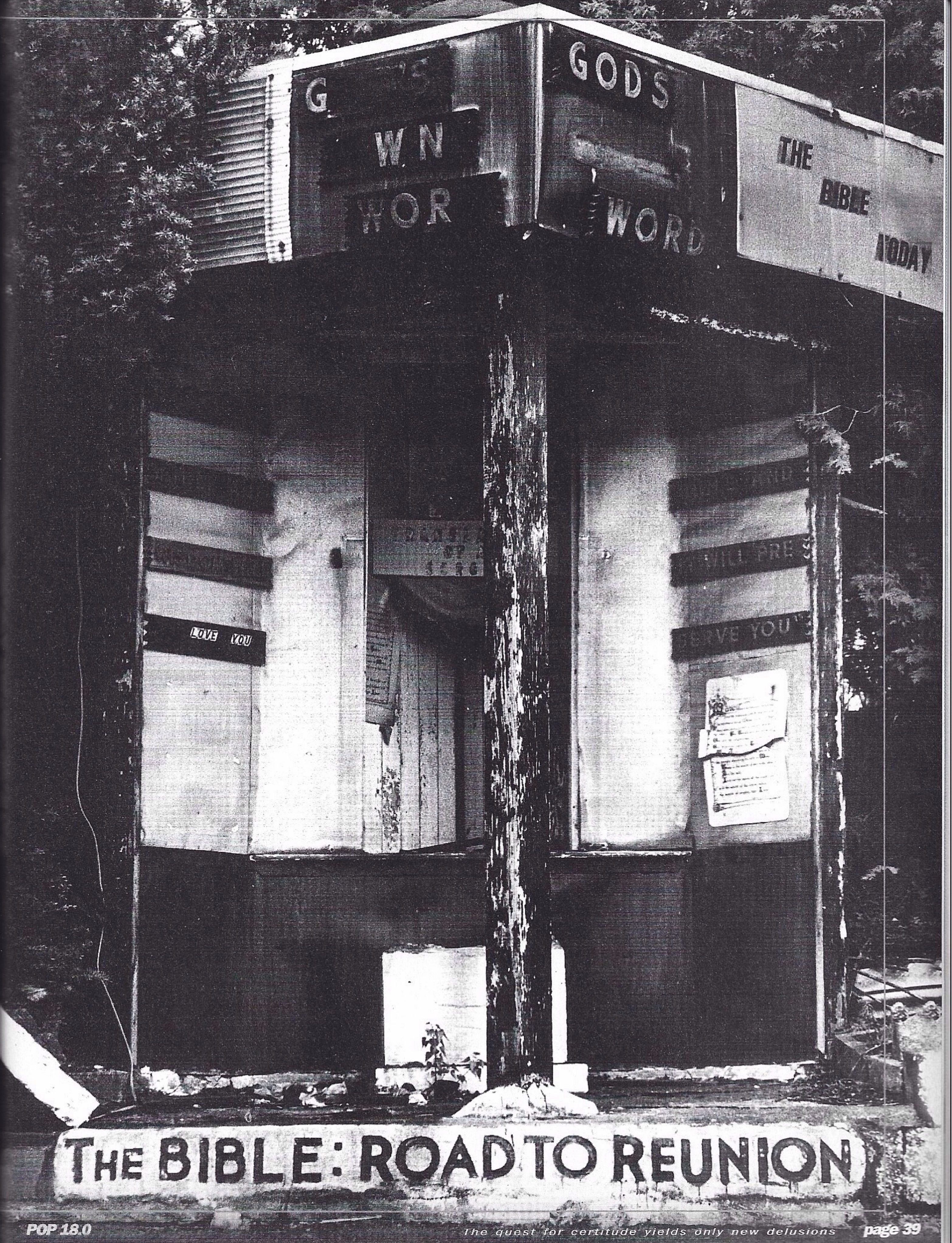
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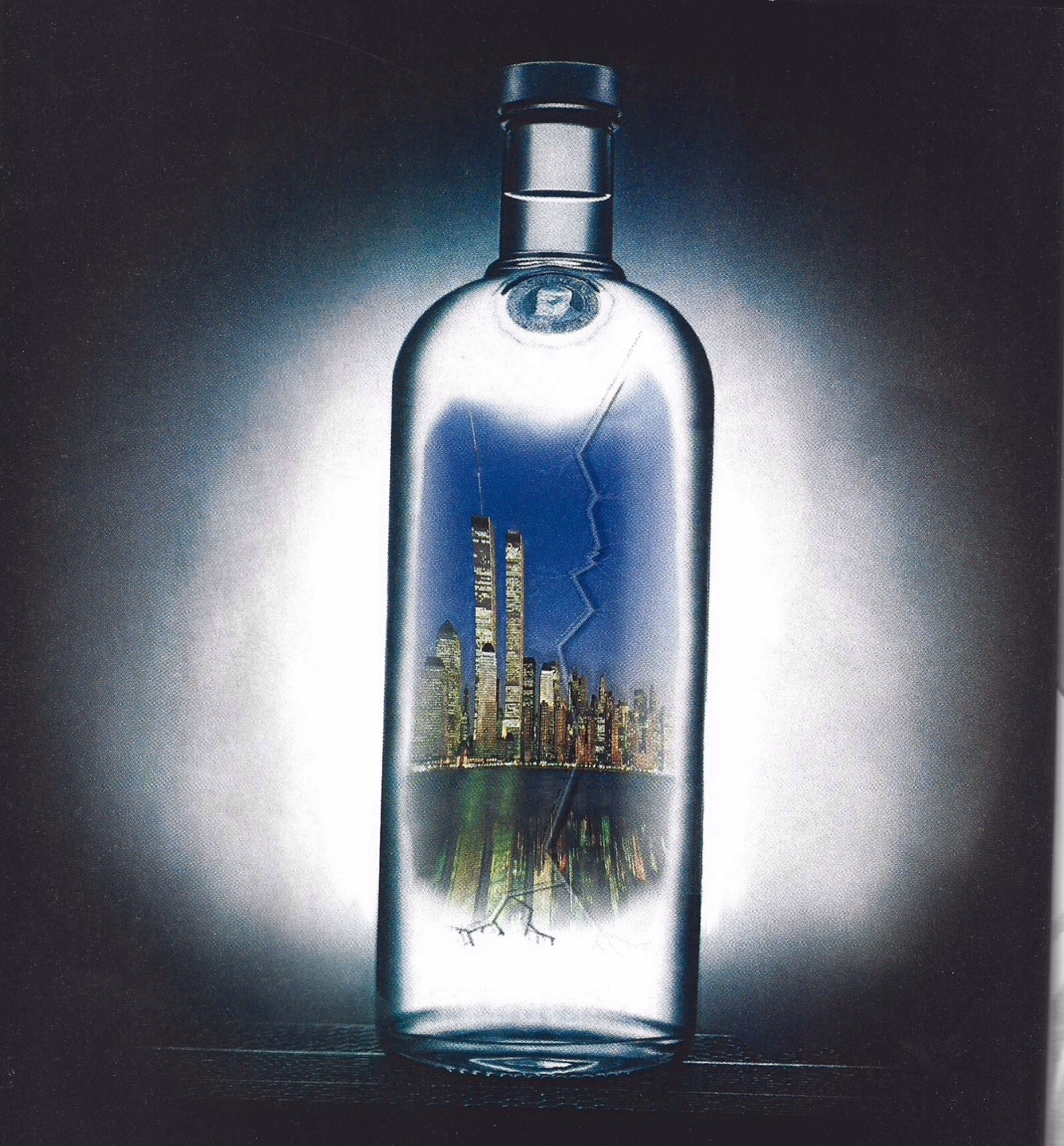

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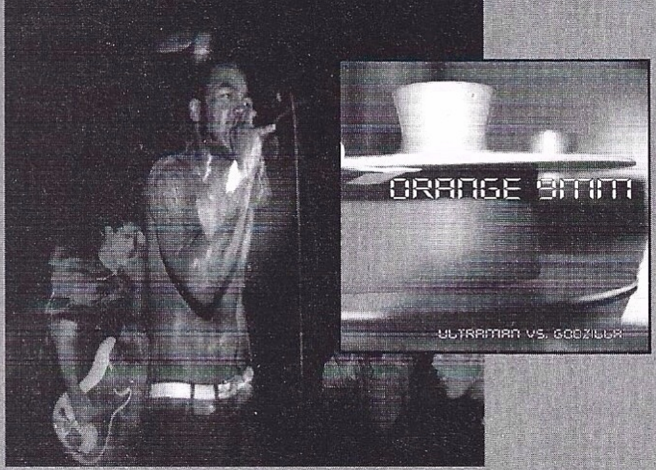

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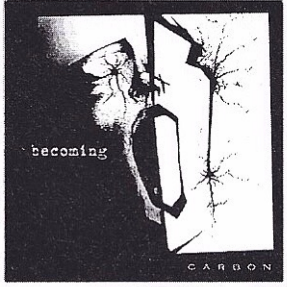

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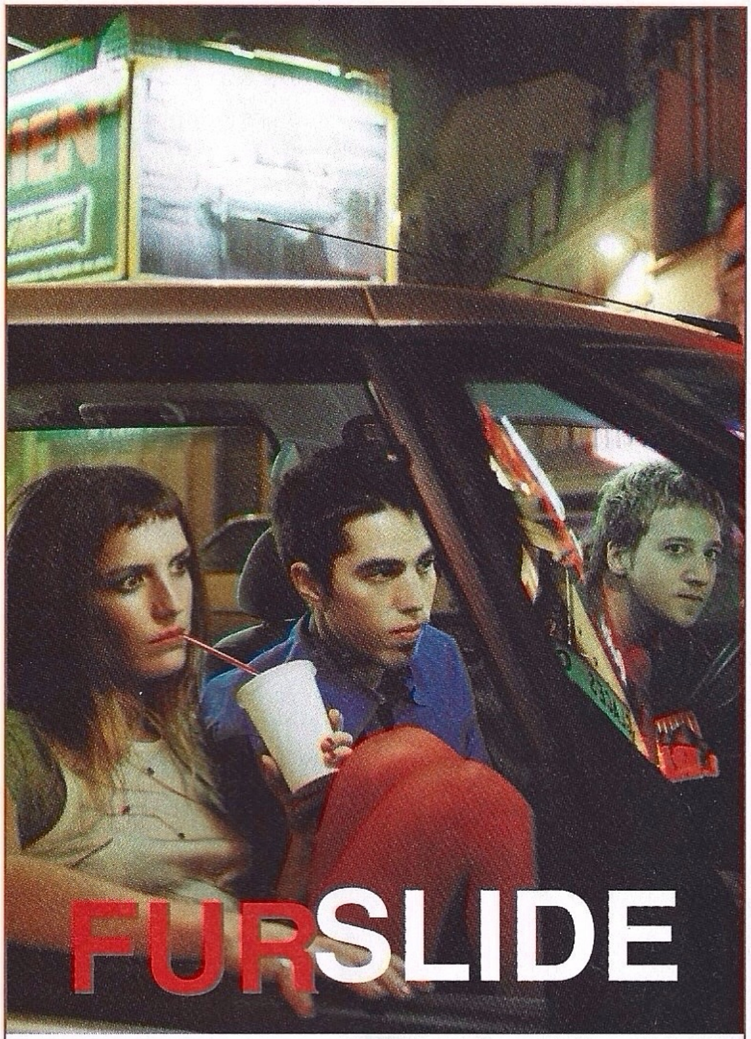

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Bigger (screen) isn't necessarily better

by Troy Fuss

Trey Parker crosses the ratings line, wherever it is

It wasn't long ago that Trey Parker was just a normal guy. A little more than a year ago, in fact, Parker was just another struggling artist in the deep pool of hopefuls trying his luck in L.A. Then South Park happened--and did it ever happen. South Park is more than Comedy Central's highest rated show, it regularly triples--at least--the ratings of the cable network's next most popular shows. To top it off, the controversial nature of the show--regular use of some of those everyday words that, for some reason, you can just barely say on television--has made South Park one of the most talked about television shows of the decade.

So Parker, along with South Park co-creator Matt Stone, is now a celebrity, a recognizable face, an A-list celeb. This kind of attention has given them the opportunity to branch out beyond the small screen. They starred in the universally panned *Basketball*, a movie so bad that even *Rolling Stone* film "critic" Peter Travers didn't bother to review it. They are working on the South Park movie. Currently making the rounds is *Orgazmo*, a movie Parker wrote, filmed, starred in, and directed back when South Park was nothing more than an obscure region of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado.

"I think it's a sad and scary thing that these housewives, or whoever the hell these people are, can put this rating on my film and I can't do anything about it."

Orgazmo is a film about a Mormon missionary, Joe Young (Parker), based in Los Angeles. One day while doing his door-to-door missionary work with a fellow missionary, Robert White (played by Stan Sawicki; Young, White....), they stumble upon a house where a porn flick is being filmed. A fight breaks out and Young flashes some fancy footwork, impressing the producer (Michael Dean Jacobs), who offers him the lead role as Captain Orgazmo. Young, who has expensive wedding plans at the Mormon Temple, takes the offer.

It's not a complicated script, but it works. Classic? No, but you won't be demanding a refund on the way out either. It definitely has its moments, and apparently some of those moments struck a nerve with the Motion Picture Association of America, as the Rating Board handed down an NC-17 rating. Not a popular rating with theater owners or film distributors, since it tends to seriously limit advertising options and available screens.

Having seen *Orgazmo*, it seems possible that the rating could be more political than practical. There is nothing in this movie that would suggest the harsh rating. Well, maybe one thing: religion. Oh, how far we've come.

"It scares me," Parker said. "We looked at it and asked ourselves, 'What can this be? Can it be because we talk about bodily fluids?' Then *Something About Mary* comes out, where you see cum on some guy. That's R-rated, so you can do that. It can't be nudity, because we have none. It can't be violence, because we only have kung-fu fighting, which we all know is PG. All that's left, and this is what's scary, is religion. We make fun of religion in a way no one really has--we make fun of a specific group of religious people. I honestly think that's why they are giving it an NC-17, which scares the hell out of me, because it just proves that the MPAA is a very right-wing religious group trying to keep America Christian."

Which is entirely possible, because no one knows--well, *someone* knows, but it is not publicly known--who is on the Rating Board. Established in 1968 with cooperation between the National Association of Theatre Owners and independent film distributors, the board "was motivated by one predominant concern," these are their words, not mine, "the welfare of children." So much for the Sixties.

The Rating Board "is composed of a chairman and 11 members," according to the MPAA, "all of whom are parents appointed to varying terms of short duration." So we could have a board of 11 minister's wives who have a slightly skewed view of what is acceptable or, even more sinister, an agenda. We simply don't know.

In the case of *Orgazmo*, where the rating itself is questionable, where do you begin cutting to bring it down to an R rating? You can't look to the Rating Board for help, because they release ratings, not opinions.

"It's funny, because you to talk to them, and they would say, 'You got an NC-17 again.' And I would talk to some of the people at the MPAA and say, "What is it? What do I need to cut?" Parker said. "They were like, 'You know, you just need to cut some stuff.' I was like, 'But can you tell me what?' And then they'd say, 'Well, no, we can't, because then we're a censorship group.' And I was like, 'You fuckers, you *are* a censorship group, fuck you, that is exactly what you are.' But they hide behind this, and the truth is that studios can afford to send a cut 10 different times, which is what they did with *Boogie Nights*, they got an NC-17 until finally the tenth time they just wore them down. But once you start putting *Orgazmo* up with some of the R-rated movies and comparing them, it's just a joke that it's NC-17 and the others are not.

"We cut some stuff, sent it back and received an NC-17 again. This is ridiculous, this is not an NC-17 movie. There's no sex, there's no nudity, only cartoonish, stupid violence. I was, like, 'I'm not going to cut anymore out,' and October [Films] backed me up. They're appealing it, which means they're going to make a real case about it and say, 'You can't possibly give this an NC-17.'"

What's interesting is that with *Orgazmo*, Parker used a completely different approach than he and Stone use in South Park. South Park is intentionally controversial--which is not difficult considering how conservative American television is--while *Orgazmo* is not.

"I didn't set out to make a raunchy movie," Parker said. "What I was trying to do was take what should be a really raunchy movie and make it really wholesome. That to me was the game, that was the trick. And that's what I thought I did. For them to come back and say it's NC-17, I was really in shock, because I consciously did not go certain places, because I was thinking in my head that I wanted to keep this kind of pure. Because no one would expect that. They just see it in a blanket way and slapped an NC-17 on it. I think it's a sad and scary thing that these housewives, or whoever the hell these people are, can put this rating on my film and I can't do anything about it."

Interestingly, *Orgazmo* hasn't generated much of a stir outside the closed doors of the MPAA. Other NC-17 rated movies have typically created more of a buzz. That could be because there really isn't anything controversial in the film. There's nothing to buzz about.

"We took it to Sundance, which of course is in Salt Lake, but I don't think it's made enough noise to really get any big attention. Even if it did, I don't see what's so bad about it, because there's this nice Mormon guy who sticks with his Mormon beliefs and it's not so much that we're making fun, like he is the bad guy and he loses out or anything.

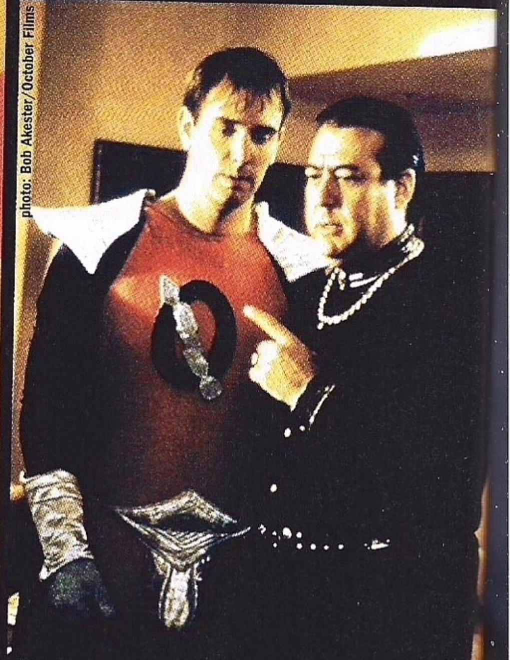
photo: Bob Akester/October Films

Trey Parker as Joe Young as Orgazmo talking with Michael Dean Jacobs (Maxxx Orbison) in *Orgazmo*.

"What I care about is that people will go expecting a certain thing and that's not what they're going to get. It's something I never intended. They're going to go in thinking, 'Ok, NC-17 this must be really raunchy and have tons of nudity in it.' And they're going to get something else entirely, and they're either gonna be appreciative of it or they're gonna be like, 'What the fuck was that?'"

To see the entire **transcript** of the **Trey Parker** interview--and there is a ton of great stuff--log on to **www.popsmear.com**. For more on *Orgazmo*, check out www.cluborgazmo.com. Better yet, do a search for one of the hundreds of websites dedicated to him and his evil deeds. There's some fun stuff out there.

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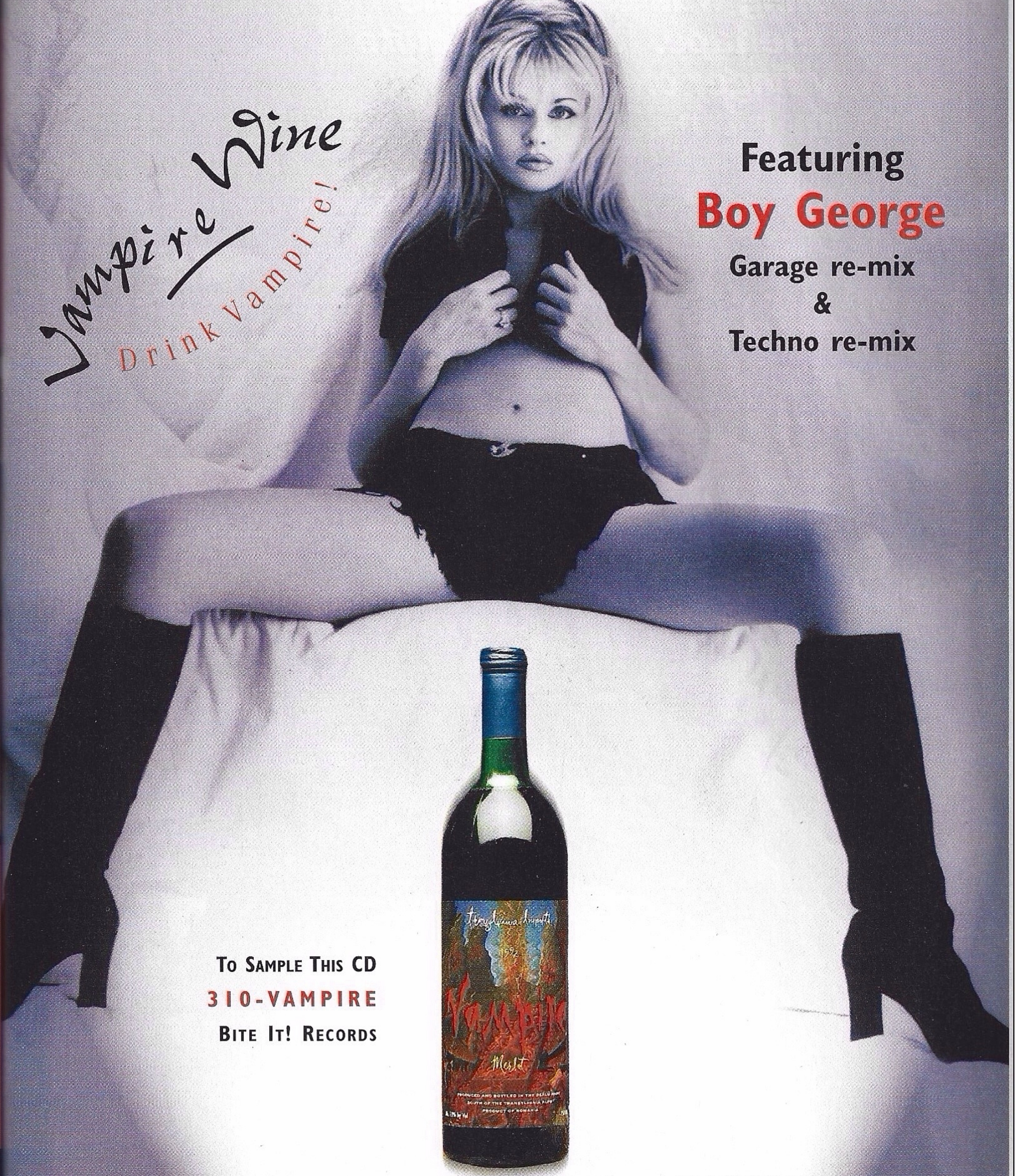
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Jerky Boy: The Tale of the Tape

Something was eating at me about the tape. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Then my mom called.

by Kevin Keck

I started jacking off when I was 10. I didn't get anything out of it, not so far as that divine juice of the gods goes anyway; mostly I just ended up with an irritated penis. I had devised a method of carving a hole in the center of a bar of soap and sliding my dick through it over and over. I had a much smaller penis then. After a few weeks of this, my mother asked me why I was putting holes in the soap. I didn't touch myself again for two years.

I'm 25 now. I've masturbated in just about every place you can think of, with about every kind of stimuli. And as much as I love jerking the lovable little hedgehog, it has lost some of its adolescent thrill over the years. Which is why I turned to phone sex. It was still masturbation, and I was still alone, but not really. Someone was at least listening, if not perhaps touching themselves at the other end of the country.

But even that got old. It got harder to come. One woman moaning pretty much sounds the same as another after awhile.

This one girl, though, I liked the way she talked. She said she wanted me to fuck her in the ass, then shoot my jizz in her face. I wish to hell I knew what it is in a man's childhood that turns him on to facial shots. I don't remember Freud covering that one.

Then one day she says, "You know, I have a video of me playing with my pussy. Would you like to see it sometime?" I said I did--I'm all about visual aids. She said, "Ok, but you have to make me a tape of yourself and send it first."

I wasn't too keen on this. For one, I didn't have access to a camera. Also, I didn't know if I could pull it off--it's bad enough when someone can see how stupid you look during sex. I imagine most people look like complete assholes while working themselves pretty good.

So I told her I would work on it, which was complete bullshit. I had no intention of going through with it. Ever. Maybe if at some point I met this girl I would film myself with her, but that was it.

The problem, I guess, would be television. I get bored easily. *The Brady Bunch* and *Scooby Doo* seriously fucked up my attention span as a child. Which is why on a visit to my parents' house late one night, after cruising unsuccessfully through their 200-plus stations on DIRECTV, I decided to use the camcorder.

I set it up on the tripod, figured out where to aim it, and stripped down to nothing. I lubed up my dick with some baby lotion--gotta keep it soft--and hit record on the camera.

I was doing it up right--I had some moaning action going on, really working the dick. I was stroking with my right hand while handling my balls with the left. At some point I contemplated fingering my asshole, but I thought that might be a bit much. You never want to pull out all the stops on your first video. Leave something for an encore.

I made eye contact with the camera. I did my best to look sexy, or at least not completely stupid. But something was wrong. The record light on the camera had gone out.

I ceased with my endeavors and checked the machine. I decided the tape was screwed up and tried to find another one to record on. Since I was doing this on the spur of the moment, my major problem was trying to find a tape. The folks were all out of blanks, so I grabbed one off the top of the TV. If there was something important on it, they would just have to deal.

The new tape worked fine. I got back down in front of the camera and went to it. What the camera couldn't see was that I had dialed the Spice channel. Some up-and-coming porn starlet was giving her all to Peter North. It was getting me worked up, and I could feel the impending expulsion of jizz from my dick building in my balls. I scooted a little closer to the camera to let it go with a patented cry of, "I'm fucking coming!"

I cleaned myself off, stopped the tape, and put it in for review. It was stunning. I couldn't wait to send it out. I packed the camera back up and put the tape in my bag.

Actually, it wasn't so stunning. I mean, it was good, and I looked good. A lot better than I thought I would. But I was facing the camera. If you're a guy on film and you want your penis to look even remotely large, never face the camera: it doesn't capture the length. I shot a good wad, and that looked hot, don't get me wrong. It's just that I was left feeling like I really hadn't captured the real me. But it was good enough.

Still, after a few days, something was eating at me about the tape. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I watched it a few more times, critiqued it a little more, and realized I bite my lower lip when I masturbate. Some women might actually find this attractive, but I thought I looked silly.

Also, I had always felt a little insecure about the fact that when I masturbate I do it on my knees, and I've gotten nothing but grief about this when I share it with people. It's just how I feel most comfortable doing it. On tape it was rather charming. I guess you really have to see it for yourself to understand the mysterious beauty of it.

But I could never figure out what it was that kept popping up in my head like an ambiguous Mentos theme. Then my mom called.

What I had forgotten about was the first tape that I had put into the video camera. I left it on top of the tv. I never even glanced at what I had been recording over: *How to Use Your New IBM Computer*. Actually, had I taken a second to look at, I probably wouldn't have thought twice about using it. My parents had owned their computer for over a year. My grandfather was a different story.

My mom and dad had gone to visit my grandparents to help them set up their new IBM computer. They took the tape. As I understand it, it didn't help my grandparents at all with using their computer. In fact, it left them rather puzzled.

When my mom told me all of this--over the phone, sparing me the embarrassment of having to face her while evidence of my perversions was presented to me--I could feel my face turning red. Then, when she was done explaining how my father had nearly shit out his kidneys during the ordeal, she said, "So, what do you have to say for yourself?"

What could I say?

"I think I had the wrong camera angle. Did my wang look small?"

"No, not really."

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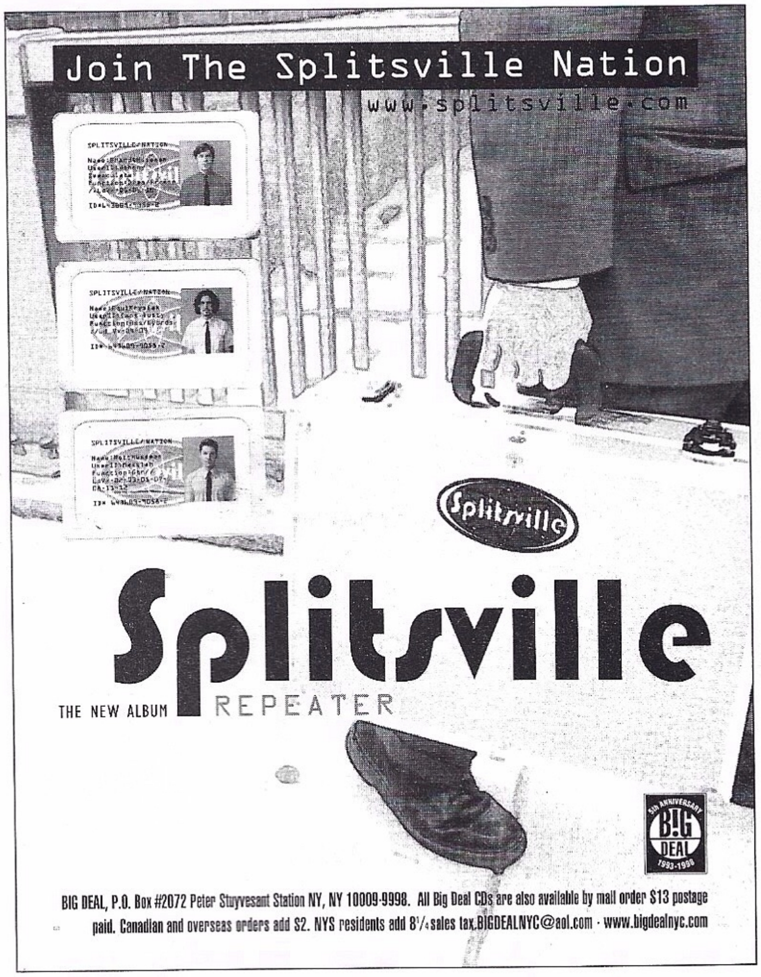
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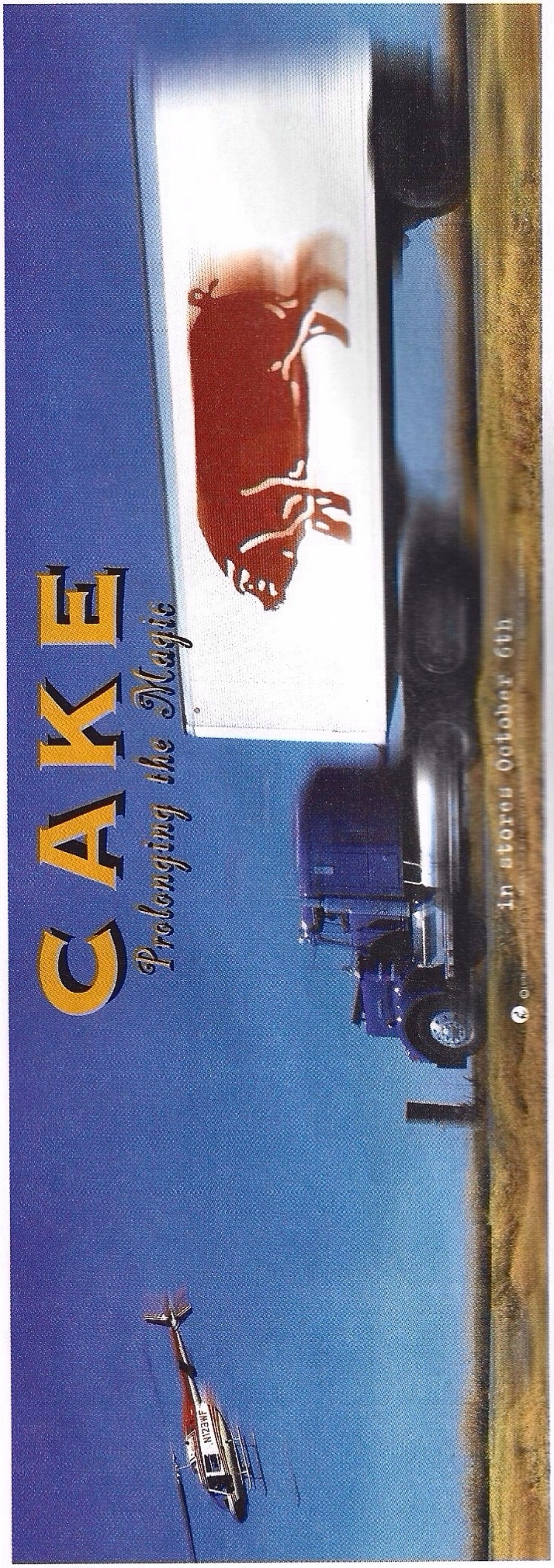
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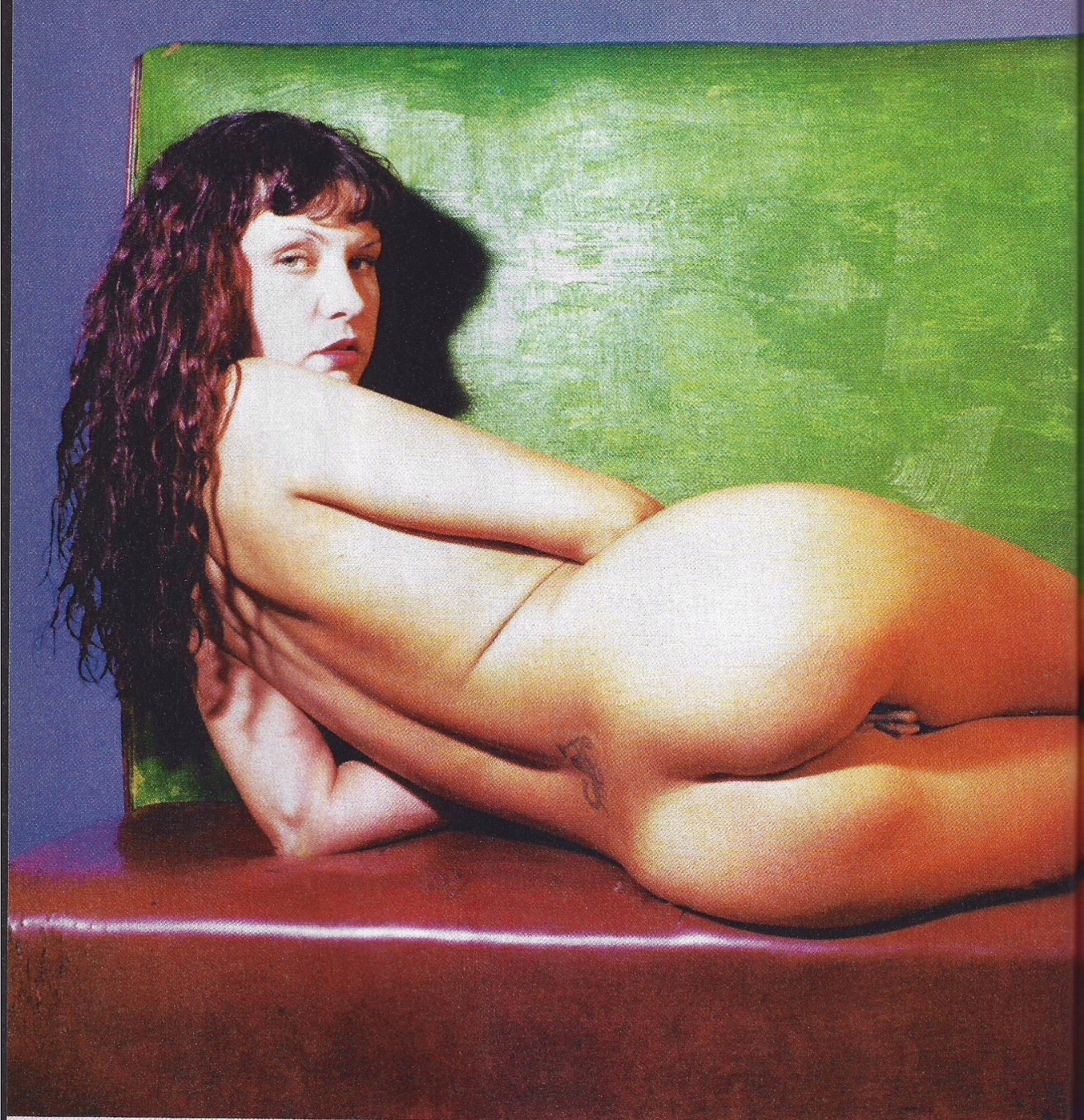
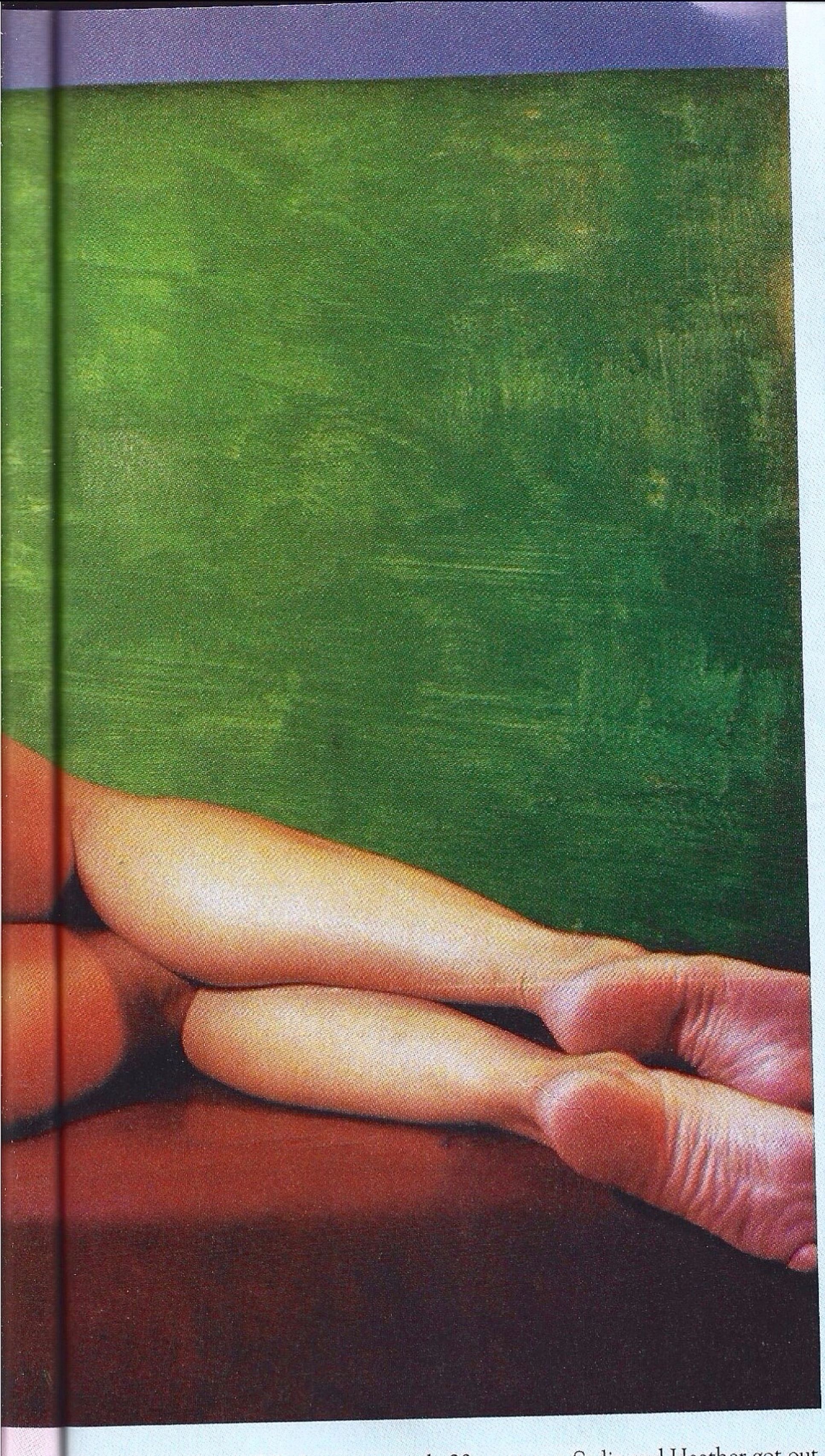


HERMAPHRODITE

A true story of dual genitalia

by Shivon Vanessa
photos: Katrina Del Mar



One sunny fall afternoon nearly 20 years ago, Sadie and Heather got out of school and went to Sadie's house to play. They were in Sadie's room when one of them suggested they play a little game of show and tell: You show me yours and I'll show you mine. Ten year old Heather pulled her pants down around her ankles. Sadie, who had just turned 11, took her jeans all the way off. They exchanged nervous glances and then simultaneously took off their panties. Sadie looked at Heather, Heather at Sadie. Silence.

Heather quickly pulled up her pants and zipped them. She was on the verge of tears. Without looking at Sadie again, and without saying a word, Heather left the room and never came back. Sadie didn't bother putting her jeans back on. She walked over to her bed, laid face down and cried into her pillow.

"They were not the same," explains Sadie, now 29. "There was no doubt in either of our minds as to who was really fucked."

While she was familiar with her own genitals and their appearance, Sadie had already suspected that she wasn't normal down there. That may be why she agreed to—even possibly suggested—the "show me" game. She needed to know for sure.

While Heather never spoke to Sadie again, she talked about her often. It wasn't long before all the other little girls wanted to play the same game with Sadie. Unfortunately, they reacted quite differently. They were cruel, like only children can be. They made fun of her, saying things like, "That's wrong" and "gross" and "sick."

Sadie knew she was different, but she didn't know what—other than the obvious physical differences—was wrong. It seemed to be completely out of her control, but she wasn't sure. She was depressed and felt guilty. Eventually she decided to tell her mom, which was not an easy decision.

As a child she was not close to her parents. They were practicing Jehovah's Witnesses, something Sadie believes contributes, even today, to their distant behavior. For as long as she can remember, she felt like an outcast at home. Her parents' attitude affected how her siblings treated her as well. She claims that at one point a member of her family tried to cut off her genitals with a knife. The memory is distant and hazy. Sadie doesn't want to remember it. But suddenly she was being treated even worse when she left the house. She had nowhere else to go but to her mother.

Instead of answers or support, Sadie's mom took her to the family doctor, who told her she would "grow out of it." But no one would tell her what "it" was. She was never given an explanation, or even an excuse. The word hermaphrodite never came up.

"I always had this image of everything else growing," Sadie said. "Except that. Like the rest of my body would just grow into it." But she didn't grow into it. Or out of it.

When she reached puberty, instead of everything else growing, "it" began to grow. Again, Mom was approached. Again Sadie was taken to the family doctor. Again they claimed that she would grow out of it. The doctor told her it was a slight hormonal problem and she was given a prescription for birth control pills.

Sadie wasn't satisfied with the doctor's diagnosis. When she told her parents that she thought there was a more serious problem, they made it clear that the doctor's explanation was to stand as unquestionable fact and not to be discussed further.

The pills helped. They kept the growth of Sadie's genitals under control. Still, there were times when she was so frightened of growing a penis that she would steal her mother's estrogen. Her mom was going through menopause, while teenage Sadie was just trying to remain what she thought she was all along: a girl.

She got her period. Cramps. Bloating. All of the joys associated with womanhood. Her periods were erratic, depending on whether or not she was taking hormones. Sometimes when she wasn't taking them, she would menstruate twice a month; other times she wouldn't get it for months. As any girl will tell you, not getting her period can be pretty frightening. Since Sadie wasn't sexually active, she was scared for different reasons.

After her innocent childhood experiences with show and tell turned into ugly displays of name calling and social alienation, it was a long time before anyone besides a doctor saw Sadie naked. During a visit to her doctor at age 14, he said to her, "There is something wrong with you. It needs to be fixed."

Apparently he forgot how fragile a teenage girl's self-esteem can be at that age. He also forgot, just as all the medical professionals before him had forgotten, to explain what was "wrong."

Her parents, still unwilling to give the problem a label, agreed with the doctor and took Sadie in for surgery soon after.

"The doctor tried to fix it from the inside," Sadie recalls. "They went in there and didn't even do anything."

Whatever was done during the operation—even today she is unclear of the intent or results—left her external genitals untouched. The only difference she noticed was in her self-image.

"My childhood was hell," Sadie recalls. "I really thought that there was something horribly wrong with me. At least if I'd had a big dick, I would have had something to associate with the way I felt inside. A reason for it."

She says the worst part about it all was that she had no one to talk to. And since her genitals were so ambiguous, she didn't know how to relate them to what she felt. She remains bitter that no one would ever talk to her about it. Her family is one thing, but her doctor?

"Your average family doctor," Sadie explained, "who's known you since you were two, isn't going to talk about it if his life depends on it."

That could be because few doctors have ever had to deal with something like this. Sadie has what she calls a genital anomaly. She is what most people would consider a hermaphrodite.

There are different types of hermaphrodites, all of which are born with ambiguous genitalia. True hermaphrodites must possess a degree of both the internal male and female sex organs. Pseudohermaphrodites, on the other hand, have a degree of both external parts, but only one set of internal organs. The classical concept of a hermaphrodite—a person born with a fully-formed and functioning penis and vagina—does not exist. As a fetus, our genitals, male or female, form from the same embryonic tissue. Around the sixth week after conception, the embryonic tissue will begin to form a penis, vagina, or something in-between. It cannot form both, since there is only one set of tissue.

Sadie appears to be a pseudohermaphrodite with androgenital syndrome. Her clitoris is enlarged, but lacks a urethral tube. Instead, the openings of the urethra and vagina are combined. People with androgenital syndrome are internally female, menstruate, and can have children. Those who wish to control it use adrenal hormone therapy.

One in 2,000 newborns is intersexual, and there are between 350 and 450 known true hermaphrodites alive today. Doctors and specialists are usually brought in to help the parents decide which gender will be best for their newborn. The female is the more popular choice, since it is easier to transform a penis, or ambiguous genitalia, into a vagina. "Not making the decision," according to Dr. Fred Berlin, a physician at Johns Hopkins (the leading center for medical treatment of hermaphrodites), "may be dooming the child to a very difficult existence."

Until recently, Sadie has always kept to herself. "It's not something I ran around telling everybody. I didn't particularly feel the need to be beaten or molested in the schoolyard," Sadie explains. "It really fucked up my whole sexuality. I wouldn't let anyone touch me, because every now and again I'd spring a little two inch chubbie."

Sadie didn't want to go back to her doctor. She couldn't talk to her family. When she felt that her birth control pills weren't enough, she went to Tijuana for her hormones. It was the only way for her to keep it under control. The hormones would shrink her growing member, enhance the growth of her breasts and keep her on a regular, less painful, menstrual cycle. And, although she wasn't sure if she would grow facial hair without them or not, they certainly helped repress that fear. But she was still not comfortable with her body.

"Understandably, I am a little confused as to my real identity. I look at that thing, and I wonder, because it fluctuates so much and because there are some days when I just look like a girl, and there are some days when I'm just like, 'What the hell is that?' Then I wonder if I wasn't born with something extra and they just had it snipped." Sadie's sensation is external, which makes her think it was trying to evolve into a little penis.

When she masturbates, she

Hermaphrodite
From the Tape

POP You are so disgusted by men, yet you say that's who you relate to more. How does that work?

S I relate to the underbelly of humanity! Yep, things are lookin' good for me, baby. This is why I have no sex. I fit in nowhere. I fit in nowhere. It's time for Pat! I should be my own Saturday Night Live sketch!

POP But people look at you and they think they know what you are.

S I don't fit in at all anywhere. That's why this is a perfect job—or was, I no longer do this—but at the time it was the perfect job for me, because these men would, some men would deliberately attack women, or everything was focused on the female, and I didn't fit that category because it didn't apply to me! Therefore, I could get dressed and go home and it ceased to exist. I gotta look at this. I gotta think of better stuff to talk about. I feel like I'm failing. I'm not being interesting.

POP Oh, please. You've lived with this, so it's familiar to you. Nobody else knows....

S Like the question, "Did you ever want to chop it off?" Yeah. I'm wondering if I've always been sexually confused.

POP I'm sure.

S And I think things like, "Did you ever want to cut it off and get a boob job and be totally a girl? And then there were times when I didn't care about my body and I wanted it to get even bigger. And I'm really upset when it doesn't do anything that it usually does, you know? And it's like, which I mean, when you're online and you're dealing with people who are logging in, or any kind of job in the sex industry, that are abusive, or obsessive, or just straight up stupid. Because I don't fit either place, it doesn't affect me at all. So, it really doesn't bother me.

POP Do you think the world would be a better place if everyone had a little of both parts?

S Oh, fuck yeah. We'd bridge that huge gender gap. Real love would come back into the picture. It wouldn't be cats and dogs anymore. Everyone would understand—I spoke in really contemptuous terms about the people that consistently use pornography, specifically targeting men, even though women do use pornography. But I also express sympathy and understanding for a lot of people who are just lonely or just curious. I do relate in a lot of ways to men's sexuality being visual or reactionary. You know, curiosity, "Can you put this up your ass?" You know, "Can you do this or that?" As far as exploring boundaries, or getting away with anything possible.

POP Yet at the same time you very much relate to the female thing as far as the intellectual—

S Of course. Is it all physical? What about your mind? So I'm the missing link. I am the missing link!

POP If everyone was more like Sadie—

S If everybody grew a cock. And if all men had cute little hooties. No. I think all women need to develop some kind of masculinity just to make them stronger, better able to deal with men on their level, and you know, all men need to get some more X chromosomes, whatever. Take a little estrogen. You know, the world would be a better place. If everybody were a hermaphrodite, the world would be a better place.

Measure Up

How small is too small?

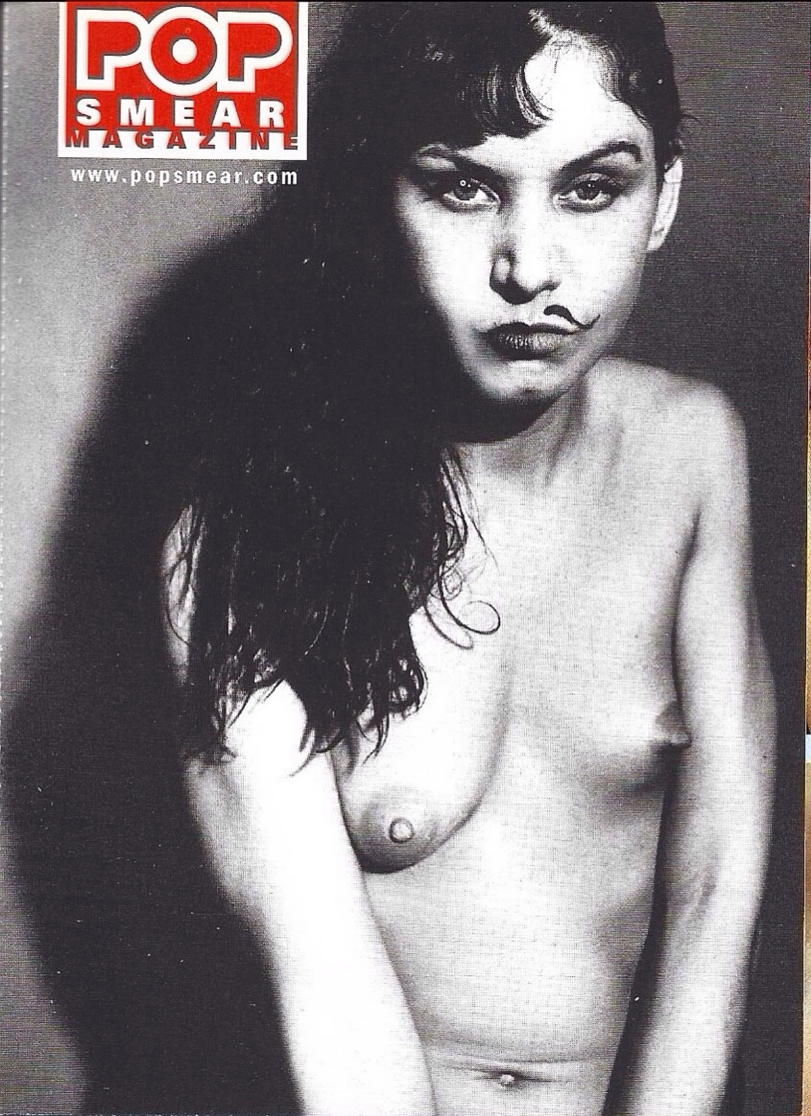
Anything below 2.5cm on a newborn boy is considered too small. They are typically either reassigned as females or tissue from other areas of the body is added on to the penis, sometimes affecting future sensation.

How big is too big?

A clit bigger than 0.9 cm on a newborn girl is considered abnormal and typically cut down to 0.9cm. There is no known medical advantage to this.

"This is like Cracker Jacks. There's a surprise every time I unzip my pants."

Carnivals and circuses mask a thinly veiled craving for violence and chaos



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1-800 POSTCARDS

PEEL BACK HERE

"It's like being in the 5th grade and springing a boner—I can't control it. Imagine if you were just drilling me and all of a sudden I got wood."

yanks on her genitals like a guy jerking off, and she even stands up to pee—two actions that have been attributed to men. "I keep waiting for my parents to just call me up and admit that I was born a boy, and they cut my dick off because I was only halfway there," Sadie says. "I tried to ask my mom on the phone, and we just, we, uh.... I don't have that kind of relationship with my family. I do not have an open family at all. It's just one of those things." Just like when she was growing up, Sadie's mom quickly and quietly avoided the issue.

The day came when Sadie finally felt comfortable and horny enough to bring people home with her. Sadie would try and hide in the dark with her genitals, and she even got away with it sometimes. It wasn't very noticeable if it was soft, except for maybe feeling a little strange.

"It's just kind of like, 'Surprise! Aunt Sadie has something in her pants for you!'" The situation remained the same—when it came to finding out what was in Sadie's pants, they would have to wait until she took them off, because she was not about to tell them. "I've been with a very limited number of people, and it is really scary because I don't know if it's gonna do something. It's like being in the 5th grade and springing a boner—I can't control it. Imagine if you were just drilling me and all of a sudden I got wood.

"I start getting real paranoid, like people are gonna judge me, and then part of me wants to attack first." Sometimes the reactions she received gave her a reason to be paranoid.

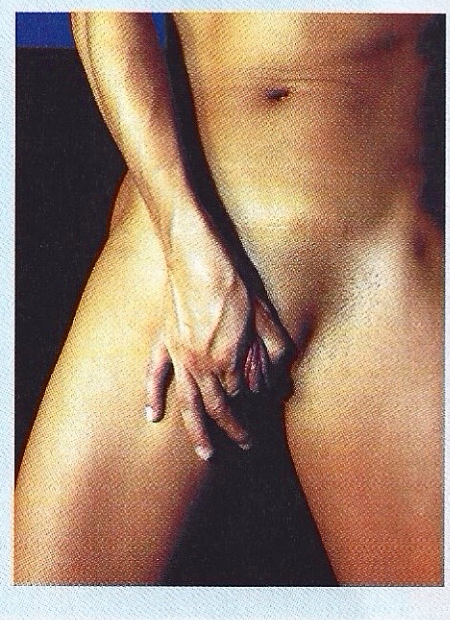
Sadie was lonely one night and decided to bring a friend home. They fucked. He didn't notice. He woke up and, as the morning light was shining through the windows, he went to grab Sadie.

"What the fuck? Get that shit cut!" he screamed at her as he quickly grabbed his clothes from the floor and left the room. That was the last time Sadie had sex.

"God, if it's that dark, put the lights on baby, because you never know what you're getting into. Literally," Sadie said.

The only trace of masculinity she appears to have is in her pants. As one of her friends put it, "Sadie is, in my eyes, extremely feminine—in the way she dresses, speaks, and moves." That seems to be the general consensus with people who know her.

While working at 1-800 POSTCARDS, none of her coworkers suspected a thing. Sadie would sit at her desk every day, taking orders, helping customers and talking and flirting. She and Michele Brown would talk about their lives and the problems



> "I'm still like a girl, but it's not your mother's vagina."

they were having. But Brown, along with most of the other employees, did not find out until recently, when they saw these photos. They had worked with her for three months prior, and some people simply would not believe it. After finding out, Brown said, "Everything we talked about makes so much sense now—it puts everything into perspective." Brown knew that Sadie had had a difficult life, but she never knew exactly why. It didn't take long before everyone in the office knew. Some people expressed surprise because they see Sadie as being very sure of herself and comfortable with who she is.

Her short skirts and feminine behavior helped to hide what was underneath. No one thought twice about it. It's one of those things that, when you find out, you don't believe. Her former manager, Mary Raphaelle says, "When she told me she was a hermaphrodite I thought she was kidding. Now that I know and have seen her body, I still perceive her as totally female."

Sadie is aware that people see her differently than the way she feels inside. "People think I am a happy-go-lucky club girl. Cool and sweet and just hanging out. I am so not that. I am something entirely different. I am super-freak. I care about things that don't apply to anything in this life," she says.

Hermaphrodite
From the Tape

POP So you can get an erection?
S Yeah. It's not like a regular hard-on. The thing just swells up really big.

POP Can you cum?
S Oh yeah, if I tug on it.

POP But I mean...will it–?
S Yeah, I guess so. Girls squirt, I'll do the same.

POP You cum as a female?
S Yeah. But I do identify with the more masculine sexuality, it's really weird. Like I could have a dick and not mind.

POP So why don't you quit taking the hormones, let it go?
S Because it doesn't look like a penis. It's a genital anomaly. I had a friend who used a term once not pertaining to me roast beef curtains? It stayed in my mind. A big ol' slab of meat.

POP Growing up is weird enough. Growing up normal is hard enough–
S –without fluctuating genitals.

POP Did having an operation ever come up?
S I think my parents just tried to stay away from that. My childhood was hellish.

POP Do you think your parents treated you differently?
S Well, it wasn't it like I was wearing a cock between my eyes. It wasn't something you could see. We didn't talk about it.

POP You don't know if it's hereditary?
S My little sister told me she thinks that my older sister has one.

POP Really? You mean you don't know? No one knows?
S No. It wasn't a very open family, considering what went on. So it was like, my little sister's normal, we've never checked. But my older sister's so masculine. You have to wonder if she's not a full-blown hermaphrodite. If she's not packing some serious candy there.

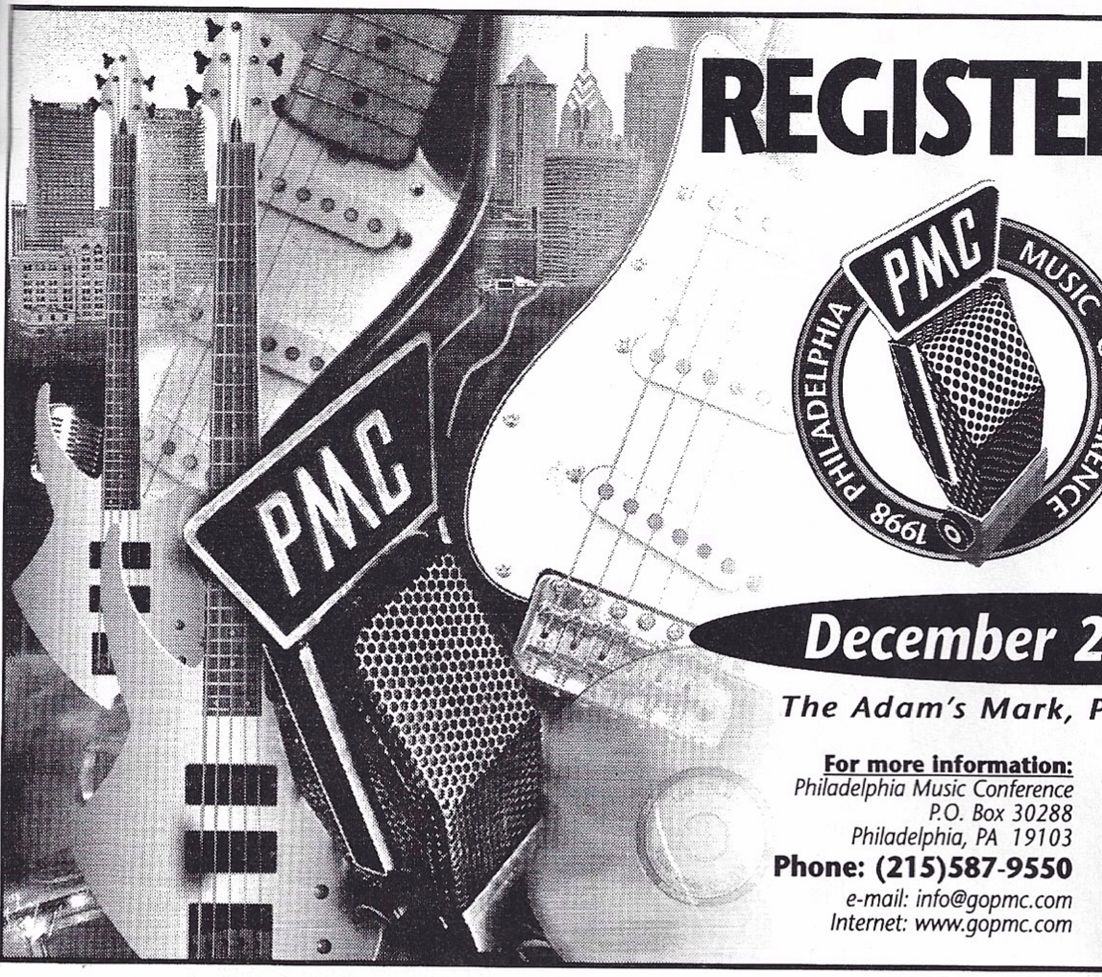
POP Did the doctor approach anyone?
S A doctor suggested to me once that they could do something. But I would be desensitized. I mean, I don't have a clit, and that's where all the action is. You cut that off, there's really no point. I'm sure it'll look prettier.

POP Yeah, but then you wouldn't even want to use it.
S It'll probably hurt after that. Be desensitized for cosmetic reasons.

POP So your parents never pushed you?
S It never came up. I'm a late-blooming circus freak. I'm going to show it to you. I have to stretch it to make it come out. What's that Bobbitt guy? John Bobbitt? If you actually pull you'll have two inches of cock up inside and they pull it out. Well, mine's like that. I tug on this thing and it'll pop out. And on other days it just looks like whatever. Nasty. I want to teach it to talk or do something useful.

POP At the time I'm sure you were really freaked out by it, but now do you feel cursed or blessed?
S Given my line of work, I'm blessed. I'm not exactly stacked. Nobody's gonna spend $4.99 a minute looking at my bare-naked ass. There better be something. I get this "I didn't order a she-male, I ordered a female." And I'm like, it doesn't even look like a dick. Maybe on camera it does if I give it the big ol' stretch out.

POP Is it obvious to them?
S Oh yeah! You know those nipple clamps? I used to lock them on to my little dick. You get bored doing that for eight hours. No matter's what's happening on the computer screen, you're still in a room by yourself. You're hungry, you can't take a break for another half hour. You gotta make the time go by faster.



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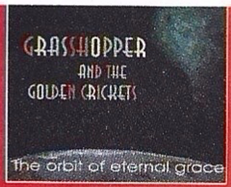
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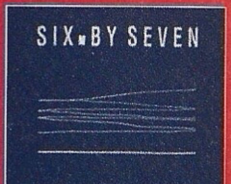

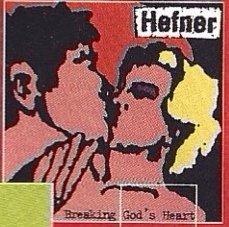

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"I'm like the waste product of some kind of cosmic experiment."

She is so uncomfortable in this world that Sadie has made her own world to live in. Sadie has always been a writer, which has helped her to create dialogue and stories in her mind. She becomes so attached to the characters she creates that she feels almost delusional at times. It is a safe place for her to be. It is the only place where Sadie is accepted. Anything she may or may not be is a non-issue. But, however comforting that world may be, she is sometimes forced to step back into the real one.

When Sadie left her family in California for the East Coast, she started to open up more about what she was. At the very least, she could finally admit that there was a male side to her—the part that she relates to more. Sometimes she is even intrigued by her own genitals. "It doesn't get boring. It's always interesting. Because life outside is quite unpredictable. This is like Cracker Jacks. There's a surprise every time I unzip my pants."

Sex with men is sometimes painful for her, which explains why she has been with more women. "You also have to keep in mind that you're talking to someone who hasn't had any kind of sex in about a year and a half," she says. But when she is with women, she can put her genitals in them and fuck them like a guy would. "It's quite enjoyable," Sadie says. Of course, she can also get blow jobs. Not only is it more pleasurable for her to be with girls, Sadie is simply more attracted to them. That has its own set of problems.

While men usually become curious and want to experiment with and poke at her genitals, women have reacted cruelly. "Women are the ones I respond to more sexually, so it is more likely to do something that it shouldn't. Women are the ones who will hurt your feelings, though." More than once she has brought a woman home and, upon seeing Sadie's genitals, they have left. They told Sadie they had wanted to be with a girl, not whatever Sadie is. "Women have a fucking stroke—they freak. The result is that I'm just one of those people who will go through life not having any kind of sex other than the sex I have with myself."

One of the few sexual relationships she has had with men gave her something else that was unexpected: a child. She was always told that she couldn't have children, which made this quite a shock—for everyone. When Sadie was four months pregnant, she went to her family doctor. He told Sadie that she could not be pregnant. Her prenatal care was nonexistent as a result. Her pregnancy was not physically easy either. "My uterus was ripped, because it never fully developed. One of my ovaries kept popping out eggs, but the uterus didn't stretch enough, so it tore." Because of these complications, Sadie delivered a baby girl by C-section in the emergency room.

While pregnant, Sadie thought about the possibility of having a child with ambiguous genitalia. People would pat her stomach and say to the growing fetus, "Hi herme." "I wanted to kill," Sadie says. She was fully prepared, if she had an intersex child, to get it cut. "I always thought there was something wrong with me because of it and all I wanted was to look normal." She didn't want to put her daughter through the same thing. "She's normal. I don't check her out. I believe in respecting her privacy."

Sadie never told her daughter about her own genitals and is not planning to. Sadie says, "In no circumstances in her life will she ever need to know that information—not even when she's 30." Her daughter has what Sadie had always wanted: a normal childhood. Sadie refuses to take that away from her. "The information has nothing to do with her life, so I keep her out of it." Sadie, after some thought, and realizing the fact that her daughter may one day need to know, says, "It's just not age appropriate. She is eight years old. One day, when she's pregnant and I think there's a possibility of her having a child with ambiguous genitalia, I will tell her; to prepare her. Or, if I think her father might tell her, I'd tell her first. So far he hasn't." Sadie hopes that he never does.

Sadie needed money, so she decided to get a job as a cyber performer. When applying for the job, she treated her future employers like she treated her former lovers. "I didn't tell them up front."

When Sadie went for her interview, they sent her into the other room to take off her clothes. When she came back out, they were silent. Instead of running away like Heather did, they offered Sadie a job.

"The thing about the internet is that people are always surfing, looking for something they haven't seen before. Maybe a guy doesn't want to look at a she-male, but he wants to see something different. So this is like a safe difference. I'm still like a girl, but it's not your mother's vagina. They just want to see something a little bit different and I definitely fill that need."

What is a Hermaphrodite?

True Hermaphrodite

A person born with both ovary and testicular tissue. This could mean one of each, or a combination of both in one. The external genital is ambiguous and ranges from appearing male to female and anything in between.

Male Pseudo

Also known as androgen-insensitivity syndrome, or XY females. The gonads are testes, but produce no sperm. A male pseudo will grow up appearing female, including the outer genitals, but they do not have a uterus and will never menstruate (even if given hormones). Since they appear female, their gender assignment is female.

Female Pseudo

The most common hermaphrodite, also known as androgenital syndrome. Typically renders a female gender assignment. Excessive secretion of masculine hormones causes masculinization of the secondary sex characteristics—an enlarging of the clitoris and other genital effects.

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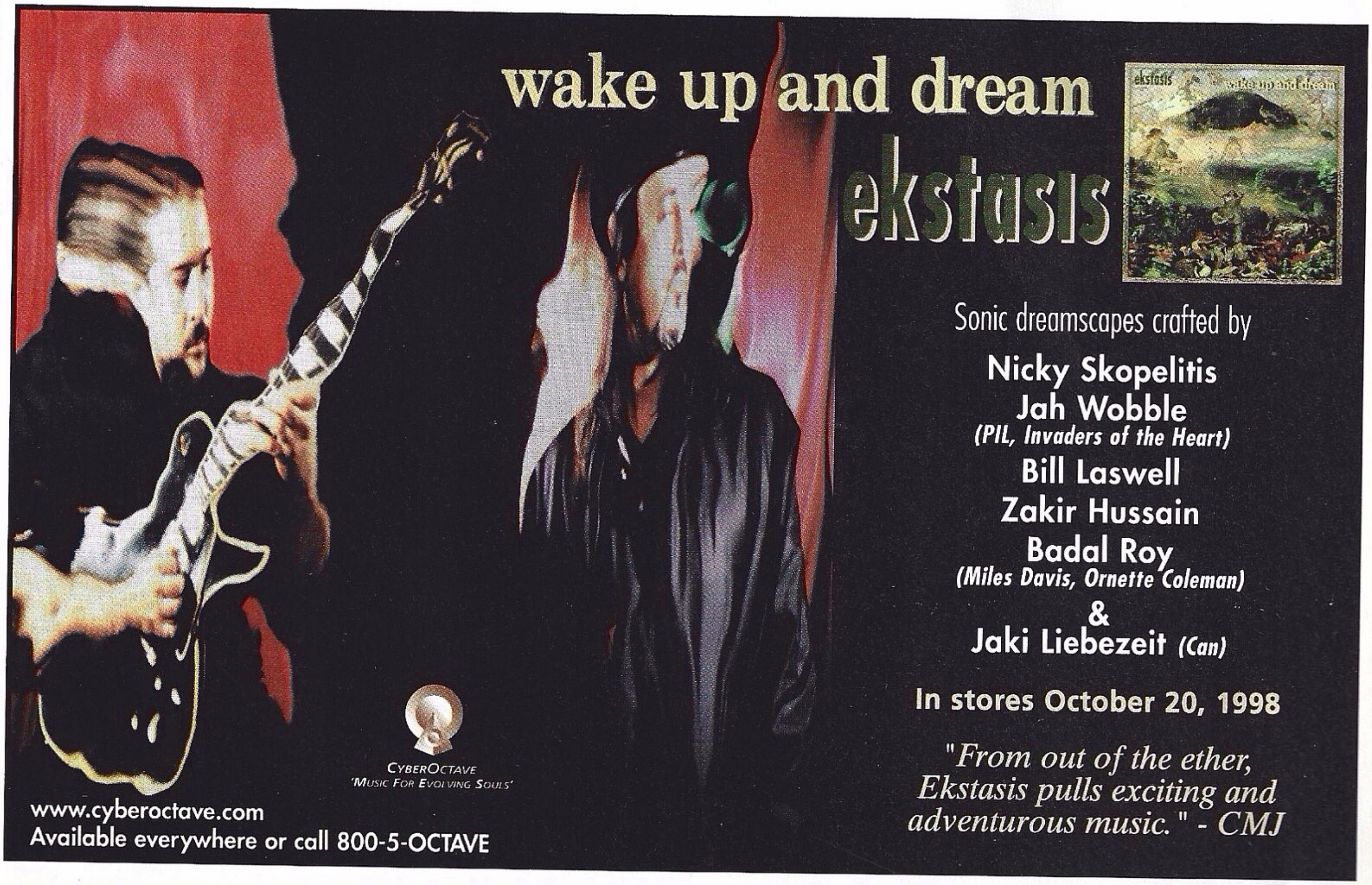
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They explained that she would be spending her days in a room in front of a camera and two screens. One monitor was for Sadie to watch herself, so she could make sure a pose was flattering and the other was for her to communicate with her clients. The users would log on and type in their requests to Sadie, while racking up charges on their credit card bills. She would perform for them and type back to them. They even had the option of calling in for some visual phone sex.

She started on a Friday morning. Men who were into the barely legal thing were logging in to her because she looked like a 14 year old girl. Sadie danced for them and they got off. It was easy money. Two weeks later, following their regular schedule, the Friday-morning-before-work guys logged in, looking for 14 year old Sadie. What they got was something entirely different.

Even Sadie was surprised when she saw how big her genitals were that Friday morning. She was more curious than shocked and began to pull on it. She wanted to see if it would get bigger. Her clients were not pleased.

"What are you?" the men typed in. Although some men enjoy this, these men expected barely legal and that is all they wanted. They spent their money to type in degrading remarks to Sadie.

She said that instead of feeling uncomfortable with herself, she wanted to show off her anomaly. "There's a part of me that loves to, if given the right opportunity and the right circumstances, just shock the hell out of somebody." Sadie became so angry that she tugged on it to make it look more extreme. She wanted to terrorize them. "There were times when I felt like an animal—I'd get really angry and that was my revenge." There were even times she would get mad if her genitals wouldn't do anything. She wanted it to grow. She wanted it to be more extreme.

The day of our photo shoot, she felt the same way. "I really hope it does something," she kept saying. She was putting so much pressure on herself to get a hard-on that we knew it would not happen. Few can function under pressure. Since she had just finished her period, she claimed that, unfortunately for us, her genitals were at their smallest.

"I wouldn't let anyone touch me, because every now and again I'd spring a little two inch chubbie."

This was a huge contrast from the way she felt when she was growing up. But it is understandable that she would go back and forth between the two mindsets, since they both had the same purpose: to find a place to fit in. "I don't even fit into the standard notions of sexuality, or the ideology—none of it applies to me." Her whole life was spent not knowing who or what she was and simply wanting something to associate with, be it male, female or full-blown freak.

She relates very much to the confusion that transgendered people feel and even respects them, because they took that step and chose a gender. "Nobody knows, until they attempt to do that, the strength or trauma involved in choosing a team. Whereas I'm gonna walk my whole life being neither one nor the other, at least internally. I really feel a strong kindred to them because they want so desperately to be something they weren't born as, whereas I just want to be either one. I wish there was something hanging right there in the middle, like, grow a dick or let the thing shrink up to something normal, or let me grow breasts and not be so wiry. Let my body assume more feminine features. Or just be more.... Pick a team, baby. That's what it's about. Pick a team."

As much as Sadie says she wants to "pick a team," she would feel just as out of place with normal genitals, because then she would have to make up her mind, and she would no longer be a freak. "I've been liberated from either side. I'm not well-hung. I'm not even hung. I'm exempt from all the rules. I can really relax. And maybe one day I'll meet another circus freak just like me." But it's not that simple. She examined her genitals, and became even more confused.

"I'm like the waste product of some kind of cosmic experiment. I do have little nuts. They're kind of hard to figure out, because they don't drop, but you can feel them. I guess that's not normal." No, I don't think most people would consider that normal. The only way Sadie will know whether or not she is a true hermaphrodite is to get internal tests by doctors who will actually share the results with her. It is sad that Sadie will have to find out what she is from a complete stranger, rather than her family.

At 29, Sadie still hasn't "grown out of it." "I always knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, that no matter how developed a woman's, or a hermaphrodite's genitals are, this isn't normal. When you look at it, it looks like something has been done to it. It looks like they slit it down the middle and took something out of the inside, because it looks like shriveled up skin that used to have something inside of it. I'm still like a girl, but it's not your mother's vagina. It doesn't look like a normal pussy, what the fuck is it?" The more she checks herself out, the more she wants to know.

Sadie even hired a private investigator once to find out about the origin of her genitals. She has tried to get her medical records, but the doctor who delivered her is now dead. It is common to not be able to obtain these records. "Some (intersex adults) have been told that their records are not on file, though the hospital has not discarded other records from that era. They—and I—wonder why the records are missing." She could always try her mother. After all, Sadie does have a right to know what she is, if nothing else. "Yeah," she says, "I've been trying to figure out a way to ask her." ⊙

Katrina Del Mar, voted Best Band Photographer by the *New York Press*, is busy seeding the earth with necessary nonverbal information. For visual stimulation see her website at http://www.bway.net/~katrina Send $1 plus SASE for Katrina's catalog to Plushtoy Productions POB 1241 Cooper Station NYC 10276

research: Angela Valdez, Janine Stromberg

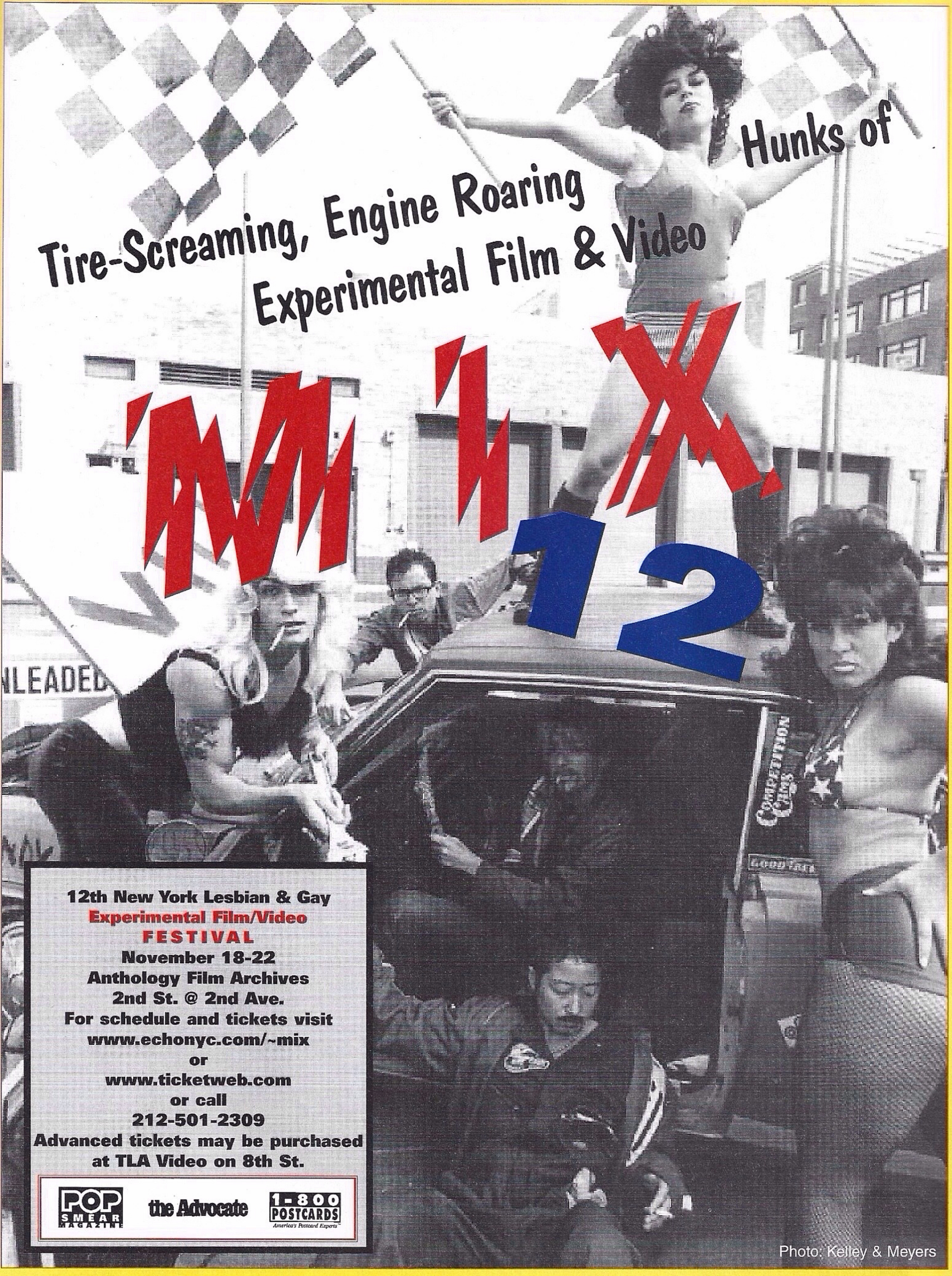

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Photo: Kelley & Meyers

Internet Misconnection:

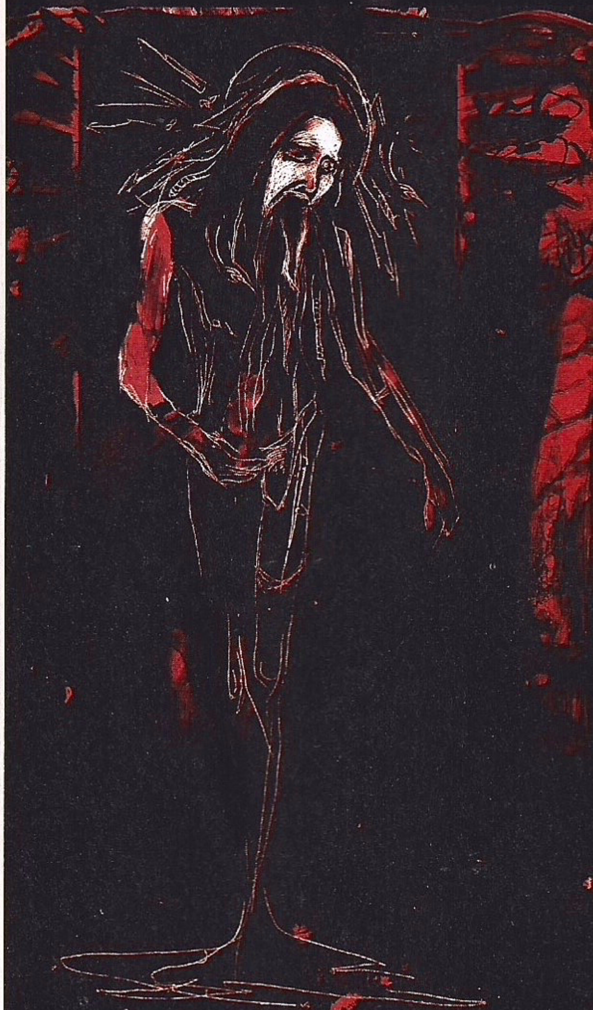
marilyn.manson.not

by Martin Gruss

Marilyn Manson follows the dictum, "Be Your Own God." I took it one step further and became My Own Marilyn Manson. This being the '90s, I had only to start up a web page with the address www.marilyn.manson.com to have a legion of fans confuse me with the all-American Anti-Christ. Of course, I admit contributing to the identity confusion and enjoying it.

I first got the idea for the website after discovering I could get a two MG web page with the aforementioned address as a sub-domain of www.manson.com for a mere $25 for the first year. So now I had a space for my page and a great address to go with it. All I needed was content. Of course, I could have spent hours scanning photos, transcribing interviews, writing long discourses on song meanings or concert reviews and done a respectable Marilyn Manson web page.

But what fun would that be? Besides, I am a lazy bastard. So I grabbed a digital camera and took a few pictures of my Ginger Spice action figure having sex with an Elvis Presley action figure and a Spawn Violator action figure. I added some captions like "Corporate Rape" and "Corporate Music is Prostitution" so my site would not just be cheap exploitation, but rather a statement on the music industry.



art: Dorothy Trojanowski

"I am insulted by your message sent to my son. My children are not the lowest form of creation."

Here are some email comments I received in the beginning:

>your a gay psycho chicken rooting freak

>Hello, 5/4/98
I LOVE YOU!!!!!!! I worship the groung you walk on. I love everything about you. You are FINE, too. Please E-Mail me back.
Sweet Dreams,
Erin

>hey dude i love u and your songs i don't know why people don't like u just because your different then others that is bullshit u should stop worriring about what they think.
jareb d. age 13

>Wassup Mutherfucker,
I've listened to your music since I was 13. I think that you rule. I wanted to go and see you in Toledo in '96 but I couldn't find a ride. My car was all broken down. I'm going to get your book as soon as I get the chance. A lot of people misunderstand you and are against you, but I understand that you don't want to destroy the world. I know that all you want to do is rid the world of all the dumasses. If you ever actually read this
message, I would cream in my pants if you would send a message back to me.
A fan, Draggin'balls

>HI WHAT YOU UP TO. I LOVE YOU YOU ARE LIKE GOD TO ME. I HOPE YOU COME TO OHIO SOME DAY SO I CAN COME AND SEE YOU. I LOVE YOU, YOU ARE SO CUTE I HAVE LIKE MILLIONS OF PICS. OF YOU. WELL IF YOU CAN E-MAIL ME BACK OK. LOVE YOU SO MUCH FROM YOUR 18 YEAR OLD FAN, KRISI

>i I finally figured you out , your just a scared little boy inside with the unconscious power to hurt people on the out side(ie.fucking pigs and other asorted farm animals.makin kids suisidal &violent&strange. black is not a color, hunny so give it up I actually feel sorry for you.

>hey what does that have to do with marilyn manson? you could at least put some pix of him and the band!!

>THAT IS PRETTY FUCKING RUDE OF YOU TO BE DISN THE SPICE GIRLS AND ELVIS. YOU HAVE SUM FUCKEN NERVE. FUCK YOU MOTHER FUCKER.

>im a 41 year old female who really likes your songs-i can really relate to you
Stephanie

Soon I was getting around 20 emails a day. So I moved my email address to the back of my web page and started replying with quotes from James Havoc's book *Satanskin*. Here is a sample quote: "A coven on heat, bathing in vats of amputated male genitalia, a wash with plasmic effluvia, nuts and husks, salt-cured offal and dung, wallowing in osseous slurries."

Another favorite was, "Children are the lowest form of creation, mud effigies excreted from stinking hindquarters by those too base or vegetative to produce the true, cerebral offspring of art or science," to which I got the reply:

>Fuck you too. I am insulted by your message sent to my son. My children are not the lowest form of creation. If all that was produced was cerebral offspring, you would be nothing but what dripped down your father's leg. I've been tolerant of your music in my house. It sounds good, but your lyrics suck. I know you won't care, but this household will no longer buy any of your 'cerebral offspring. Go hang your ugly ass.
Claire W.
One pissed off mom

As much fun it was to get emails like these, I decided to add a guest book to my page. That way I wouldn't be burdened and all could share in the fun. I also decided to add some real Marilyn Manson content to my page. I bought an official Marilyn Manson Black Thong Bikini bottom from Spencer Gifts and had a friend pose in it. To emphasize the lame poserness of such a commercial product, my friend wore the thong over a pair of white briefs along with some white socks. The feedback from the thong pics proved so positive that we added more, including a rear shot with a fake tattoo of a duck with a plunger up its ass.

Now I sit back, check my guest book for offers of sex, and wait for some kind of legal response from Marilyn Manson, the Spice Girls, the Estate of Elvis Presley, Spawn creator Todd McFarlane, or some other party I've injured or defamed. Who says being an Anti-Christ Superstar can't be fun? ◎

Martin is not selling anything right now, the most recent stories he's had published were in his college newspaper, so they're not really worth mentioning; he's not in a band, though he recently shot videos for Upside Out and Grand National; the only thing he seems to really have going for him is this fake Marilyn thing. Email Mr. Martin at Marilyn@manson.com and check out his fake Marilyn Manson website at, well, you know.

We recently received a press release regarding the new and official **Marilyn Manson** website, www.marilynmanson.net. The release said it "is the only place to get the truth directly from Marilyn Manson." Of course if you really want the truth, go check with Alice Cooper....

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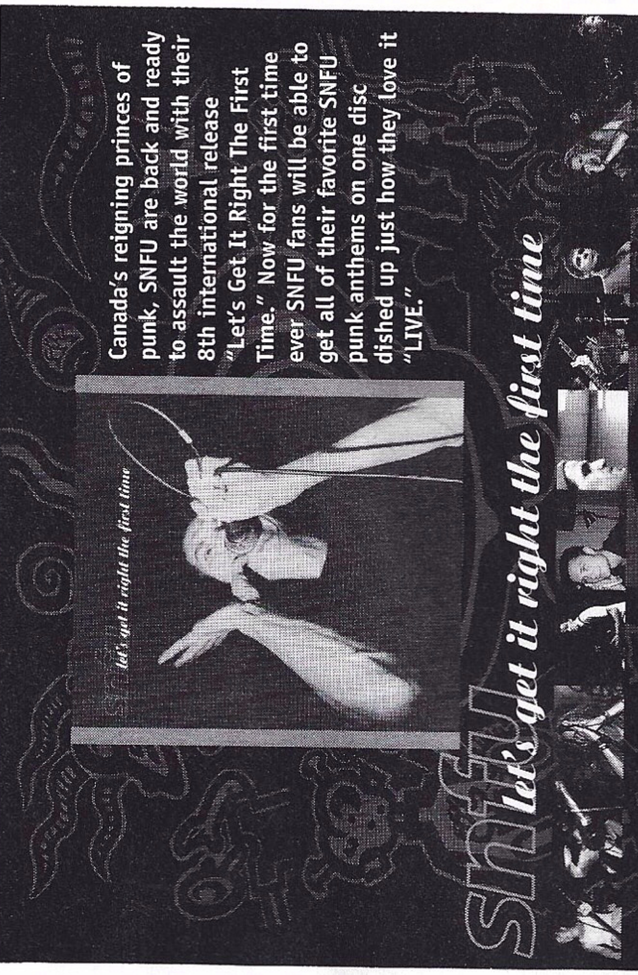

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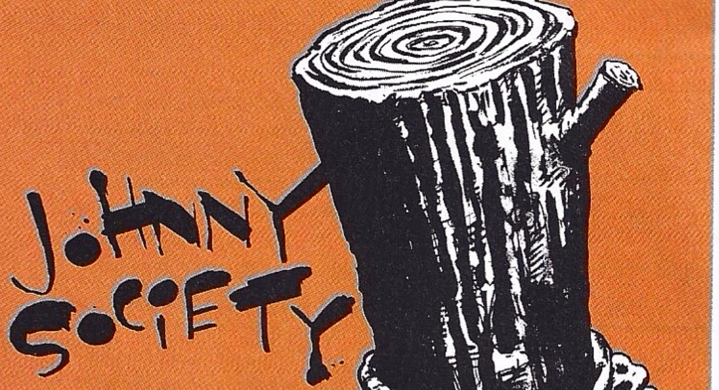

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Kicking Canadian Keisters

Sloan gets a lesson in air hockey humiliation

by Shivon Vanessa

photos: Rodolphe Baras

We like to play games. We like to win the games that we play. So when the boys in the band Sloan wanted to play ice hockey, we readily agreed. They just didn't realize that our version of ice hockey is a little different than theirs. Our version involves a table, two mallets, a puck, a 12 pack, and some air. You may know it as air hockey. Knowing full well that we would be stomped on the ice, we pretended that we misunderstood when they said "ice hockey." Who can understand what those Canadians are talking about most of the time anyway, eh?

We told them we would meet at the *POPsmear* office and head over to Chelsea Piers from there. Instead, we locked them in the POPsmear Game Room. It was girls against boys, Beth and me vs. the Canuck quintet.

Being the Queen of Air Hockey, I was confident enough to lead off against Sloan's Chris Murphy in the series opener. Without going into detail, I'll just say that he won and that I was not happy about it.

With that humiliation behind us, Beth took the stand against Andrew Scott, and she pounded his Canadian pooper! She had to (hello, she's married to the editor!). Apparently she scared off the other two Sloan boys, since they refused to play after that. Instead, they went off to play their own little game of pool. Crybabies! Boys do not like to get their butts kicked by girls.

What followed were random games of double-puck madness and cheating (Chris!). That devious little dog was putting his gum on the table (huh?) and performing other such distractions. He got his with a couple pucks in the crotch. I told him not to fuck with us. Didn't you know? Girls are psycho. It was finally my turn to play Andrew, who was such a glutton for punishment that he demanded two games with me; both of which saw me humiliating him. It was so easy it was almost embarrassing.

In an effort to regain some sort of respect, the scrawny commies refused to give up. Game 5 was just underway (POPsmear 3, Northlanders 0) when their publicist, pool shark Cathy Halgas, stepped in to stop the bleeding. She stammered something about "an interview...just remembered...running late." But as it stands now, Beth and I (despite my faltering start) kicked some Sloan ass.

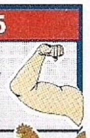
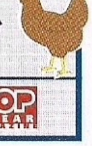
I knew these boys were pansies all along. ⊙

Sloan vs POPsmear

Who's the cheater?

Andrew: loser

Andrew was such a glutton for punishment that he demanded two games with me; both of which saw me humiliating him.

GAME	1	2	3	4	5
POP SMEAR MAGAZINE Shivon and Beth	4	5	5	5	3 
Sloan Chris Murphy and Andrew Scott	5	2	4	4	0 
WINNER	Sloan	POP SMEAR MAGAZINE	POP SMEAR MAGAZINE	POP SMEAR MAGAZINE	POP SMEAR MAGAZINE

Sloan's new album is *Navy Blues*. They suck at air hockey and they like to cheat, but they are kinda fun. Their website can be found at www.webgate.net/~maenon/sloan/.

Publisher's Props

The Mike Douglas Show with John Lennon and Yoko Ono

(Rhino Home Video)

Watching these "progressive artists" strut their stuff in February 1972 made me strangely glad to be publishing this magazine in the '90s. I suppose our kids will look at *POPsmear* and laugh at how hopelessly outdated it is, but at least they won't be able to say that we were fruity, shallow art fags. In the 25 years of television since the Mike Douglas Show our country may have degenerated into tabloid hell, but at least the shit we say today makes SENSE!

I highly recommend this video, as it provides a vivid historical perspective on media, youth culture, '70s mentality, and the treatment of social issues. Every guest that appeared on the show that week was intent on passing on a social message, which made me lament the shallow self-centeredness of today's media figures.

Two decades have provided a sobering dose of reality that allows the modern viewer to see the gaping holes. But at the same time as I was mocking their naivete, it sort of made me upset that this kind of open discourse on so many varied topics barely exists on television today. As silly as Douglas and the Royal Couple acted, at least they were putting forth an effort–a very public effort refreshingly devoid of the self-awareness and media savvy that sanitizes every pre-packaged television presentation on the 100 channels of HDTV these days. Alas, they still come across as hopelessly optimistic fruitcakes.

Kerouac

Director: John Antonelli

(Mystic Fire Video)

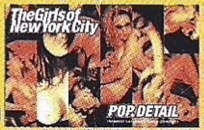
I am not a fan of dramatic re-creation scenes (see America's Most Wanted!), particularly when they attempt to portray a historical figure. While a fan of the History Channel, I am the first one to reach for the remote when the narration is accompanied by cheesy re-enactments of Louis XIV chopping bourgeois necks at Versailles–I want to see the real deal! This video starts out with a great television appearance by Kerouac, where the viewer can really see and feel how uncomfortable he is on camera. After that, we are left with over-dramatized re-creations of his life and a few still photos, interspersed with interviews with some of the few surviving Beats.

For anyone who doesn't know the story behind the writer, this is a very informative film. I have read and enjoyed a lot of Kerouac, but had no idea how shitty this man's life really was. Like the clichéd careers of many geniuses, once he was rewarded for his efforts with the recognition he deserved much earlier in life, he quickly crumbled into an alcoholic mess.

Again the question arises: Is it better to struggle and draw strength from your pain, or be coddled into a life of comfort, fame and sedated self-destruction? Is it right that thousands draw inspiration from his writing while he gave up and drank himself to death? Has the artist then succeed in his original goal? What was Kerouac's original goal?

Girls of New York City

(POP.DETAIL)



We printed a sexy postcard for this release, and I was compelled to call for a copy. This video is actually from a series called *The Best of Sleeping with Sky London*, a low budget softcore production featuring an obnoxious Sky and her friends getting naked and fooling around with each other.

While I could do without the cheesy talk between scenes, the footage is varied, interesting and, at times, pretty damn tantalizing. Soapy girl showers, voyeuristic masturbation in front of an open window, lezzie make-outs at downtown hot spot Spy Bar, and other girl-only scenes provide ample flesh to satisfy any boy or girl viewer.

Decidedly lower budget than the promotion suggested, I nevertheless enjoyed the "realness" of the girls.—**James**

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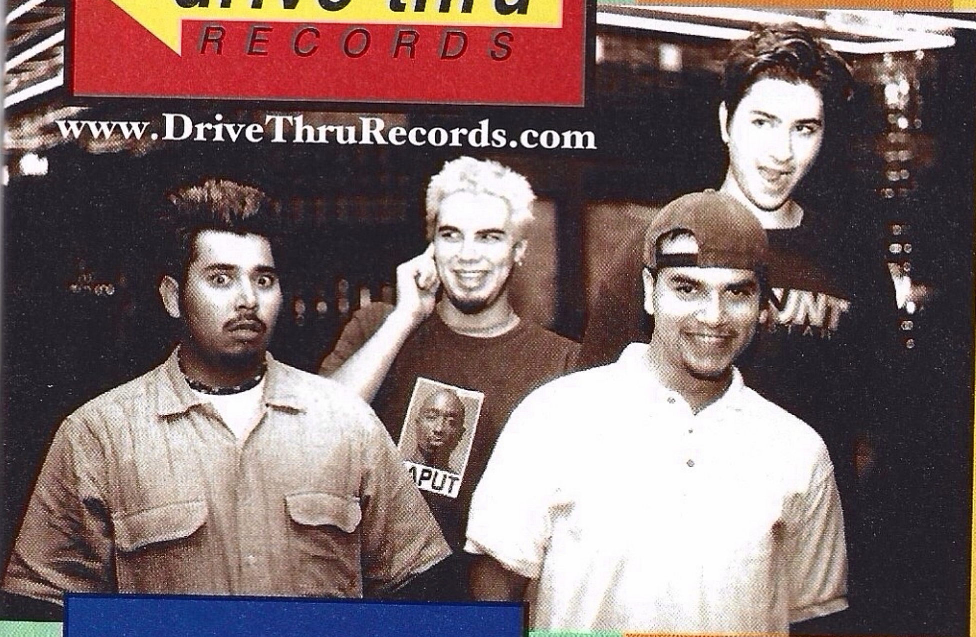

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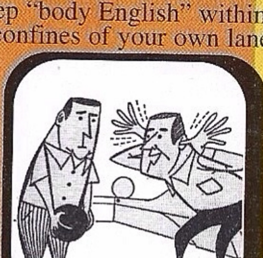
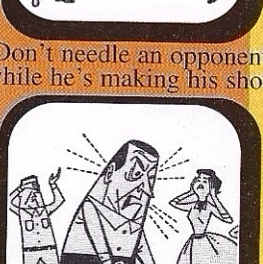
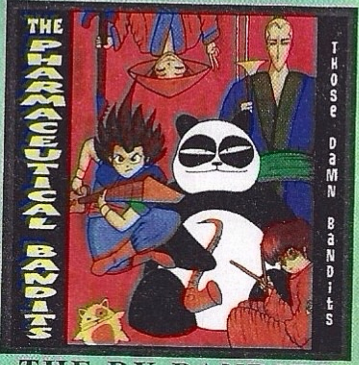


Don't needle an opponent while he's making his shot.



Control your temper and your language.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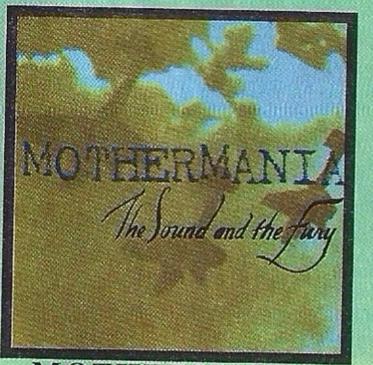
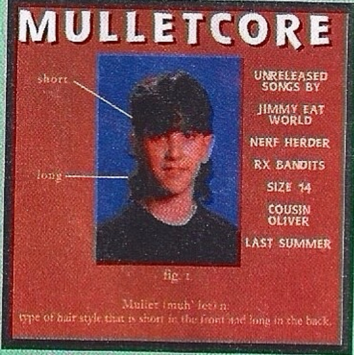
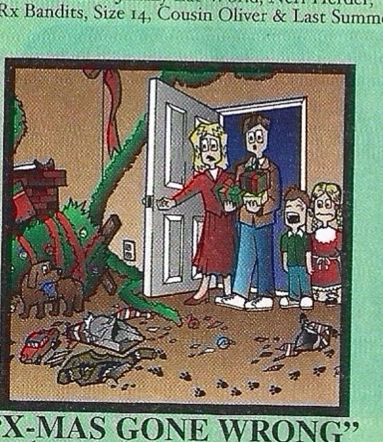

MOTHERMANIA
The Sound and the Fury

MOTHERMANIA
Heavily influenced by Elvis Costello & The Clash. "Green Day meets Jimmy Eat World."


MULLETCORE
short
long
UNRELEASED SONGS BY
JIMMY EAT WORLD
NERF HERDER
RX BANDITS
SIZE 14
COUSIN OLIVER
LAST SUMMER
fig. 1
Mullet (muh' let) n:
type of hair style that is short in the front and long in the back.

"MULLETCORE"
Unreleased Jimmy Eat World, Nerf Herder, Rx Bandits, Size 14, Cousin Oliver & Last Summer.



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THOR

Thunder on the Tundra

by **Frank Meyer**

"Let the blood run red.
Let them all be dead.
And all will hail
the Metal Avenger!"
–THOR's Let the Blood Run Red

Across the icy Nordic tundra, through the hall of the Ice King, and over the towering glaciers of doom marches a lone figure, engulfed in shadows and surrounded by an air of mystery. This army of one endures the harsh blizzards and the death march of a cold wind that beckons him to join his adversaries in Hell, but he does not falter. He does not give up on his mission.

Who is this warrior? And what is his mission?

Star USA Records Ltd.

Thor and Cherry Bomb

When I was a kid in the mid-'80s, there were two types of heavy metal magazines. There were the cheesy ones whose articles read like they were taken right from the band bios, like *Hit Parader*, *Circus*, and *Faces*. And then there were the cool, racy ones that poked fun at the bands they wrote about and even featured an occasional muff shot or two, like the Lester Bangs-era *Creem* and England's *Kerrang!!!* Now, *Kerrang!!!* was a really cool score because it was an import, so none of my friends had it, and it had pictures of bands you'd never even heard of before in America, like Hanoi Rocks, Wrathchild, Girlschool, and–that's right!–Thor!

Thor? Who the hell is Thor, you might wonder. A horror movie titan? A cartoon superhero? A Conan-like barbarian? Well, yeah, all of the above–and more!

Thor is a muscle-bound, leather-clad, chariot-riding, steel-bending, heavy metal warrior who cut more than 10 blood-curdling, fist-pumping albums throughout the late '70s and well into the '80s, unleashing such metal champions as *Thunder on the Tundra*, *Let the Blood Run Red*, *Rock the City*, and *When Gods Collide*. With his big-haired, spandex-encrusted band and sultry, super-vixen, ex-*Cherry Magazine* model/backup-singer/wife Cherry Bomb by his side, Thor has toured the world, thrilling his loyal cult following with his nearly larger than life stage show. Along the way he also managed to star in three classic low budget B-movies (one featuring Adam West, no doubt!), grab the title of Mr. USA, dance in a nudie musical, do time as a male stripper, and be crushed with a hammer by a masked gladiator foe named Mettalus. More than a hard rock heavy hitter, Thor may just be the Dirk Diggler of heavy metal.

A recent conversation with the loincloth-wearing, armor-strapped rock crusader found him alive and well in North Carolina, despite his battles with an evil three-headed demon-serpent known as the Music Industry. A slew of recent albums, including a rarities compilation called *Ride the Chariots (An-Thor-logy)*, and a new album brilliantly-titled *Thunderstruck–Tales from the Equinox*, have reinvigorated the sleeping giant and sent him on a new mission to destroy boring music and convert the unknowing masses to his special brand of Norse rock.

Born in Vancouver and a bodybuilder by the age of seven, young Jon Mikl Thor found solace from the rigors of working out by rocking out to his favorite tunes. "We had a weight set in the basement where my older brother showed me how to train," the rugged one remembers. "I started listening to metal and hard rock like Zeppelin and Black Sabbath and trained to it. I found that it was a great way to pump up, and eventually I won tournaments like Teenage Mr. America and Mr. Junior Canada. I went on to win Mr. USA and Mr. Canada when I was 18 years old."

But what inspired this strapping musclebound young lad to combine the rock with the shock, one wonders. "Whereas Gene Simmons of KISS would breathe fire on stage, and Alice Cooper would hang himself, I would bend steel with my teeth. I'd smash bricks on my head. I'd explode hot water bottles with my lungs!" Thor declares, defining the attitude of a true barbarian.

"See the whole thing is, in Canada, we were the first ones to do a concept video, back in the early '70s. I felt I was the innovator. I was doing this muscle rock, or gladiator rock, before Manowar ever came around, and any of the other guys. When it first started, I was just a bass player in a band called Iron Falcon. I was really into Alice Cooper and KISS, and I thought, if you're going into a concert, why not see an incredible show with the music? I thought the music should be powerful, but the show should also be incredible, so I came up with the idea of having all these bodybuilders on stage, four incredible looking women, all title winners. Then in the next level of the stage I had a backing band. I put on the show and called it Body Rock."

Whoa! Body Rock sounds dangerously close to simply stripping to a live band. Imagine a teenage, G-stringed, sweaty, blond musclehead belting out Canadian metal surrounded by a stable of hot and bothered, pulsating, iron-pumping ladies of the flesh. I wondered if an impressionable young Jon Mikl ever dabbled in the sacred art of exotic dancing during the lean years. "Actually, I'd say I was one of the first guys to use the concept 'male stripping.' Nobody was really doing it back then. I'm talking about a young cute guy, a teenager in the early '70s. I was really trying to come up with the rock concert concept. I starred in a show called Red Hot and Blue in Las Vegas, and I had my own little segment where I'd wear a gladiator outfit, sing, and all that sort of stuff."

Oh yeah? Ever had your pickle slip out of your loincloth? "Yes. One time when I was in Hawaii starring in a show called What Do You Say to a Naked Waiter? It was like a Las Vegas production, and the whole thing was I'd come out as Mr. USA. I'd get the girls to pump me up backstage, right? You'd come out and flip the thing out of your loin cloth, right? So I did that. It was all nude. It took time before I evolved the show into Thor. I was a big comic book fanatic. I got really into Thor himself, like when he fought the Saturn Men and other stories from the original Journey Into Mystery series. I was really into Sci-Fi, Godzilla and King Kong. All that stuff blended in and meshed with the bodybuilding and really increased my motivation."

Star USA Records Ltd.

Can anybody hair me? Thor and his band of big-haired barbarians

But what in the name of the heavens decided to make this muscleman combine the seemingly unearthly elements of bodybuilding, comic books and heavy metal? I mean, don't jocks always wanna beat up on the heshers? Don't stoners fry out and listen to Ozzy while they skip gym? "Well, I thought rock was thunderous, and why not combine a thunder concept with rock? And there was so much I could do with it, because I was always into Norse mythology, and Greek mythology. I mean, I took the Norse mythology as a nucleus, but I also went my own way with the concept."

"There's thunder on the tundra!
There's giants across the land!"

And so began the recording era of the mighty Thor. In 1977, he released his debut album *Keep the Dogs Away*, a surprisingly strong, Alice Cooper-influenced opus featuring such lively numbers as "Catch a Tiger" and "Sleeping Giant." A slew of manic tours and albums followed throughout the '80s, including his 1985 master work *Only the Strong*, which featured Thor live staples "Knock 'em Down" and the aforementioned "Thunder on the Tundra."

What could possibly inspire such madness? "One time we were doing a tour way up north in Canada, and we were in an incredible storm. It was just coming down like you wouldn't believe. It was like a white-out, a heavy blizzard. So I started writing the song, 'There's Thunder on the Tundra.' All the words started coming to me." Magic, pure magic.

Which brings us to a curious topic of a current Thor song, "Rag-Na-Rock." What the hell is it? "Rag-Na-Rock is the twilight of the gods, when all the gods get together with the Frost Giant, and all their adversaries or enemies and they all fight together in the final battle to the death, and supposedly that's the end of Asgard." Oh yeah...I forgot about the twilight of the gods. That's right...keep your distance....

The weird thing about the Thor legacy is that despite his hysterical fantasy shtick, he actually has a handful of really memorable songs. His style is in that Judas Priest, Paul Dianno-era Iron Maiden vibe. One hook-laden anthem was cryptically titled, "Let the Blood Run Red."

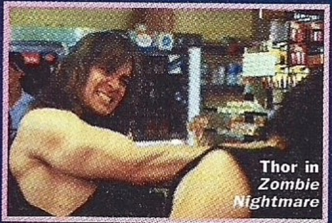
"I wrote that when I was one time. I was in England and these people were against heavy metal. They were getting a little too carried away in their outlook on heavy metal. At that time, I had come from New York and had a fight with somebody in the subway. So sometimes a little bit of the battle stuff in the music comes in from your violent side.

"I lived in New York for like 10 years and it wasn't like fighting with normal people. It was fighting the elements that were in the subways. I mean, there were weird people. I'd be walking along and somebody'd throw a construction block at me from the top of a building. Or I'd be in a subway and some guy would come along, high on some kind of drugs, and just want to fight because he was totally out of it, right? Hey, I've dined with royalty in England, and I've walked into the depths of the New York subways, and lurked in the shadows.

"There are many dangerous things about being Thor in New York. One time I did a tv show and had the makeup on and long blonde hair. My wife likes Bojangles chicken, right? So I went to a Bojangles in a sort of shady area of New York City and then I was calling her, 'Hey, I have some Bojangles chicken!' Suddenly this guy punches me in the back and I pretty much dropped the phone. There's these two guys saying, 'Hey pretty boy, what're you doin' here?' I had a partial Thor outfit on still. I says, you know, 'What do you mean?'

"There are many dangerous parts about being Thor in New York. One time I did a tv show and had the make-up on and long blonde hair. My wife likes Bojangles chicken, right? So I went to a Bojangles in a sort of shady area of New York City and then I was calling her, 'Hey, I have some Bojangles chicken!' Suddenly this guy punches me in the back and I pretty much dropped the phone. There's these two guys saying, 'Hey pretty boy, what're you doin' here?' I had a partial Thor outfit on still. I says, you know, 'What do you mean?' These guys start ripping my brand new shirt that Cherry bought for me and punching me, and I was getting pissed! I started punching these guys, and they were on crack, so they start coming back up like those blow up clowns."

More than a hard rock heavy hitter, Thor may just be the Dirk Diggler of heavy metal.


Thor in *Zombie Nightmare*

Thor and Cherry acting natural

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Thor before dinner

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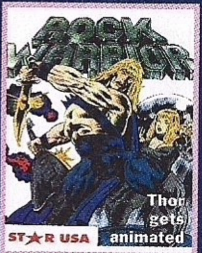
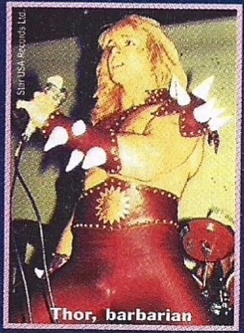


Thor gets animated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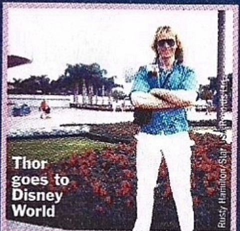
Thor, barbarian


Thor goes to Disney World

Rusty Hamilton/Star USA Records Ltd.

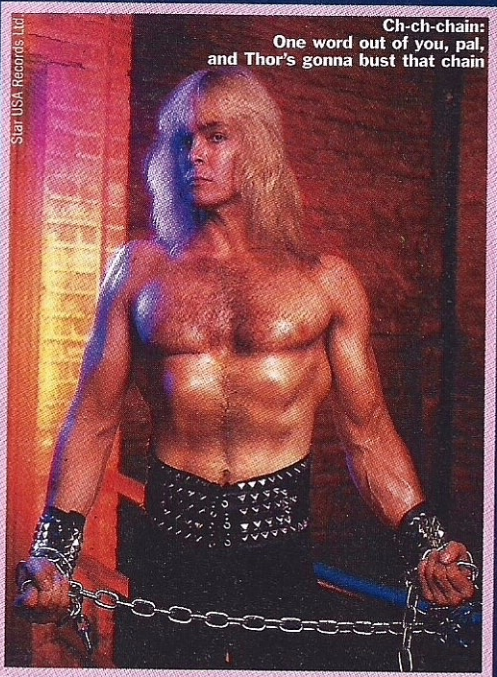
These guys start ripping my brand new shirt that Cherry bought for me and punching me, and I was getting pissed! I started punching these guys, and they were on crack, so they start coming back up like those blow up clowns. I was getting exhausted so I started running and they chased me. I had the Bojangles chicken in my arm the whole time. I was getting deeper into a darker area, and my shirt was totally ripped and there was blood all over the place. This one cab driver pulled up, but took off when he saw these guys chasing me. And I was thinking, 'Oh no, I'm gonna get attacked with cinder blocks by crackheads. They're gonna kill me.' And suddenly this other cab came up and saw what was happening. He opened his door and I jumped in, but the guys chasing me jumped on top of the cab! He took off and they finally slid off. This guy saved my life. When I got back home with the Bojangles chicken in arm, my wife said, 'Ah, you let those girls rip your shirt again!'"

Though Thor's real life adventures may seem scary and life-threatening, it's his onstage extravaganza that really pulls out all the stops. From the spikes and leather outfits, to the gladiator costumes, to the chariots ("the actual chariot that Charlton Heston rode in *Ben Hur*," Thor proudly proclaims), and endurance-testing stunts, Thor has taken theatrical rock 'n' roll to a completely absurd next level, simultaneously creating the greatest live show on earth and the funniest comedy show in the galaxy. Touring the globe, night after night, risking life and limb to protect the emerald chalice of metal is no easy feat. "One time I was singing and the flashpots went off," Thor laughs. "I had one hand on the microphone and somehow I stepped into the flashpot. All I saw were blue lights and I collapsed and fell unconscious on the stage. I guess I was electrocuted." Killer!

By the mid-'80s, Thor was a cult hero and graduated to film roles by starring in three rock 'n' roll, B-movie classics: *Rock and Roll Nightmare* (which starred his whole band and Cherry Bomb, and features a Thor score); *Zombie Nightmare* (a Roger Corman film starring Batman fatman Adam West and an extremely teen, extremely nubile Tia Carrera); and *Recruits* (another Corman flick, starring a young Lolita Davidovitch). What does Thor have to say about his 15 minutes of film fame? "I was supposed to do *Adventures in Babysitting* and *Full Metal Jacket*. I was real pissed about that. Stan Lee and I were talking about doing a Thor movie."

Wait a second! The Marvel-ous comic genius Stan Lee and his real life metal mutant offspring Thor were actually discussing collaboration on a major motion picture? Wouldn't Stan be pissed that Thor was using the name of a character he made famous? "Not at all," Thor quickly states for the record. "I know Stan Lee very well. In fact, I went into his office one time and I blew up a hot water bottle and knocked all the books off his shelves.

"I have a trademark under Thor–The Rock Warrior. They have it trademarked under The Mighty Thor. My character is different. Look how many Hercules movies there are. There's Hercules on tv, there's Disney's Hercules, and the cartoon. Marvel pretty much sticks with Norse mythology. They go a little out with the superhero stuff. I take the concept into different realms. I create whatever I want to do on stage. If we want to do a scene from *Atlantis*, then we have the band journeying forth, trying to save Cherry Bomb from a giant on stage, and we have a battle. One time I had a battle with this guy from Hawkwind, who played Lok-Eye and his arch enemy the Grim Reaper."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Ch-ch-chain: One word out of you, pal, and Thor's gonna bust that chain

How does Thor describe his music? Nordic rock? Monster metal? Gladiator music? "I just call it power rock," he says. An understatement for sure.

Oh well, speaking of power, *POPsmear* did an article recently on the Power Team, Jesus' roid boy stuntmen. What does the mighty rock warrior think of these particular disciples of the Holy Lord? "It's similar to Stryper," Thor laughs. "I used to know a girl from New York who stripped for Jesus." How do you tip a woman who's stripping for Jesus? "I don't know, back then it was stripping, nowadays it's all lap dancing. It's a whole different thing."

Cut to 1998. Thor has released the brand new *Thunderstruck* album, which includes a blistering version of the Music Machine's '60s garage nugget "Talk Talk." But for those of us who are climately-challenged, what exactly is an equinox? "It's when the light is the same length as the darkness," Thor erupts. "Good and evil, yin and yang. What I wanted to do is take it to the next level, do a movie on album. The first song is 'War Hammer,' this guy is in Vietnam, the jungle, he finds a cape and goes into the dimension of the equinox."

Not to be picky, but if Thor is the God of Thunder, then how can he be thunderstruck? "This is the land of thunder and lightning. North Carolina has the second highest number of thunderbolt deaths. The other day, six houses were hit and set on fire. When the band went down to Florida, which is number one in thunderbolts deaths, it just sort of came to me as an idea. We were down there in Disney World and there's lightning bolts goin' on, and some guy got thunderstruck and died. We thought we were gonna get hit by thunderbolts. I was yelling, 'Odin, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

Yeah, Odin! Don't forsake the mighty Thor, you bastard!

It takes a lot of guts to come out and wholeheartedly embrace the power of metal and stage theatrics of the '70s and '80s here in the musically dim '90s, without trying to pathetically update it, á la Marilyn Manson, Coal Chamber or Psychotica. Many might scoff at the concept of body rock, gladiator imagery, Nordic concepts, and barbarian ethos, but Thor marches on, across the icy Nordic tundra, through the Hall of the Ice King, over the towering Glaciers of Doom, and into the hearts of millions (or at least hundreds).

With his new album firmly tucked under his cape, his sword ready to slice down any wretched, unruly nemeses who oppose him, and his fur wrestling in the harsh wind of the equinox, Thor casts a steely glance down at the withered townspeople, who are eagerly waiting for their rock 'n' roll savior to tell them the truth, unmask the lies, stand up for heavy metal, and hit the road to spread the gospel and unsheathe the metal.

"I just feel, like, with my new CD, you know, it's me. It's heartfelt. The kind of stuff I write, it's Thor's stuff. I haven't changed too much."

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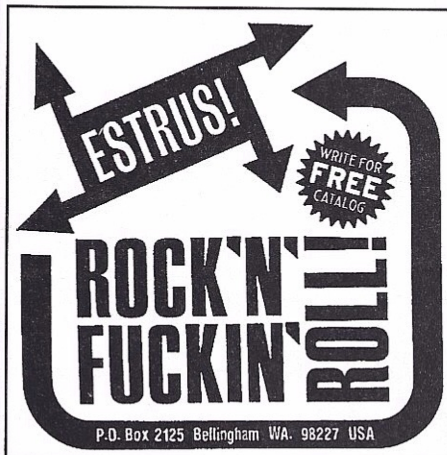

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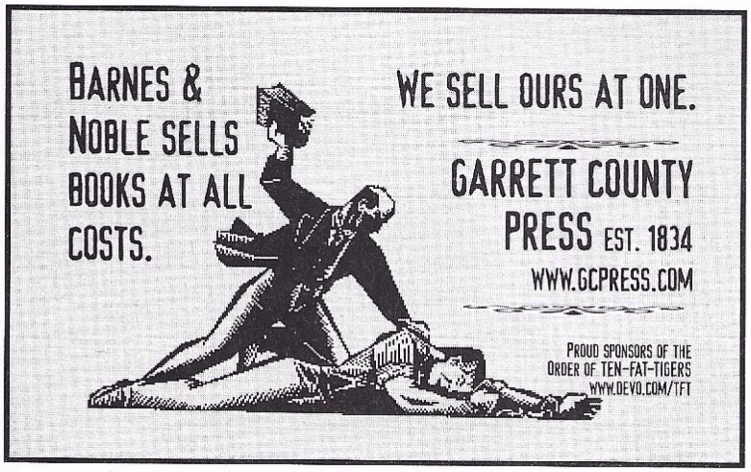

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by Frank Meyer

TEEN BEAT

The Donnas: Four girls, one name, one story

The Fab Four: Donna A, C, R & F

photo: Julie Pavlowski

Joan Jett, Lita Ford, Debbie Harry–what's better than watching sweaty, leather-clad chicks rock out to sleazy, three-chord teen anthems? Get ready kids, because your wildest dreams have come true in the form of a four-piece, punk-rocking, power pop band straight out of Palo Alto called the Donnas. These luscious chicks are just outta high school and taking the world by storm with their new album *American Teenage Rock and Roll Machine*.

Theirs is a frighteningly classic tale: After a couple years slugging it out in local talent shows as the Electrocutes, they hooked up with a Kim Fowley/Malcolm McLaren type who suggested they change their name and image and go for a more Ramonesy thing. They all changed their names to Donna, he wrote all their songs, dressed them up proper, and the Donnas were born. One hard-to-find album later, they dropped the manager, wrote an even better set of fist-pumpers, and recorded their critically-acclaimed sophomore album for Lookout Records.

Today this red-hot foursome is on the path to rock 'n' roll glory, backing their arsenal of anthems with a monster live show. They are the talk of the town, one of the coolest bands around, and really sweet girls to boot. *POPsmear* took the opportunity to have a roundtable chat with the Donnas at the Troubadour in Hollywood right before their triumphant L.A. show. Thrilled to be in the same club that launched the careers of Guns n' Roses and Van Halen among many others, vocalist Donna A, guitarist Donna R, bassist Donna F, and skin-basher Donna C were in good spirits as the conversation unfolded.

Ladies and gentlemen, the fabulous Donnas:

POPsmear: Do you get a lot of creepy guys who just like hanging around girl bands?
ALL DONNAS: Yeah!
DONNA A: There's this guy named Tracy. He goes to every girl band show. His favorite band is Stonefox. He also loves the Spice Girls. Whenever he comes to our shows he stands in the front row and writes these really minuscule notes, and he's like, "I write articles and get them published in South Africa." But I heard none of them get published.
DONNA R: He just picked the most remote place on the planet so that we couldn't check on him.
DONNA A: He has this thing where he turns around when you are playing. He'll be up in front and he'll turn toward the audience, with his back to us while we're playing, with his clipboard in one hand.
DONNA R: Like he's coaxing them to cheer some more or something.
DONNA F: He hits his clipboard on his head. Bang, bang, bang. And he plays air guitar.
DONNA C: He's so crazy. And he always wears a suit and tie.
DONNA A: He sells draperies.
DONNA R: I didn't know that.
DONNA A: That's what he says.

POP: Any other nuts you've run into on the road?
DONNA R: There were some scary Swedes. They were touching our backs and stuff.
DONNA C: The lower back.
DONNA R: When anyone touches my back, it's just the worst thing that they could do in the whole wide world. I swear to God, it's disgusting.
DONNA C: I just wish that they would grab me or something, so that I could at least just have a good excuse to punch them.

> **"Shut up already. It's obvious we're girls. You don't always need to call attention to it."**

POP: That's why the guys do it. It's just subtle enough where you will be too embarrassed to say anything, but annoying enough to drive you nuts.
ALL DONNAS: Eeeeewww!!!!
DONNA R: I hate the lower back. It is really lame, dude.
DONNA C: Those gross guys who called us cheerleaders sucked.
DONNA F: They didn't even know who we were.
DONNA A: There were these two weird Hanks in Florida where we played. They were staying at our hotel. We saw them everywhere. They went out to dinner wherever we went out to dinner. We thought it was just a coincidence, but every time they saw us they would be, "Oh, teeny-bopper cheerleaders. Tits and Ass. Woohoo!" Assholes.

POP: Have you been going to school?
DONNA A: We took absences from college.

POP: Any intention of going back?
DONNA A: No. College sucks.
DONNA F: Fuck it.
DONNA C: Maybe if I got into a car accident or something. If I can't walk, I might want to learn.

POP: Do you ever get bummed by the whole girl rock band thing and 'girl power'?
DONNA R: They always call us 'bratty' and 'sassy' and 'brash' and all these words. Shut up already. It's obvious we're girls. You don't always need to call attention to it. We don't.
DONNA A: I don't think that it matters if you are girls or not. A lot of girl bands don't go as far as they could. They're just like, "I'm a girl in a band and that is good enough. That makes me cooler than a lot of other girls." But, like, it's better if you are just as good as the guys. You just keep pushing.

POP: What do you think about Lilith Fair and the whole singer-songwriter scene?
DONNA A: My mom went to Lilith Fair–that's what I think about that.

POP: This whole female singer/songwriter movement is such a mixed blessing. On the one hand, you have all these females coming out becoming real popular right now, but at the same time, they all suck. None of them are good rock bands.
DONNA A: Yeah. I saw *Guitar* magazine, and it had a bunch of people from Lilith Fair on the front, and it was like 'Women in Rock.' That's not rock.

POP: I keep hearing that the Runaways might to do a reunion. What do you think of that?
DONNA R: It's better than not having one. It's sad, because there are no new bands that are as good as those old bands. It's hard to top them anyway. People my age can at least see it now.
DONNA A: I think any band should play as long as there's a lot of people that want to see them. I was pretty excited when Vince got back in Mötley Crüe.

POP: That album was pretty weak.
DONNA A: I didn't even buy it, but I went to see them and they were good because they played all their old songs. When they did 'Brandon' everyone laughed. That was the funniest thing I've ever seen.
DONNA C: He showed a video on a big screen behind him of Pamela with the baby and a cowboy hat, and all this different footage.

POP: That's like Van Halen touring and showing One Day at a Time on the screen.
DONNA A: Yeah! Vince's hair looked really good. I was trying to grab him.
DONNA C: Before they played they showed all this porno.

POP: Are you gals into porn?
DONNA R: I don't hate it, but I'm not really into it.
DONNA A: I haven't really reached it yet.
DONNA F: I got invited to this lame party where they started playing a porno video, so I left.

POP: That's a hot party move. Nothing impresses a teenage girl more than that.
DONNA A: We're not into porno. But, like, at the same time, I don't know....
DONNA R: Its not like, "Ugh, people are perverts!" It's a non-issue. It's like, it's there. There it is.

For the complete Frank Meyer/Donnas interview transcription, log on to **www.popsmear.com**.

Frank Meyer is *POPsmear's* Circulation Director. For Halloween this year he dressed up as Donna M, much to the dismay of his fiancée, **Kal**.

Check out the **Donnas** official website at www.lookoutrecords.com/donnas.

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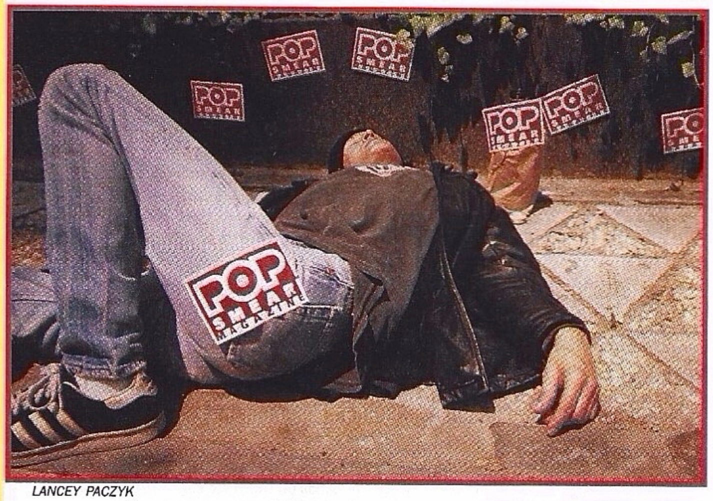

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Name ____________________
(who you?)

Address ____________________
(where da crib's at?)

City ____________________
(what it says on the police cars?)

State __________ **Zip** __________
(who maintains the lockdown?) *(what's them digits on your phone bill?)*

email ____________________
(still buyin' stamps?)

obligatory reviews

Deathtrap Dungeon

(Playstation)

This is your basic Devil worshipping, Dungeons and Dragons type game. You are a warrior (male, or female with a nice ass) in the town of Fang, and it's up to you to work yourself through the mazes and win the game, be rich, and live happily ever after.

These evil trolls, spiders, flameballs, and devil people want to chop your head off, but you kill them first with your big sword. And all along the way you can regain your health points and pick up some magic potions and all that junk.

I only made it to level 2 because it's difficult to find your way around this Fang world (even though they give you the option of drawing chalk marks to remember your spot), and it is also for those of us who have all day to get from one level to the next. The moving blocks reminded me a lot of the moving blocks in Pitfall 3D. Maybe you can find Harry and team up and become dual rulers of Fang.–***Brian Czarnik***

Hissyfits

All Dolled Up

(Mutant Pop)

The Hissyfits
All Dolled Up

Snotty, brash garage rock with a new wave twist is the best way to describe this three-piece NYC trash rock outfit. Take a dash of the Go-Go's, a hint of early B-52's, and a smidgen of '78 Bowery punk á la the Ramones and Blondie, and you've got one hell of a cocktail (emphasis on both *cock* and *tail!*). With wonderful dual lead vocals, snarling guitar crunch, and a simple rhythm attack, the Hissyfits' sound reminds me of everything I loved about the early new wave sound, and all my favorite guilty pleasure bands like Missing Persons and the Cars. But there's no keyboards here, bucko, no way! "Something Wrong" is dark and brooding with tubular riffs and a pulsating beat, while "Decorate" just manages to soothe the listener with sugar-coated melodies before it rattles the brain with a fierce, pounding guitar assault. But the real prize here is the beautiful pop chestnut "In My Dreams," a simple, sweet little love song that wins you over on cuteness level alone.–***Frank Meyer***

In Your Dreams

Director: Shawn Ricks

(Sin City)

★★★★★

A struggling porn actor (Tony Tedischi) fancies a flip to the mainstream and shag-free roles but instead finds himself a jaded and bitter man after being led on and scorned by those powers that be in "real" Hollywood. In this mock neo-realist send up (with jabs at the whole fuckbiz in general), Tedischi learns that his star-fucking wife (statuesque and curvy foul-mouth Temptress) only stuck with him in hopes of vicarious fame: She penalizes him for being a loser by boffing blonde bimbette Malitia into the netherworld with a strapped-on dong while he watches. (A story twist later sees Temptress as his latex blow-up doll.) A forlorn Tedischi then turns to Nubian stripper Dee for comfort, who then drains his ballsack accordingly in a sunlit alleyway.

We also see another porn "actress" (Winona Winter) attempting a crossover to mainstream here; she opens butt-crack for cock belonging to a generic casting couch henchman (Paul Coxx) in futile hopes of career advancement. Later, as Tedischi's luck turns further south, Valentino devours Vanessa's lovely South African honeyed-hiney and jams his jimmied joystick into her welcoming quim.

The message here is simple kids: past the quick jizz-toss, nobody gives a flying hoot about porn or about the self-styled zips who make the shit. Kudos to Shawn Ricks for a prophetic satire on the porn biz.–***Art Rambo***

KISS

Psycho Circus

(Mercury)

Ooof. That's all I can say. Ooof. The new KISS album is such a miss, it not only disappoints, it hurts. It pains the soul to see the once-mighty masters of demon rock wallow in banality on a comeback album that not only doesn't come back, it never goes anywhere! I have no problem with the four original members getting back together to tour the world, pull out all the old stunts, and bask in the riches that are poured onto them. And I have no issue with the new toys and comic books, and various KISS paraphernalia. Hell, I'd be the first in line to see *Phantom of the Park 2* if it ever came out, just like I was 562nd in line to see the Halloween reunion show two years ago. But to hear KISS trudge around a handful of schlocky numbers that barely rock is just plain pitiful. Of course, KISS was always putting out pretty shitty albums throughout their ever-so-long career, especially after Ace left and the Vinnie Vincent invasion began, but this one takes the cake. There's not even one song about booze, dames, or gambling! Suddenly they're preaching some AA garbage ("I Finally Found My Way," "We Are One"). Every song is about being positive and spiritual and becoming one with something. Sure, "Raise Your Glasses" might sound like an ode to the bottle, but a careful listen will find that glasses is just a metaphor for (egads!) LIFE! You might be fooled for a second or two that the basking-in-our-own-glory title "You Wanted the Best (You Got The Best)," and "I Pledge Allegiance" could be a return to splendor, but don't be misled, soldier, this ain't no party and this definitely ain't no disco (even a remake of "I Was Made For Loving You" would be a better move than this). If you're hoping for a return of those classic '70s-style Ace riffs, and the hilarious vocal styling of Paul and Gene, you will be rudely awakened. Only the vocal hook from the title cut, where Paul proudly announces "I say welcome to the show!" packs any of the punch of the old, classic KISS. I'll still crank *Love Gun*. I might even go see 'em in concert again, but there's no way I'm slappin' my hard-earned cash down for this parasite, and neither should you.–***Frank Meyer***

Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones

Eat Shit!

(Burning Tree Records)

If Wendy O. Williams hadn't blown her brains out in a fit of post-punk depression, she'd have a run for her money with L.A.'s own trash queen Texas Terri. She flashes her muff, twists her titties, plays with her bloody tampons, and covers herself in goo—all for the love of rock 'n' roll. With the Stiff Ones bringing up the rear (literally!) with their Stooges meets Lords of the New Church moody swagger, Terri let's it all hang out over 11 power-charged jams. From the dynamite boogie of "Burgers and Fries" to the sledgehammer sludge of "Lifetime Problems," Terri rips L.A. rock a new asshole and licks up the excrement with glee. The excellent choice of the Dictators' classic "Baby Let's Twist" only seals their good taste, which, in turn, only provides further insight into their vast realms of bad taste.–***Frank Meyer***

TEXAS TERRI
& THE STIFF ONES
EAT SHIT

Transsexual University Vol. 1: Cheerleader Edition

Director: Jane Waters

(Devil's Films)

★★★

Volatile stuff, indeed. Strangely, it's fluffy too. *TU* could easily be interpreted as freak show appetizer for gimps and weirdos worldwide and watching it cold could easily dispel hump hangups any good Christian may be fosterin' in their redeemed-through-pain brain-pans.

TU
TRANSSEXUAL UNIVERSITY

Just the sheer downward trajectory of the players here with their strange fem hormone-enhanced voices, bouncy semi-breasty thingies and exaggerated cake makeup color schemes coupled with whiney manliness and bitchy womanhood is entertaining enough. One would think, anyway. But then there's the sexual bit which owes more to a twisted Berlin burlesque than a show about all-American cheerleaders who happen to dangle pee-pees when peeing and cumming. It's a wince watch alright, though one such lovely (Brittany Cox) transcended sexual borders, and I'll be damned if certain strictly-hetero viewers wouldn't be taken by her. Ha! And that, dear readers, is precisely the point.–***Art Rambo***

Windigo

Windigo

(NMG/Pavement)

Just when you thought that heavy metal/rockist rock had raised the white flag, gotten fat and gone home for cottage cheese, here it is; a monstrous, musclebound, fuckin'-and-fightin', hooved animal-devourin' brute of a record. No suburban snot-nosed soft shoe here kids, just the sweaty real deal.

Second song up, "Holy," maxes the bands heady groove/sludge combo with a tongue-in-cheek pro-weed stance which could have even anti-drug zealots cackling: "I'll smoke my green god till my lungs give out." "The Ballad of Reichen Overgraanden" smells of bored teenage spirit in the suburbs, while snips of wordy non-sequiturs make it a fun-ass listen: ""Engage in conversation/Intellectual stimulation...Riders on the storm/always leave the body warm." Oh saint Morrison, lest you ever come home!

Aside from "Dominant Red," Windigo's first-ever release is surprisingly slim of plodders—a problem common to most in the down-tuning set. And ex-Axl tolerator and current rock 'n' roll torch-carrier Gilby Clarke produced the thing, so the mix comes armed with plenty of left hooks. Therefore, skip the dirge of second-rate trad rock bands whose careers are launched and forgotten on soundtracks of Hollywood no-hopers and get this anti-Christ slab of a platter. Your parents will hate it, and probably your girlfriend, too. Good thing.–***Brian Smith***

WWF Warzone

(Playstation)

Well, a while back I stated that the WCW game was the best wrestling game ever, blah blah blah.... BUT—and a big old BUT at that—I just got my hands on the WWF's answer: Warzone. So now (at least until I get the chance to play the bloody import games), THIS is the best wrestling game ever blah blah blah, etc....

The Warzone graphics from the weekly cable show start the introduction to the game in nice fashion. From there the game is full of exciting options and varieties. The best is the weapons match in which you can hit your opponent with a color tv or a camcorder. And in any kind of match you can always bring the action out onto the floor to further damage your enemy.

WWF
WAR ZONE

The moves list reads like most other games, but the combinations you can come up with are very cool indeed. As far as the wrestlers go—Stone Cold, Undertaker, Kane, Rocky—they're all here, plus you can even design your own wrestler. I made up "Fuckface," a 500-pound monster. We made it all the way to the Championship with plenty of cans of whip-ass to spare.–***Brian Czarnik***

POP 10

Jonathan Richman
RADIO ON:
STOP AND SHOP
WITH THE MODERN LOVERS

Bob Mould
The Last Dog and Pony Show (Rykodisc)

Galactic
Crazyhorse Mongoose (Capricorn)

Hole
Celebrity Skin (Geffen)

Johnny Cash/Willie Nelson
VH1 Storytellers (American)

Jonathan Richman
Radio On! (Recall 2cd)

Marshall Crenshaw
The 9 Volt Years (Razor & Tie)

Monster Magnet
Powertrip (A&M)

Social Distortion
Live at the Roxy (Time Bomb)

Soul Coughing
El Oso (Slash/Warner Bros.)

Stereophonic Space Sound Unlimited
The Fluid Soundbox (Mai Tai)

Swirlies
Strictly East Coast Sneaky Flute Music (Taang!)

Ticklah
Polydemic (Razorfish)

Van Morrison
The Philosopher's Stone (Polydor)

Wicked City
soundtrack (Gypsy/Vevel)

Got something you'd like to see reviewed in *POPsmear*? Send it to POPsmear REViews, 50 W 23rd St, 6th fl, NYC 10010. PLEASE DO NOT CALL US ASKING IF WE ARE GOING TO REVIEW YOUR STUFF! Email us at reviews@popsmear.com. You're much more likely to get a response.
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what are you waiting for?

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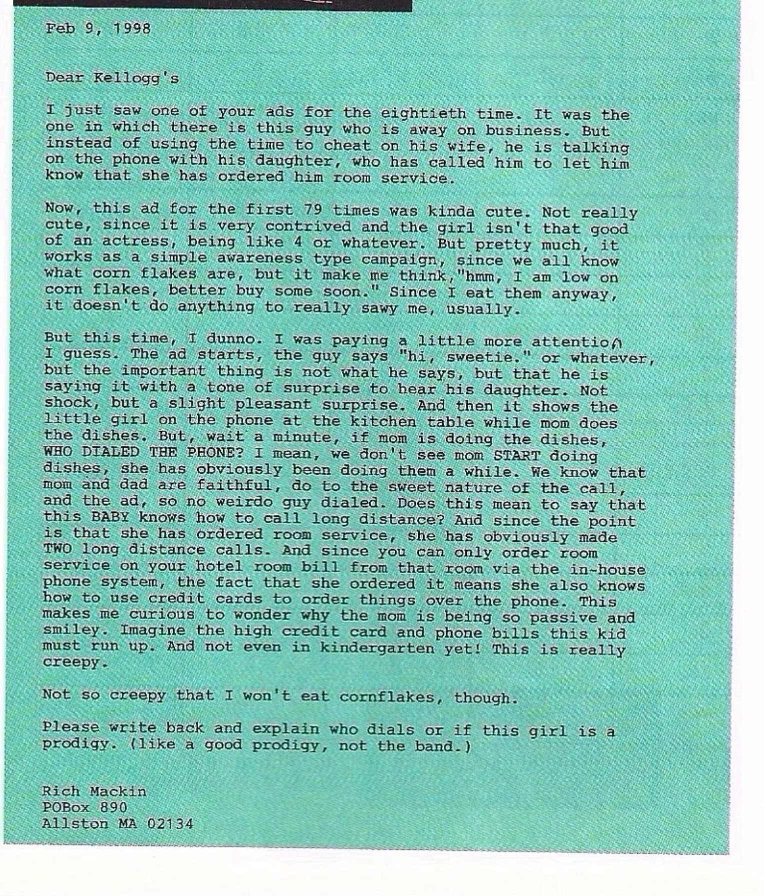
REVEREND J. MACKIN'S LETTERS



Feb 9, 1998

Dear Kellogg's

I just saw one of your ads for the eightieth time. It was the one in which there is this guy who is away on business. But instead of using the time to cheat on his wife, he is talking on the phone with his daughter, who has called him to let him know that she has ordered him room service.

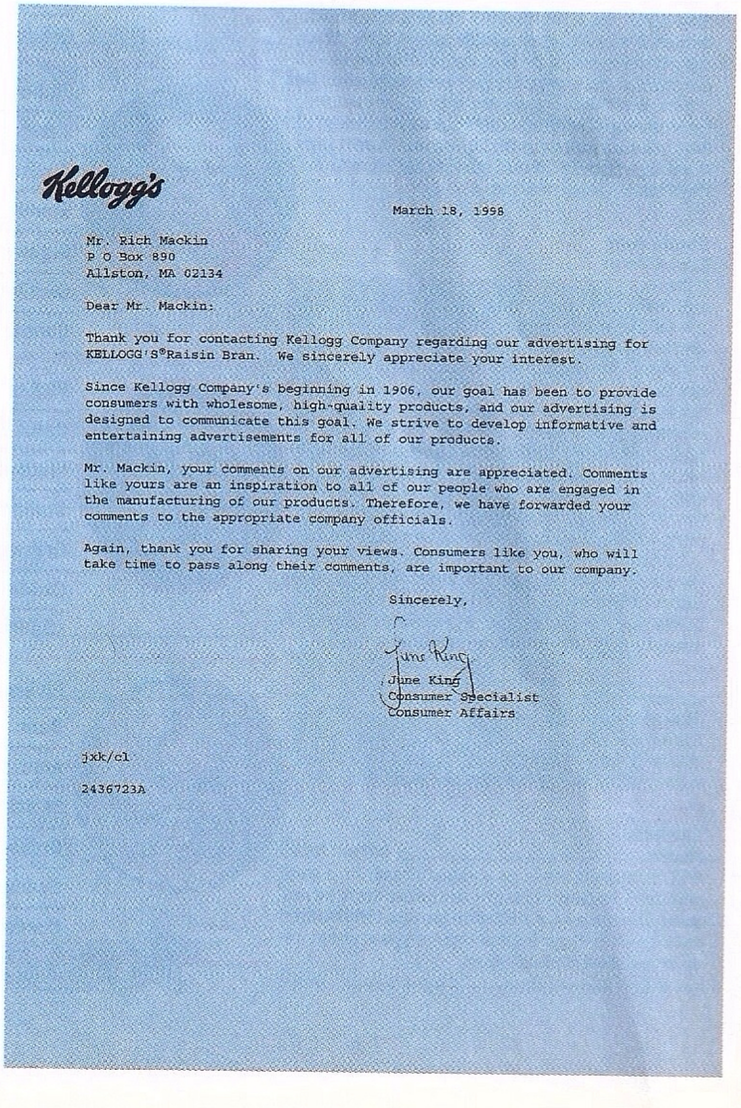
Now, this ad for the first 79 times was kinda cute. Not really cute, since it is very contrived and the girl isn't that good of an actress, being like 4 or whatever. But pretty much, it works as a simple awareness type campaign, since we all know what corn flakes are, but it make me think,"hmm, I am low on corn flakes, better buy some soon." Since I eat them anyway, it doesn't do anything to really sawy me, usually.

But this time, I dunno. I was paying a little more attention I guess. The ad starts, the guy says "hi, sweetie." or whatever, but the important thing is not what he says, but that he is saying it with a tone of surprise to hear his daughter. Not shock, but a slight pleasant surprise. And then it shows the little girl on the phone at the kitchen table while mom does the dishes. But, wait a minute, if mom is doing the dishes, WHO DIALED THE PHONE? I mean, we don't see mom START doing dishes, she has obviously been doing them a while. We know that mom and dad are faithful, do to the sweet nature of the call, and the ad, so no weirdo guy dialed. Does this mean to say that this BABY knows how to call long distance? And since the point is that she has ordered room service, she has obviously made TWO long distance calls. And since you can only order room service on your hotel room bill from that room via the in-house phone system, the fact that she ordered it means she also knows how to use credit cards to order things over the phone. This makes me curious to wonder why the mom is being so passive and smiley. Imagine the high credit card and phone bills this kid must run up. And not even in kindergarten yet! This is really creepy.

Not so creepy that I won't eat cornflakes, though.

Please write back and explain who dials or if this girl is a prodigy. (like a good prodigy, not the band.)

Rich Mackin
POBox 890
Allston MA 02134



Kellogg's

March 18, 1998

Mr. Rich Mackin
P O Box 890
Allston, MA 02134

Dear Mr. Mackin:

Thank you for contacting Kellogg Company regarding our advertising for KELLOGG'S®Raisin Bran. We sincerely appreciate your interest.

Since Kellogg Company's beginning in 1906, our goal has been to provide consumers with wholesome, high-quality products, and our advertising is designed to communicate this goal. We strive to develop informative and entertaining advertisements for all of our products.

Mr. Mackin, your comments on our advertising are appreciated. Comments like yours are an inspiration to all of our people who are engaged in the manufacturing of our products. Therefore, we have forwarded your comments to the appropriate company officials.

Again, thank you for sharing your views. Consumers like you, who will take time to pass along their comments, are important to our company.

Sincerely,

June King

June King
Consumer Specialist
Consumer Affairs

jxk/cl

2436723A

Obligatory Sex CD Reviews

'Tis the season to be sexy, fa-la-la-la. Ok, so it doesn't go quite like that, but why not? People have sex at Christmastime, don't they? To celebrate appropriately, we picked out some sexy CDs (well, we thought they might be) and some girls with sexy jobs to review them. All of the CDs are rated on a scale of 1-11, and if we have to explain the chart, then you should be asking Santa for something more important than toys.

Alison Raleigh—College Marketing at *Playboy*
Beth Gondek—actress and girlfriend of the Editor
Claire Cavanah—owner of Toys in Babeland (www.babeland.com)
Rose—our favorite bartender of at our favorite "S"topless club—Billy's
Shane—creator of Shane's World, the greatest porn line out today (888.742.6300)

Lolita

soundtrack
(Rhino Records)

The dialogue will break the mood just enough so the condom doesn't have to. Unfortunately, it continues to distract throughout the CD. The movie tie-in can make a good pickup, especially if the girl is 14.—**Alison Raleigh**

Sex-O-Rama 2

various artists
(Oglio)

A little shy? Not sure how to make the first move? Well, thank your lucky stars, kids, this is the answer to all your woes. *Sex-O-Rama 2* definitely gets the point across good and clean. With titles like "Pearl Necklace," "Love Muscle" and "The Money Shot," even the geekiest of us is sure to score.

Nothing romantic about it. It's hot, wet, and "What's your name again?" sex. At first I thought it was going to be redundant, because let's face it, porno soundtracks are usually cheesy and you end up putting the tv on mute and sticking on your own choice of music; but the longer I listened, the more I liked it. It inspired all kinds of nasty little fantasies and I pictured myself working 42nd Street being pimped-out by Huggy Bear.... So when you pick up this CD, and you will, don't forget to pick up a black light and an economy box of condoms. They'll come in handy, trust me.—**Beth Gondek**

Double Dong

Double Dong
(Lunch Records)

In the sex toy world, double dongs have a bad reputation for good reason. The industry has yet to come up with a double that delivers on its promise. This band has a lot in common with their namesake sex toy. Double Dong's music is cheap and cheesy, like the typical double dong. Little tricks that are cute for a minute or two—like the (incessant) whitewashed human beat box sound—wear out fast, leaving you wanting something more substantial. Lyrics like "the world is a palace/I give you my phallus" show that little thought went into this record beyond thinking up dumb jokes. That's what I imagine the people on the manufacturing end of the mainstream sex toy industry are doing—putting all their energy into creating a better little wind-up hopping penis.

Double dongs are for the most part novelties. You may use one once, but after that it is certain to wind up gathering dust at the bottom of your toy chest. The same goes for Double Dong, the CD. One quick listen and you'll move on to something more pleasing.—**Claire Cavanah**

Strip Tease Classics

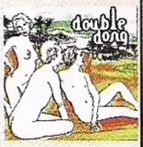
various artists
(Rhino Records)

This is pretty good. It's more classic, though. I'll dance to it, because I'll dance to anything, but if the girls in the club had to listen to it all day they'd probably kill themselves.—**Rose**

Orgy

Candyass
(Reprise)

Well, considering this is my husband's band, I'm a little prejudiced. However, I think they kick serious ass. It's a new sound of music, a lot of stuff mixed together, that's why they call themselves "Orgy." It's total high energy and pumps me up for just about anything!—**Shane**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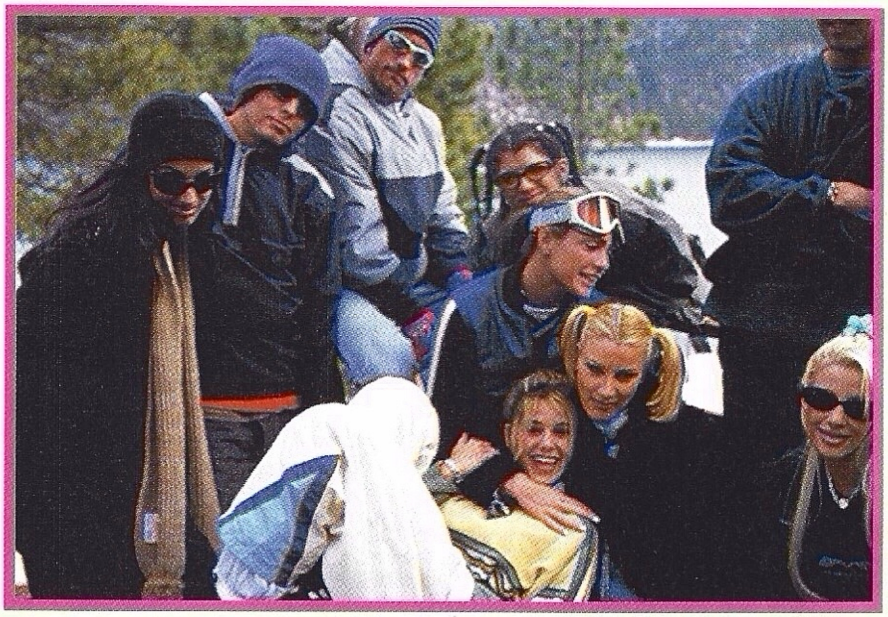
	Date:	9	7	1	5	6
	Arousal:	5	9	1	11	8
	Stamina:	4	10	2	9	10
	Orgasm:	5	6	1	8	9
	Cuddle:	10	5	1	4	7
	Condom:	yes	yes	no	no	yes
	Pick-up:	1	10	8	6	11
	Date:	0	10	8	5	11
	Arousal:	1	10	9	7	11
	Stamina:	10	10	8	8	11
	Orgasm:	5	10	10	10	11
	Cuddle:	10	10	0	10	0
	Condom:	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	Pick-up:	7	5	0	5	3
	Date:	8	5	0	10	3
	Arousal:	8	4	0	10	3
	Stamina:	9	2	2	10	3
	Orgasm:	9	2	0	10	3
	Cuddle:	9	0	0	8	3
	Condom:	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	Pick-up:	5	1	3	1	8
	Date:	6	4	4	3	7
	Arousal:	2	11	11	11	6
	Stamina:	3	3	10	2	2
	Orgasm:	11	8	8	8	11
	Cuddle:	4	9	7	6	5
	Condom:	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
	Pick-up:	3	1	1	11	11
	Date:	3	1	1	10	11
	Arousal:	3	1	5	10	11
	Stamina:	3	4	8	6	11
	Orgasm:	3	0	0	7	11
	Cuddle:	11	1	1	1	5
	Condom:	yes	yes	yes	yes	For me—no. For you—yes. Please, it's my husband!

Shane On You

Spend the day on a porn set!



Ever wondered what it would be like to be on the set of a porn flick? Here's your chance to find out — firsthand.

First, you need to send us a videotape of yourself—saying or doing whatever you want, and, no, you don't have to be naked. Shane will select some of her favorite entries and stick them on an upcoming Shane's World video. Then she'll pick one grand prize winner, who will be flown to Los Angeles, fully outfitted in Porn Star clothing, put up at the hotel of our choice and spending the day on the set of Shane's World. So get those video cameras rolling!

Fill out this form and send it, along with your video entry, to:

Shane's World Contest
POPsmear Magazine
50 W 23rd St 6th fl
New York NY 10010

Name ____________________

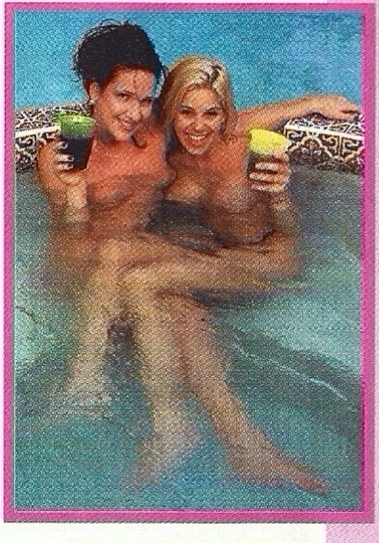
Address ____________________

City ____________ **State** ______ **Zip Code** ________

Phone # ____________ **DOB** ____________

First 50 entrants will receive a consolation prize!

Rules: Must be 21 to enter. All entries must be received by December 15, 1998. Flight and accommodations are for one. (It's a porn set, this is not somewhere you bring your mother or your boyfriend!) Employees of *POPsmear* and their relatives, subsidiaries, affiliates and agencies are not eligible. All entries, copyrights and other rights related thereto become the property of POPsmear Publications, Inc. Entrants agree to use name and/or likeness in publicity without additional compensation, where permitted and consent to investigation of eligibility. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted and subject to all federal, state and local laws. Winner is based solely on the selection by Shane's World and *POPsmear*.



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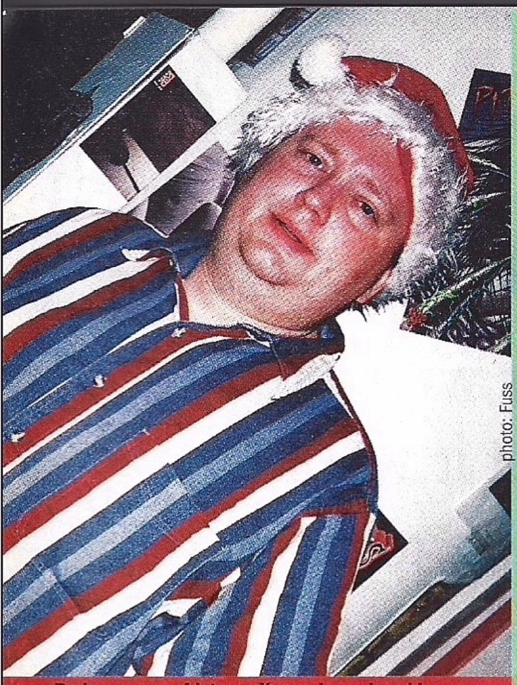


photo: Fuss

Parker, a man of intense Xmas cheer, dons his bulletproof Santa hat.

Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Jingle Bell Schlock

POPsmear goes Xmas (so you don't have to)

Ok, let's get this straight right off the bat: Christmas, and its damn music, generally sucks. There. I said it, and I mean it. These feelings make me the obvious choice to do *POPsmear*'s Xmas CD reviews.

We all know there are only a mere handful of decent Christmas tunes anyway (Fear's "Fuck Christmas," King Diamond's "No Presents for Christmas," anything by Burl Ives, etc.), but record companies just keep on pumping out the holiday music, year after year. Who the hell buys this crap? Mom's had the same two Christmas LPs since the '60s, so she ain't buying. I have a life, so it ain't me. That leaves you, and apparently you need some guidance.

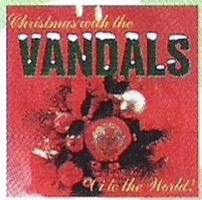
If these four albums are any indication of the other Christmas music available this year, I say we should all take a page from our old friend Yogi Bear and hibernate. Avoid the whole damn thing. That's right, no stockings, no fruitcake, no goose, and no eggnog (and just who the hell invented that crap, eh?). So what? So you don't spend two weeks buying a bunch of people you never see a bunch of gifts they don't want, and you don't spend the next two weeks exchanging the garbage you got for something you might be able to use someday. Seems to me that the "No Christmas" idea is the way to go. It's the simple way to pass the winter, without the supposedly festive music. Don't tell that to my mom, however, and don't tell it to the "artists" who recorded these gems:

by Parker

The Vandals

Christmas with the Vandals: Oi to the World!

(Kung Fu Records)

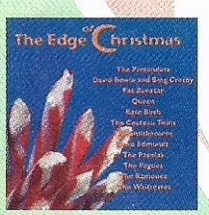


Luckily, my day of yuletide tunes started with a bang, relatively speaking. This album is highly entertaining, as is most of the Vandals' library. I was happy from the get-go, right when I saw that they cover the Yobs' "C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S." (If you don't know it, check the import bins—for now, this will have to hold ya: "'R' is for your rectum which I fucked with my dick/Christmas comes once a year and it makes me sick!") A great cover of a brilliant song by a far-too-overlooked band, and it really gives the whole album a shot of cool. This isn't exactly your Mannheim Steamroller *Christmas* CD, thank god, and at least their sentiment is right. Songs such as "Christmastime for My Penis," "My First Christmas (As a Woman)," and "Hang Myself From the Tree" should keep your drunken belly-bloating party rockin'. Point the speakers out the window, crank it up, and drown out those damn carolers with good ol' American punk. On a scale of one to 10, the Vandals get an eight.

The Edge of Christmas

various artists

(Oglio Records)



I've lived in a lot of different places in these great United States, and everywhere I settled in had two things in common: I couldn't get laid, and there was a crappy "alternative" radio station called The Edge. You know, one of those anti-mainstream stations that play the same five Pearl Jam songs all day and night. One look at this CD, and it was like being back in the middle of the godforsaken '80s with one hell of a hangover. The artist listing reads like a who's who of the "Where Are They Now?" files: the Waitresses (remember "Square Pegs"?), the Smithereens, Kate Bush, and Dave Edmunds? Please! Why on earth would anyone pick this up, let alone listen to it? Queen does "Thank God it's Christmas"—even with their poopy-poker lead singer dead and gone these losers won't leave us alone. The Cocteau Twins doing "Winter Wonderland"? Yeah, it's a very gothic Christmas. Wipe the white makeup off your pasty face and cheer the fuck up. There are a couple of bright spots: the Pogues' "Fairytale of New York" is always nice to hear, but go buy *If I Should Fall From Grace with God*, it's well worth it. I'm a big softy for Bing Crosby, and his duet with David Bowie ("Little Drummer Boy") is pretty good, even though I have the CD-ROM version that came out a few years back. One last note: if Joey Ramone *really* needed a rent check bad enough to put a song on here ["Merry Christmas (I Don't Want To Fight Tonight)"], he should have just asked. Hell, I would've kicked in a few bucks.

The Coolest Christmas

various artists

(Oglio Records)

The Coolest Christmas

Well, well, what do we have here? Yet another compilation CD of bands I don't care about doing songs I can't stand. What a surprise. This one is a vast improvement over *The Edge*, but that ain't exactly a shining endorsement. I guess the folks at Oglio wanted to use up their seasonal rights to the Bing & Bowie "Little Drummer Boy" in one fell swoop, because it's on this CD as well. There's also another Cocteau Twins song, "Frosty the Snowman." Poor Burl Ives must be rolling over in his silver and gold coffin. Then there's the Alarm doing "Merry Christmas (War is Over)." It sucked when a then-breathing John Lennon wrote it, it sucks now. And it just gets better: Clancy Brothers, the Beach Boys, the Temptations, and Roy Orbison? Who puts these CDs together? And who told Eartha Kitt she could sing ("Santa Baby")? As usual, I can find something redeeming: Dean Martin's "Let it Snow!" is classic, especially if you're half as drunk listening to it as he was when he recorded it. Unfortunately, Dino's song is followed by "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" by Elmo and Patsy. Must I go on?

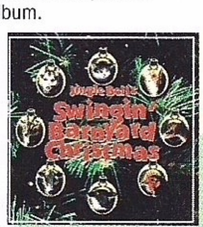
Wipe the white makeup off your pasty face and cheer the fuck up.

Jingle Bells: Swingin' Barnyard Christmas

various animals

(Oglio Records)

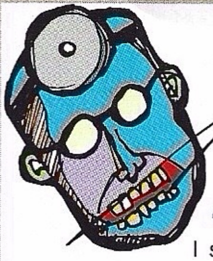
I saved the best for last. Novelty records, I suppose, do have some place in our world. Ray Stevens' "The Streak" was a fucking classic, after all. Shel Silverstein's "Freakin' at the Freaker's Ball" should be in every collection. And Elvis did a whole record of twisted children's songs, "Elvis Sings for Children—and Grown-Ups, Too!" But why do we need novelty holiday music? Every year you hear some "new" dogs-barking-to-the-tune-of "Silent Night" or some bullshit. And people must buy it, or I wouldn't have had to sit through this piece of shit album.



This is a CD of "Jingle Bells" as interpreted by: chickens, dogs, cats, ducks, horses, pigs, frogs, monkeys, cows, turkeys, and sheep. Or perhaps I should say, by some lonely loser with a synthesizer and a bestiality problem. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but why record 'em? I have no problem with a guy fucking a sheep; I do have a problem with a guy making supposed "sheep" bleat out Christmas music. That, my friends, is sick.

If you know anyone who has purchased this CD, do us all a favor: kill them. ⊙

Parker is a NYC-based author and part-time blockhead with the Coney Island Circus Sideshow. His second book, *Poetry for Self-Immolation*, is available at better bookstores everywhere or directly from the author. Email Parky at dsp@noah.vidmon.com or drop him a line at POB 20615, NYC 10009.



Dr Cynic's Monthly Moan

The Triumph of Mediocrity

Where rudeness is the key to friendlessness

"This band is dog shit," I said to the Trauma Records promotion woman who was hosting the radio and retail dog and pony show to promote a duo of crap Trauma bands. "You can't be diggin' this shit?"

"Yeah, I do. I think they're awesome," she said of the dire trio on stage, her head bouncing up and down like a mechanical dog in the rear window of an elderly couple's Buick. Her hair was done up like a Roman Candle, she was slender-hipped and anatomically ace. "In fact, we just signed these guys, aren't they great?"

The woman from Trauma is damn good at her job, and her insincerity was as contagious as a yawn, so I nodded back in agreement to her question knowing full well it was rhetorical. Being drunk, of course I wanted to sleep with her; but, sadly, she reeked unendurably of the Record Biz, a scent worse than messy anal sex. "Feel free to help yourself at the bar, it's on Trauma," she said as if it were some graceful way to say, "Fuck off, get lost."

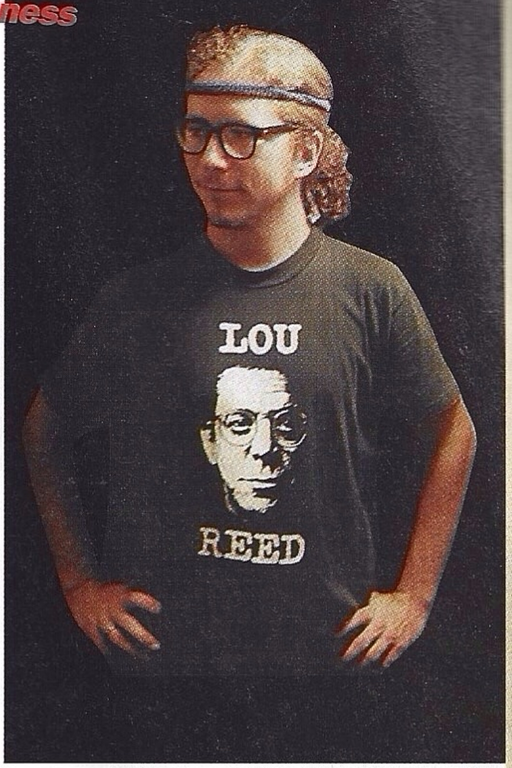
We were standing in the VIP section on the club's upper level. The area included a bar, some stools, an exit which led to a patio, and unremarkable wood-grain walls. Blathering local DJs and radio promo lackeys stood around mouthing loads of hypocritical mutual love, nearly tripping over each other to self-congratulate. A bloated and well-known concert promoter was holding court at one end of the bar, no doubt yakking about important Music Biz stuff, his cholesterol jowls bounced in time with his windbagging, his snobbishness matched only by his girth. Lowly record store clerks, obviously grateful to be comped into the show and rub elbows with real Music Biz persons, stood in the shadows, gawking and mouth breathing. A few hack journalists with blank stares wandered to and from the bar.

The dull drone from the stage below belonged to Trauma's latest hit-makers called Janus Stark. Their sound was bland, monotonous and boring as a headache. Janus Stark's labelmates the Flys came up later and revealed themselves to be a legal narcotic as well. Somebody should have issued pillows at the door.

I made it to the bar, ordered, got my drink and returned. The woman from Trauma was still there. I started in, "How can a label get away with signing this tripe? They invest tons of cash, then bend over to take an ass-pounding from radio, retail and press, only to find no one cares, especially about bands like Janus Stark and the Flys. Signing these two-bit, third-rate knock-offs of something marginally inspiring in the first place just perpetuates mediocrity. It says, 'It's ok to be average, lifeless and ordinary.'

"Now the Record Biz thrives not as a cause of change, but as a result of our changing society," I continued, unable to stop myself. "It started out as an exact opposite. It's commerce over art, strip malls on every corner, the milieu of the defeated. Now when a new record comes out it is nothing more than images flashing like a collection of roadside billboards. You blink and it is gone, as inconsequential as a porno movie."

The Trauma woman looked up from the tail end of Janus Stark's set and leaned her head toward me. All she could do was smirk. She was beautiful and I insulted her, it was as if she really did believe in the ugly mechanics of it all.



"Wait 'til you see the Flys, they're fantastic," she said like a true Music Biz pro. She turned and found conversation with a bubbly blonde girl with an annoying laugh and eager face. The blonde was just about to graduate from college with a major in Music Biz. "I can't wait to get to LA and jump right into the thick of it," the girl said. "I just can't wait."

Great.

Traditionally, a Primus song tastes like typing paper, or worse, communion, and it always avoids the sing-along, as if to say choruses are for wussies.

UB40

Labour Of Love III

(Virgin)

UB40
Labour Of Love

A bunch of limey millionaires called UB40 return with a record which, in a just world, would see these gents in long unemployment lines jumpy with the stinging pangs of poverty. Really, there are no excuses for tepid platters such as this unless you are Brian Wilson, in which case you are excused for: a) *Pet Sounds*; and, b) doing more stroke-inducing blow than Aerosmith and the collective cast and crew of Miami Vice—*combined.*

On *Labour Of Love III*, a skanked version of Neil Diamond's "Holly Holy" is here, which just adds to the irony: If Diamond's "Red Red Wine" could turn grapes to wine for UB40 more than a decade ago, then why not again? (Funny how it took a cover song by a Brooklyn-born Jewish pop songwriter for a bunch of English working class kids with impoverished Caribbean under-class envy to break UB40 in this country.)

Real dub and reggae comes armored with a true sense of itself and hits one behind the ribs, just like anything worthwhile. This record comes with all the same whistles and bells found on any suitably watered-down adult contemporary record now shifting units at your local Tower and getting spins at radio where cash is the kick.

File under Songs for Grandma.

PRIMUS

Rhinoplasty

(Interscope)

Never could swing with Primus' nerdy tableau and the songs themselves always had us runnin' for the true geeks of rock 'n' roll like Gary Glitter or Rick Nielson for definition and deliverance. Traditionally, a Primus song tastes like typing paper, or worse, communion, and it always avoids the sing-along, as if to say choruses are for wussies. Perhaps Primus can't write choruses? Maybe the simple refrain is too complex? We mean, they are songs, right?

Well, that thinkin' is moot anyway, 'cause this record is mainly all cover songs (by people they adore and respect, even!), save for a couple of bonus tracks ("Tommy the Cat" and "Bob's Party Time Lounge," both recorded live New Year's Eve '97/'98). Hence, a more morose slab of turgid turds could not have ever been concocted even if Pablo Cruise, Head East and Jani Lane all pitched in for hot dogs and Coke.

Some of the reconstructed chestnuts on *Rhinoplasty* include: XTC's lamest sub-five minutes ("Scissor Man"), Metallica?!? ("The Thing that Should not Be," with guest vocals by Mark Osegueda of Death Angel fame), Stanley Clarke ("Silly Putty") and Peter Gabriel ("The Family and the Fishing Net").

Normally, one would think this list to be a bitchin' ass set of songs to mock and what-not, 'specially coming from such an informed and self-mocking stance as Primus, right?

Nah. ◎

Dr. Cynic lives unhappily in Wickenburg, Ariz. You can email him at drcynic@popsmear.com. If he doesn't get back to you it's probably just because his phone has been disconnected again. Don't take it personally. Or do, we don't care.

Swimming Mainstream

A porn director swings into Hollywood

by Brian Smith

photos: Steve Dewall

In a scene from *Models*, Nancy Vee is perched on a toilet seat with a toilet brush inserted, handle first, into her vagina. The idea that the porn star is working something up inside of herself is nothing special; it happens daily on porn shoots and in bedrooms everywhere. But the idea that she is sitting atop a toilet, using a toilet brush instead of, say, a vibrator says something else entirely. It suggests something forbidden, dirty. The toilet is sacred, where human beings unload their toxic waste in a private, almost spiritual ritual. The bathroom setting is also a perfect device for which director/writer Kris Kramski uses to disturb, perhaps even provoke the viewer while enticing them with highly-charged eroticism and raunch.

> "[America is] beyond belief.
> Everything is regulated, everything is illegal, there is a law for everything."

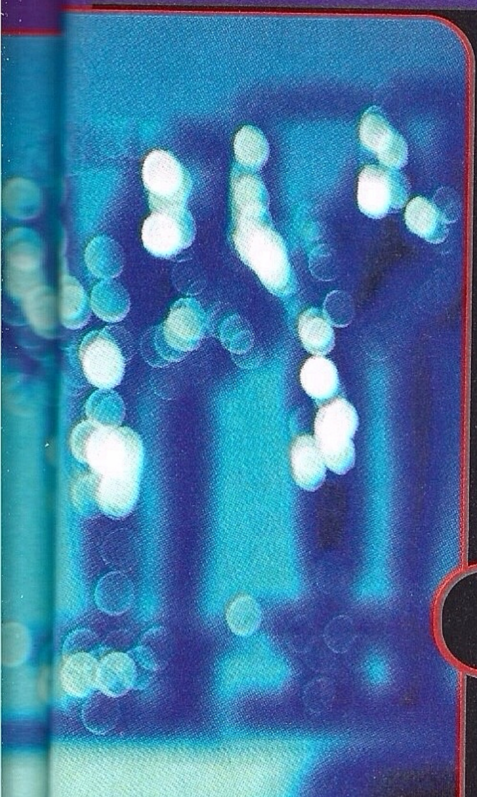
The porn star then lifts her legs higher andgrabs a toilet plunger and starts pushing the long wooden handle into her sphincter. She goes slowly, but not as slowly as one would hope. She removes the toilet brush from her vagina and tosses it aside. She keeps working the dry, rounded lumber into her rear. We question: how far can this go?

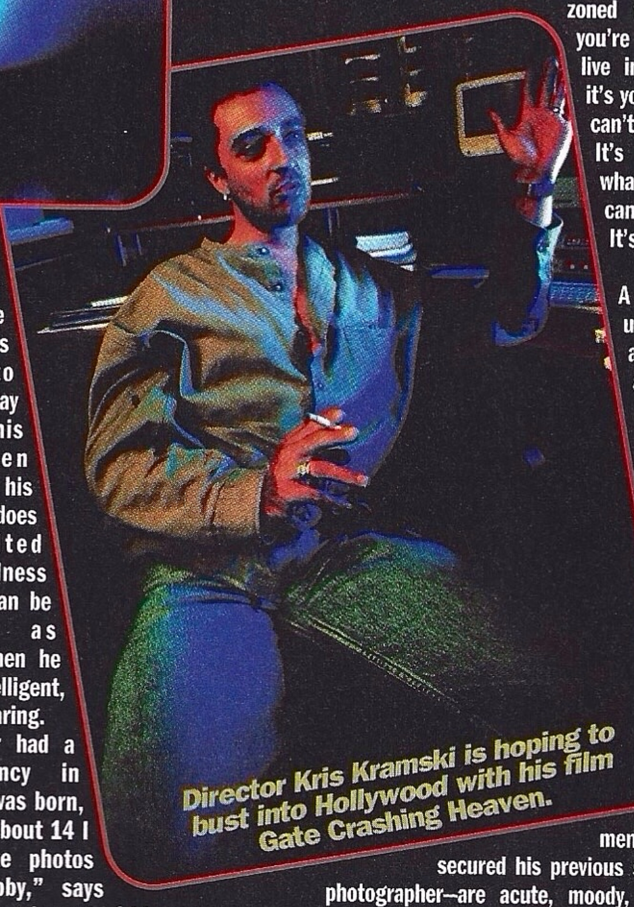
First, six inches disappear; then 10, and our cringing kicks in. The plunger is now, certainly, intestine entangled and pushing deeper. Another couple of inches later and we can no longer watch, we can only peek through eye-covering fingers; the aptly named plunger has realized its full 18 inches into the human netherworld. Incredibly, the actress then sits fully upright until she is on top of the rubber portion of the plunger, and fucks the splintery pole until she mocks (we assume) orgasm. Next, she slides the lengthy plunger from her rectum, intestines and abdomen. She puts it in her mouth, sucks a while, then gets up and pukes into the toilet.

Is it art or sideshow porn attraction?

This is an extreme example of how Kris Kramski has the viewers questioning themselves by challenging morals and ethics and their own sense of sexual decency. The film itself is a neo-realist look behind the scenes of high fashion photography, but here it takes a turn as ultra-provocative erotica; something, perhaps, one might expect from a modern-day Polanski.

"Basically, I have two audiences. I have audiences of people I very much respect, which are people who embrace pornography as any other form of expression," says Kramski, 33, through a thick French accent and a cloud of chain-smoked Kents. "Like those who embrace poetry as a form of expression, and journalism as a form of expression, they embrace pornography as another form of expression. These are people interested in what I do because what I do is very rich, not for porn standards, but for any form of expressive standards, whether musically or artistically. They are legitimate works of art. My movies are actually much better than a lot of Hollywood movies."





Director Kris Kramski is hoping to bust into Hollywood with his film Gate Crashing Heaven.

Kris Kramski is a filmmaker who uses the porn industry as a means to survive, as a way to support his family. When asked to tell his story, Kramski does so in a jilted straightforwardness that, at first, can be interpreted as arrogance. When he speaks he is intelligent, direct and unsparing.

"My mother had a modeling agency in Milan before I was born, so when I was about 14 I started to take photos just as a hobby," says Kramski, who spent most of his childhood in France. "Later I moved to England and was playing in bands and making money doing pictures for fashion catalogs and stuff, and I wound up shooting for British *Penthouse*. I came over here in the early '90s, and I married five years ago."

The Kramski family (he and his wife have two children) is strangely American Dreamy, seemingly happy and California sun-bleached. They live in a two story, early-'50s California hillside bungalow-style house on Mt. Washington in Los Angeles. The interior is an airy mix of simple and contemporary furnishings on floors which alternate between Chinese slate tiles and refinished hardwood. Like the man himself, his home suggests a sense of style that borders on vanity; everything makes sense and is placed with aesthetic intent, gracefully devised yet utilitarian.

His comfortable home setting belies the straight facts he learned upon moving to his new homeland. "When you live in America and you were born here and people tell you, 'Ah, the land of the fortunate, a free country,' and so on, you really believe it," Kramski says. "When you come from Europe you realize how bloody fucking fictitious it is. It's beyond belief. Everything is regulated, everything is illegal, there is a law for everything. Like when you buy yourself a building and it's zoned for commercial, you're not allowed to live in it. But, fuck, it's your building, why can't you live in it? It's like 'I own it, what do you mean I can't sleep in it? It's mine.'"

> ***"[My movies] are legitimate works of art. My movies are actually much better than a lot of Hollywood movies."***

A Kramski film is unmistakable and easy to spot among the porn milieu of gonzo and cheap story- driven shows. His films are shot on 35mm, not video, and Kramski's attention to detail, lighting, and object placement—things which secured his previous successes as a photographer—are acute, moody, and at times haunting. Four full-length and scripted features Kramski shot for Sin City rank among his best for both filmmaking tendencies and sexual tension: *Models*, *Klimaxx*, *An American Girl in Paris* and *Lisa*. (The latter took Best American Film Director and Best American Film at the prestigious Hot D' Or in Cannes earlier this year.)

"What I do is create movies that have more of a story to it, or a look to it," Kramski explains. "It legitimizes the genre so those people can have a Kris Kramski movie and they can leave it on their shelves along with some mainstream movies from Hollywood. This is why my movies sell, because it is ok for people to own my movies, they don't have to be ashamed. But if you've got a gonzo with a girl taking three dicks up her ass and swallowing cum and so on, all you can do with that is hide it under your bed.

"And [porn] it's a very perishable commodity. People are gonna buy a magazine and they're gonna whack off and they're gonna throw it out or they're gonna hide it. Same thing with porno movies. And the big problem with it, especially in America, is that it's not legitimized, meaning that you cannot be anyone in America and have porno movies in your home. It won't fly."

Currently, Sin City just approved partial financing for Kramski's first foray into the mainstream, a film Kramski wrote and will direct entitled *Gate Crashing Heaven*, a contemporary Frankesteinian take involving the buying and selling of women brought back from the dead, who in the end are redeemed through rebirth. Both Kramski and Sin City are hoping to land additional outside financing, as the feature is costly by porn standards.

"I am probably the only porn director in the world who has the vision and the knowledge to do this [a full-length mainstream film], I don't think there is anybody else," Kramski said of the sex-less project, which will be submitted to the Cannes Film Festival.

"We believe in Kris," Sin City publicist Lysa Stone said when asked why her company backs Kramski's ideas. "He has a vision, he makes great adult entertainment films, not videos. And he is young, energetic and confident."

From Kramski's balcony, the waning late afternoon sun reveals a noiseless city below, odd as a pantomime. Dodger Stadium sits stoic in the foreground, nestled against the city's hazy skyline. Just below the balcony is the family's swimming pool, which is surrounded by a variety of indigenous plants and citrus trees. Off to the right is Hollywood, sans glitter, choking on its exhaust and seeming strangely within spitting distance. ◉

Our buddy **Brian Smith** also writes for *Phoenix NewTimes* and various other respectable (and some not-so-respectable) outlets. He is also the frontman for the Phoenix-based rock 'n' trash band the Beat Angels. Email Brian at beat@getnet.com and check out the Beat Angels website at http://www.lastbandit.com/beatangels.html.

Steve Dewall is a Los Angeles-based photographer whoshoots for *L.A. New Times* among many others. Email him at melt700@pacificnet.net or regular mail at 4431 Sunset Dr, LA CA 90027.

Contact **Kris Kramski** c/o Sin City,
6617 Independence Ave, Canoga Park CA 91303.

7 INCHES of PLEASURE

An Interview with Anal Sex Queen Jessica Darlin

by Max Gunner

Jessica Darlin, lover of anal sex

©1998 Extreme Associates

Jessica Darlin was attracted to porn for two reasons: an insatiable appetite for sex and a passion for watching adult movies. So in mid-1997, after spending three years dancing in various Miami strip clubs, Jessica moved to Los Angeles in search of intense orgasmic experiences. Her debut pop shot occurred within 24 hours of her arrival. Since then, Jessica has featured in a whopping 67 adult films (and likely several more by the time you read this). And from the beginning, this 5'2" natural-breasted hotty has displayed a penchant for anal sex.

You'll find Jessica having anal sex on a regular basis. She says that she orgasms from straight anal as long as her partner gives her a steady pounding. This is one hardcore porn star–she considers vaginal sex to be foreplay! For Miss Darlin, anal orgasms are far more intense and make her entire body convulse. Indeed, check out one of her scenes in *Bunghole Harlots*, *SMUT #2*, *Sodomania 23* or *Booty Duty #2* and you'll see exactly what she's talking about.

What are you playing? (as I arrive Jessica is playing video games)
It's called Bandacute, but I also like Mortal Combat and have Nintendo 64 and PlayStation, too. I play video games in five to six hour stretches, stopping every once in a while to have sex. I am always horny. I would estimate that 95 percent of the time I am horny, and for the other five percent I am sleeping.

I saw you in *Sodomania 23* with Sean Michaels. His dick is huge. I must say, you are really hot on film.
Sean has a HUGE cock...it's like 12 inches long–the largest cock in the business. The only bigger cock was John Holmes. Thanks for the compliment. You're so sweet. But all guys like different girls. There's a thing for every guy. Porn has it all, all needs are fulfilled. You can find something for any turn-on. You can find 95 year old women, 50 year old women, anything you want.

What do you like most about porn?
I get to have crazy sex in a clean, safe environment almost every day. I get to have sex on camera with the most beautiful women. And I love to watch porn. I have a big personal collection of movies, including most of my own, so I can watch them later to see what I did. I like Randy West movies. He picks hot girls and treats them really well, unlike Max Hardcore, who I think degrades women. Randy is a great performer–at 50 years old he can outperform most young guys.

I heard you were a stripper.
No, I was an exotic dancer. I danced for three years in Miami and did some magazine work. I always thought I'd do porn some day, seeing as how I watch it so much. One day I just packed up my clothes and moved to California. I did my first scene no later than 24 hours upon arriving. I just took the big plunge–no turning back.

So what's a typical sex day for you, Jessica?
Let's see. Arrive at 10 am. Make-up at 11. Prepare for sex at noon. Have sex at 12:30. When I prepare for sex, I douche my asshole with hot water, because it's the most natural and it feels good. I douche vaginally, shower and put creams and perfumes all over me. I always smell really good. I just love the way a girl smells. When a hot girl walks past, don't you take a whiff as she passes by? I know I do.

On the grounds that my testimony may incriminate me, I have to plead the Fifth on that one. So what do you like most about a woman, Jessica?
A woman's asshole is the most beautiful part of her body besides her tits. I love to taste a woman's asshole. I like tits, too, but they have to be real. But I love a woman's asshole. It's like a beautiful little flower. It's so pretty.

Vaginal sex is just foreplay to you?
Yeah, it doesn't do it for me. It feels good, but it's not great. If a guy eats me out, that's good. But pussy sex is not my favorite thing. I prefer anal orgasms. Even straight anal with no vaginal sex. I like to be pounded hard in my ass.

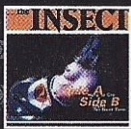
> **"If you stick it right in there she's gonna scream! If you rush it, you will never get anal sex again."**
>
> **– Jessica Darlin, Anal Sex Queen**

What advice would you offer to *POPsmear* readers who want to have anal sex but have never done it?
Well, guys like to rush. But you have to prepare your girl. It's a long process. You want her to feel good, so take your time and don't rush. Breathing well is important to relax your muscles. Focus on her. Ask what she likes. Play with sex toys and use your fingers first in her ass. That will get her to loosen up. You don't want to stick your dick in there right away. Use a lot of lube. If you stick it right in there she's gonna scream! If you want anal sex, you must be patient and slow. If you rush it, you will never get anal sex again. Remember, patience is a virtue.

Last question: What kind of movies and music do you like?
My favorite movie of all time is *Saturday Night Fever*. I just saw *Armageddon* and I cried like five or six times. *Godzilla* was cool. Mark Wahlberg was great in *Boogie Nights*–he's my favorite actor. My favorite band is Downset. I also listen to Sick of it All, Madball, Earth Crisis, Agnostic Front, and other hardcore stuff.

Write **Jessica Darlin** at 9801 Variel Ave,
Chatsworth CA 91311.

7 Inch Reviews



ROSS PHASOR

Bionic Man/Jarhead "All That"/"Sluts" ★★★1/2
Maryland punk rock. A memorable split and a great self-release. Bionic man rules!
(self-released)

Fabulous Mach Kung Fu "Teenage Letter" ★★★
Twangy country rock from the fine people at Dionysus. Makes me want to move to Texas.
(Dionysus Records)

Holly GoLightly "Your Love is Mine" ★★★★★
Incredibly sexy female vocals. Imagine Portishead circa 1945. A MUST have. Made me cry.
(Flapping Jet Records)

Insect "Hard to Cry" ★★★1/2
Think Rolling Stones with more pop, but it's hard to think with the naked babe on the cover.
(360 Twist Records)

REO Speedealer "Double Clutchin' Finger Fuckin'" ★★
Speeding, Southern-fried riffage and lots of it. Music is nowhere as cool as the name though.
(Royalty Records)

Ross Phasor "Jet Car" ★★1/2
This is growing on me, wait, no it's not. A whiney girl singer. Stars for very cool artwork.
(Cnion Inc. Records)

Sacries "Missing You" ★★★1/2
Pop punk from NC with beautiful guitar tones. Oh so simple, yet oh so technical. Viva Gordita.
(self-released)

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Rock City
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every Saturday
SEX
Sean, Raffaele, Howie, Jesse, Kitty Kowalski, and Asa present this new night of super charged sex kittens and throbbing rock and roll. With Djs Cousin Corn, Howie Pyro, and special guests. 11pm, $10/$6 wp
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2.0: $20
Museum of Menstruation, small penis club, hate mail, cool things to check out, Catharsis Island, raunchy comix, stamps of your face, James gets his face kicked in, more scams and pranks, Lisa Loeb's home phone number...

3.0: $10
First issue with color! DIY mail terrorism, guerrilla art you can play on, herbal X, funny stuff we wrote to a magazine, mail art, new and improved scams, Danny's stupid mom, wacked out stuff resource guide, trailer parks, Debbie Gibson's home address...

4.0 SOLD OUT!
First full color cover! Tonya Hardi
SOLD OUT!
store spread (as seen in *POPsmear*), dirty dirty cartoons, scams and pranks, various alcohol-related features and Demi Moore's home phone number...

5.0 $20
Real letters from camp, the other side of Europe, photo scrapbook, the truth on CDs, Joe Crackhead, he said/she said, Digitalia™ rant, Japanimation, Bloodhound Gang pranks, Lorne Michaels' home phone number...

6.0 $20
John Bobbitt's penis, parties you missed, 100 ways to be a man, quitting the zine scene, women who love vibrators, Andre the Giant posse, alien theory, statutory rape, cheeseballs unite, Suburbia game, apology line disconnected, a guy kills himself and no one cares, pranks, John Cleese's home phone number...

7.0 $10
Snappy cover and sassy editorial makes this one a winner! Now you too can own this important piece of history: affectionately nicknamed the "lawyers suck ass" issue. The usual unusual stuff including Hoodopoly game, dating guide, wedding crashing, Elvis archeology, Buffalo, anal beads, rag hag, the contest Petey lost, Cindy Adams' home phone number...

8.0 SOLD OUT!
The candy-coated cover is the mark of authentic Don't
SOLD OUT!
(again), o-parenthood, Sam Walton for Pope, Deep Elm kiss-ass piece, 25 reasons to masturbate, Apoplectic greeting cards, Asshole of the Month debut, celebrity hate mail...

9.0 SOLD OUT!
Eating ass, celebrity heavy metal email, way many lette
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Spencer Big Paul Behind the Wall, cool drugs, Dutch East battles, digital fonts and photos, 7 Inches of Pleasure, cheesy American theme parks, Tommy Lee's email address...

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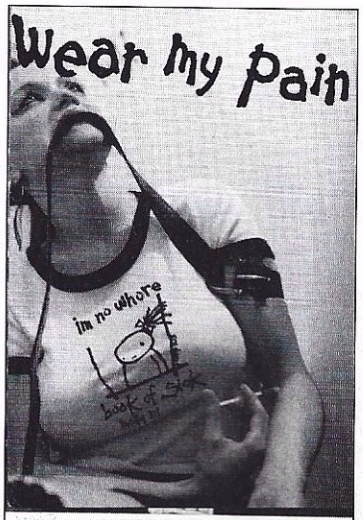

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11.0 $5
Bloodhound Gang, Rev. Randall Tin-Ear on oral, Racquel Darrian, Big Man's Mom, masturbation, Cockblister's top rentals, Asshole of the month, Mom on music, Jimmy Pop Ali's anal trouble, why prison beats work, cool postcards, Petey on summer camp, Mistress Shivon's perfect boyfriend, karaoke, Prozac Diaries, Hard Candy, Star Wars, serial cooking, Video Alternatives, Pussy of the Month, Shivon the Intern on Popsmear Postcards, blaxploitation, speed junkie, Cottonmouth Texas' SXSW...

11.5 $20
The glossy prototype, put together to show potential advertisers. Some of the best stories from the first 11 issues of POPsmear (of course Philosopheces is in there!), features exclusive to this issue, as well as several pages of press clippings from the early years, all designed by Ryan McGinness...

12.0 $5
First full glossy issue! Answering MRR ads, kicking superhero butt, McDonald's scams, Princess Superstar and Luscious Lake's tryst with Ethan Erickson, husband punishment, Tori Spelling and Jenny McCarthy's shopping spree, Jello vs. Johnny, John Doe, Gospel, avoiding the DUI, Jerry Lewis, Postal Lou, Jackass of the Month, Senator Dodd's cats, Dr. Cynic, hospital scams, Alyssa Love, Cottonmouth Texas' Lollapalooza nightmare, Art Rambo, Maggie Estep, S&M quiz, Depeche Mode scam, pizza ordering guide, Prozac Diaries, Jimmy Pop Ali's philosopheces, Lemmy's home address...

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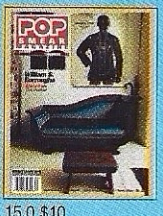
Rosie O'Donnell's head, Princess Di, Gwar NYC tour and postcard, Pam and Tommy Lee video, Dr. Cynic, *POPsmear* party review, Jackass, Stallone, Xmas toys, Tyson Meade meets John Paul Jones, Prozac Diaries, Shivon vs. Laura Bond, Vandals, Mojave Desert phone booth, Michael Shelley and Kenneth Keith Kallenbach, haiku winners and losers, Amy Theist, NeoPrint, harmless stalking, publicists' guide Gospel, ~~Prom Mom~~, Jason Priestley's home address...

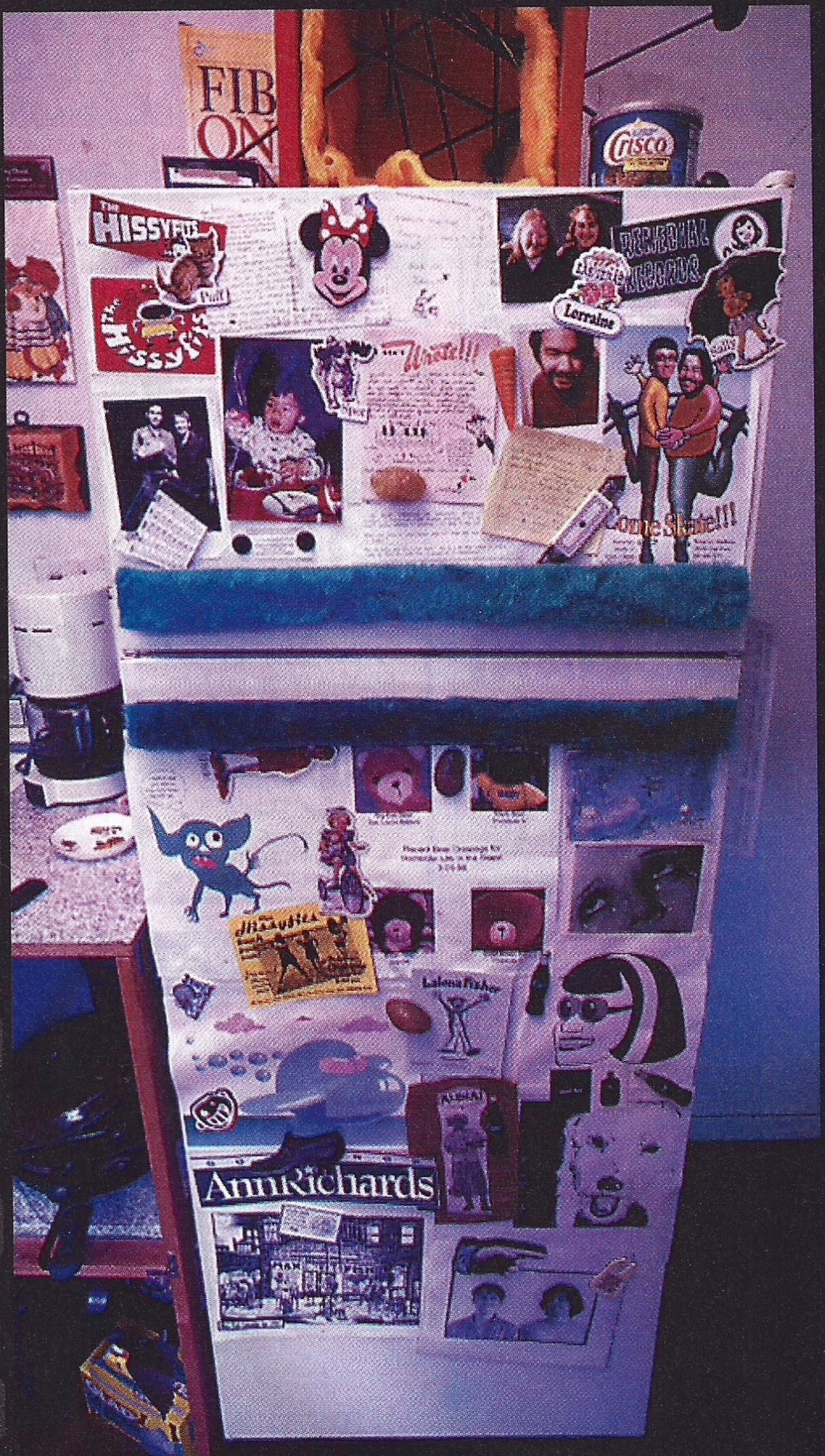
14.0 $5
David Lee Roth, Prom Mom uncensored, Mike D at the gym, Spike Lee, Ward Cleaver, Copping Out, vasectomy victim, Prozac Diaries, Junk email revenge, James' cat giveaway, Crystal Method at the psychic, Moby naked, Letters to Cleo kick our asses at pool, POPsmear Spice, Canine Massage, Logic Problem, Ship Happens, Chuck Woolery's home address...



15.0 $10
William S. Burroughs' Bunker, John Giorno, Power Team, eating brains, Ricky Powell, Raylene, Ally Sheedy, Messiah, Shivon's shaving for girls (fully illustrated!), Grammy party scams, cat protection, H.R. Pufnstuf, Dr. X's ethics(?!), Senate jobs, Autour de Lucie, Neil vs. Neil, abortion scam, Stuart Jones as President, Mr. Obsessive, monks, worst business names, Abby in the catbox...

16.0 $10
Nashville Pussy, dissing Giuliani, Policemen's workout, Jimmy Pop Ali & John Taylor, Satan & UFOs, Colt .40, Elvis, Deli Lama, bowling with Stanford Prison Experiment and Muckafurgason, Spice Girls, Dr. Seuss, Charles Manson, 2nd grade notes, smoking pot, Louis Farrakhan African Name Generator, Sana Fey, Hunter Thompson, Mr. T Experience, Ivan Brunetti, Sal's pizza, Sugarsmack...

17.0 $5
Evel Knievel, David Lee Roth II, Shonen Knife vs jackalopes, Shane, Shivon's mom, Marty Krofft, Tube Bar tapes, Chixdiggit, Ozzy vs Joan, Barbie makeovers, stalking a ~~Lost &~~ Found guy, contest winners, Fahrenheit 451, Taco Bell Chihuahua, 16mm Madness, contest winners, Jackie the Jokeman, Giuliani Time, James' family reunion, lollipops, War on Marihuana...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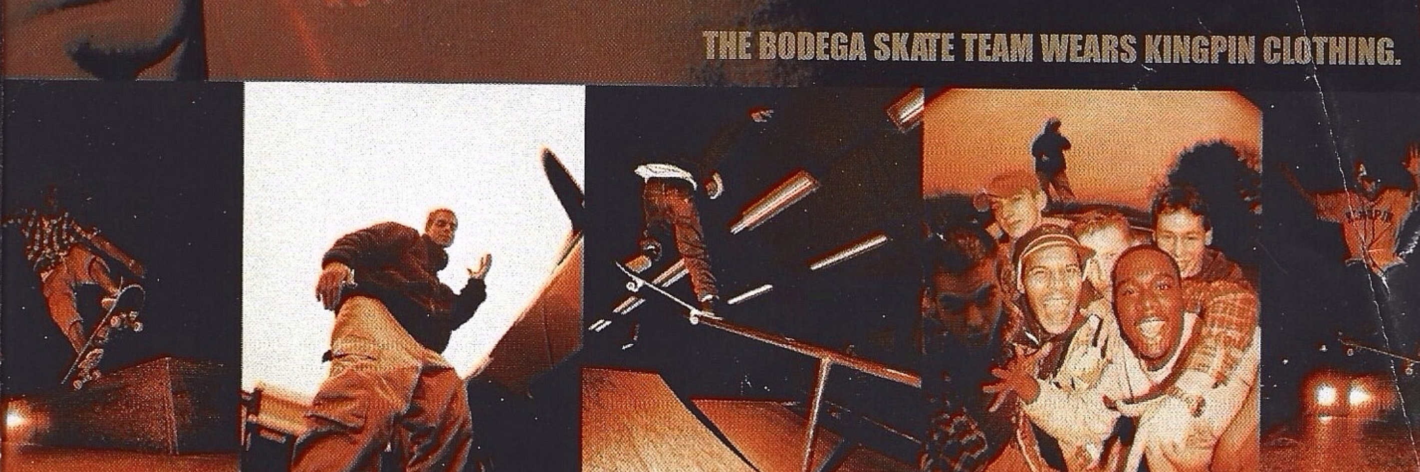

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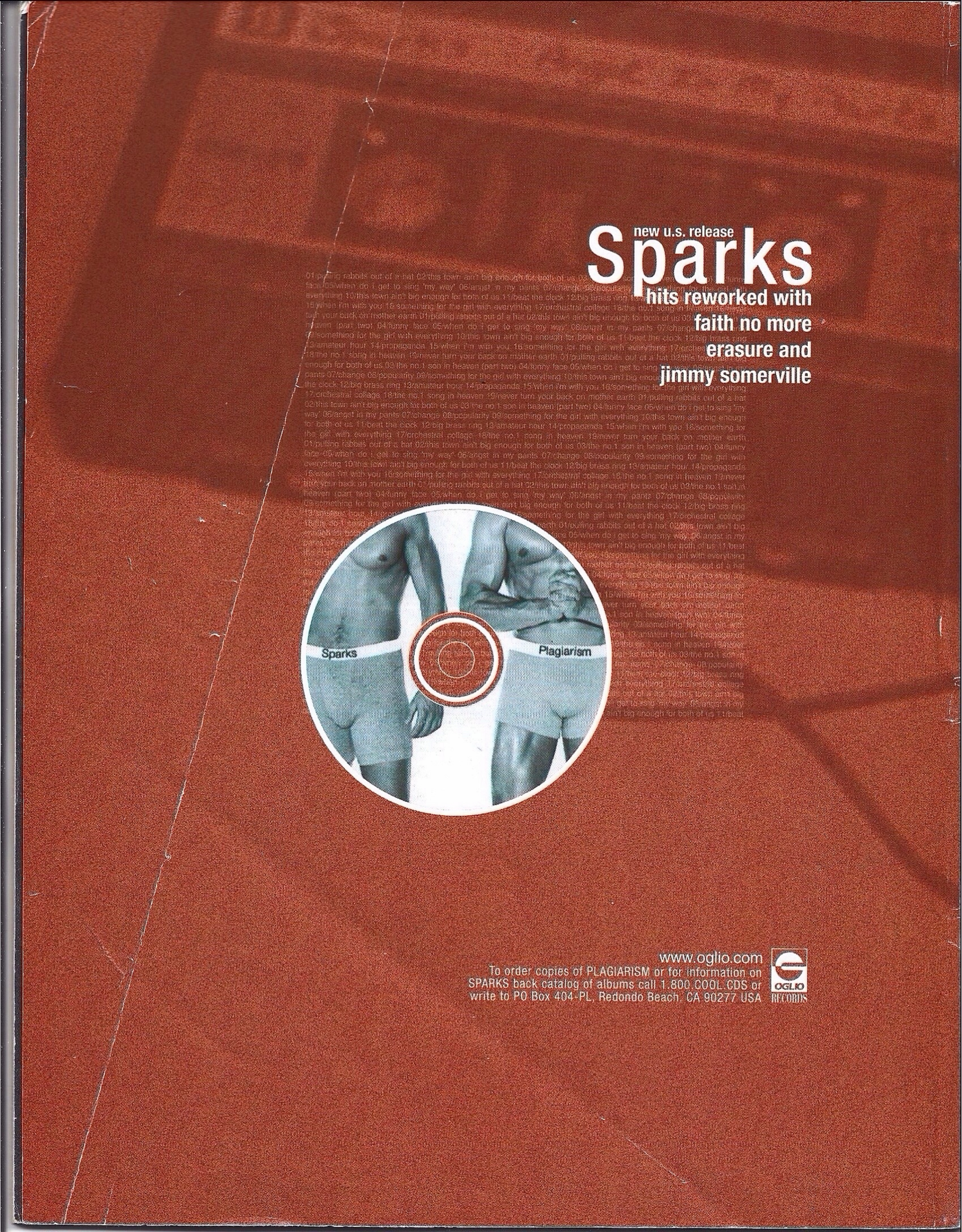

01/pulling rabbits out of a hat 02/this town ain't big enough for both of us 03/the no.1 son in heaven (part two) 04/funny face 05/when do i get to sing 'my way' 06/angst in my pants 07/change 08/popularity 09/something for the girl with everything 10/this town ain't big enough for both of us 11/beat the clock 12/big brass ring 13/amateur hour 14/propaganda 15/when i'm with you 16/something for the girl with everything 17/orchestral collage 18/the no.1 song in heaven 19/never turn your back on mother earth
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